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PICTORIAL REVIEW

MAUDE ADAMS' NEW PLAY
BY J·M·BARRIE
COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

NOVEMBER 1914
FIFTEEN CENTS

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THE PICTORIAL REVIEW CO. NEW YORK

"ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES."

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An Old-Time Christmas Number

THE DECEMBER PICTORIAL REVIEW will be a real old-fashioned Christmas issue, filled to overflowing with Christmas stories, a Christmas play, ideas for home-made Christmas presents—something to read or do for every one in the family.

Among the many, many things which we have planned to make this issue the best ever published you will find

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A Christmas Play

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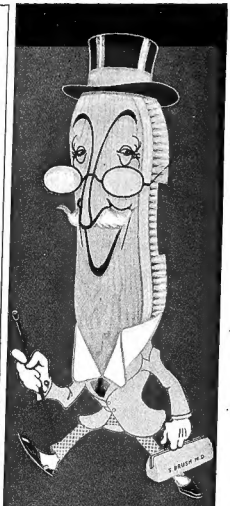

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PICTORIAL REVIEW

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EDITED BY ARTHUR T·VANCE

November
1914

WHAT WAR MEANS TO THE WOMEN

"I WAS stopped by an enormous crowd of refugees flocking along the Brussels' road on foot and in vehicles and by Red Cross cars. The sight was pitiful—of all these people leaving their homes. *By far the greater number were women with young children.*"

Of all the ghastly details of carnage and slaughter in the morning papers, of army hurtling upon army, of the deadly work of machine guns, of the new bayonet, "with teeth on it, which slips in easily but tears the flesh to pieces in the process of withdrawal," of bombs dropping destruction from airships in the clouds, of burning villages, desolated homes, devastated harvest fields—all the horrors before which the world stands aghast—this sentence in the telegram of a war correspondent is the most tragic, the most significant of all—"*By far the greater number were women with young children.*"

One of the most pathetic and tragic things in all history is the part that woman has been forced to play in war. Innocent of causing it, helpless to prevent it, she has always been its greatest sufferer. Its burdens, its hardships, its terrors, its heart-breaking agonies have ever fallen on her with crushing force. Aye, even its hardest and bitterest tasks have been her share.

What man, even if he could do so with honor, would change places with sister or sweetheart, wife or mother in the inhuman war now raging? Not even the veriest coward would be willing to make the exchange. Oh, no! It is so much easier to march in the army, to keep step in the serried ranks amidst flying banners and martial music, cheered by the company of comrades, filled with the excitement of action, burning with the enthusiasm of patriotism, encouraged and stimulated by the thought that if he is successful, if he distinguishes himself, he will be rewarded by the praise and thanks of his country and that even if he should die he will die a hero's death, and his memory will ever after be held sacred by his countrymen.

COMPARE this with the woman's part, the part played by our own mothers and grandmothers in our terrible Civil War. "Think of the wife of the poor soldier," says one who bore her part as a nurse on the battle-field, "who in giving her husband to her country gave everything, who had no friend to say 'Well done!' as the lagging weeks of suspense crept on, and she stood bravely at her post keeping want and starvation at bay; whose imagination was busy among the heaps of dead and wounded; who kept down her sobs as her little daughter offered up nightly prayers for 'dear Papa to come home!' or her son traced slowly with his forefinger the long list of killed and wounded to see if Father's name was there; who shrouded her eyes from the possible future of her children should her strength give out under the pressure of want and anxiety; compared with her sharp mental torture, the physical suffering of the soldier sinks into insignificance."

Those who went through the southern states after the war and saw the terrible desolation, the devastated plantations, the ruined homes, in thousands of which there was not a single male member left, the wan and sad-faced women and the orphan children, got a faint idea of the frightful suffering, the anguish which no tongue or pen can describe, which the women of the South as well as the North suffered during that awful struggle of brothers—which in reality every war is.

This is what war means to women. And then what follows? The dragging through of long dreary years without hope or brightness, for most of the bereaved ones, the widows of soldiers in the ranks, have little to solace them in their lifelong grief. With men the battle often ends it all; with the women it is but the beginning. The roar of the gun which killed her sons never dies out of the heart of a mother. She fights a never ending battle.

One of the stock arguments of those who oppose suffrage is that women cannot bear arms, that they cannot take part in war. It is true, not that they cannot, but that they do not bear the deadly arms that slaughter; but they bear the sons in whom flows the life blood of a nation. They not only bear their part in this war, but they have borne the major part of every war ever waged.

Who has plowed the fields, and sowed and reaped the harvest, who single-handed has maintained and defended the home; who has reared and protected the children; who has helped to pay the enormous costs of war; who has clothed and fed the soldiers in battle; who has followed them to the firing-line and like ministering angels bound up their wounds and nursed them back to life, after their brother men had done their best to deprive them of it?

Men often say that women shrink from danger; that they would not have the courage to go to war. But statistics show that every mother faces greater danger when she goes down close to the "valley of the shadow of death" in childbirth; that she takes a greater chance with her life than do soldiers on the battle-field, and this without complaining, hesitation or shrinking.

No, she is not found in the fighting line in battles waged with implements of murder, but millions of times she has faced greater dangers in giving life to the brave boys who have fought the battles. And if she was not there in person, her spirit was there. She was there in the training, in the courage, in the self-sacrificing heroism of those who fought in war, and those who died on the field.

IT IS a curious fact that in the histories of the world, women are seldom mentioned. In the estimation of most historians, women have played an inferior part in the making of civilization, and, incidentally, in its wars. It is ever the men who have made history; it is they who have, with some notable exceptions, done everything that is worthy of mention. The truth is that women, in many respects have contributed very much more to the world's civilization than have men, and their actual work in war has been not one jot less important than that of the men who wielded the sword.

Take the work of Florence Nightingale in the Crimean War. She did more than a whole battalion of men to bring success to the English arms. When she went to the front, more men were dying of disease because of the frightful sanitary conditions and neglect of the wounded than were being cut down in war. Through her marvelous executive ability, power of organization, courage and industry, she brought the English army so far as those evils were concerned, out of a state of deplorable chaos into one of order and efficiency. Not the greatest general of them all could claim a larger part in the Crimean victory than could this frail, delicately reared woman, who broke down all traditions in taking the stand she did.

And who shall say that our own brave "Mother" Bickerdyke, not to mention any of the other heroic women who followed the Union and Confederate armies in battle, did not do as much for the United States in war as Florence Nightingale and other Englishwomen did for England.

"Wherever she went," says Mary A. Livermore in her story of the Civil War, "she had already achieved such a reputation for devotion to the men, for executive ability and versatility of talent, that the spirits of the sick and wounded revived at the very sound of her voice, and at the sight of her motherly face."

As the English soldiers kissed the shadow of the "Angel of the Crimea" on the wall, so did the "boys in blue" worship the very ground on which "Mother" Bickerdyke walked.

On one occasion before she had received any regular appointment as a nurse, a surgeon who watched her in amazement, as she fed and tended the wounded soldiers, and in some cases dressed their wounds, said, "Madam, you seem to combine in yourself a sick-diet kitchen and a medical staff. May I inquire under whose authority you are working?" Without a moment's pause or even looking up from her work she replied with characteristic vigor and directness, "I have received my authority from the Lord God Almighty; have you anything that ranks higher than that?"

THINK of the work done by women in the Balkan War! How they not only, in some instances, fought beside the men in defense of home and country, but took the place of beasts of burden in the fields, which had been robbed of man and beast, who were taken from God's appointed work to carry on the work of Hell on the battle-field.

"Oh, the children, the women!" These were almost the last words of the late Pontiff whose death was undoubtedly hastened by the terrible shock of the war now raging in Europe. The great heart of Pius X was wrung with sympathy for the awful suffering which he saw coming upon those innocent victims of the most indefensible war ever thrust upon a horrified world.

Some one has said in homely phrase that it is the women who always have to "clean up the mess." The women will now as always have to do the hardest work. They will have to pay the heaviest price.

After two thousand years of Christianity, and a world-wide crusade started nearly a score of years ago for universal peace, we find ourselves in our boasted century of progress and civilization, thrown back into a barbarity that would disgrace the Middle Ages. Europe has been turned into a slaughter pen. In violation of the most solemn pledges, in spite of protestations of love of peace, the so-called followers of the Prince of Peace have drawn men from their peaceful avocations, from the productive industries of the world, and hurled them at each other's throats in a savage butchery of warfare, a welter of murder—for that is what modern warfare is. And they have dared to call upon God, to mock their Creator, by asking His blessing on this unholy work of carnage and destruction! What has God to do with the devil's work?

In the Civil War, when some one said to Lincoln that he hoped the Lord would be on the side of the North; that great-souled man of peace replied, "About that I am not at all concerned; but only that we should be on the side of the Lord."

In the twentieth century no war can be on the side of the Lord. Might is no longer right. War to-day, in the words of Tolstoy, that great apostle of peace, is "*an event opposed to human reason and human nature.*" It is also opposed to the will of the sovereign people. Especially is it opposed to the will of that half of the people to whom it brings the deepest anguish, the most poignant loss—the women of the world.

Ruskin said, long before the battle for suffrage had reached an aggressive stage, that women, if they would, could put a stop to war. But how is it possible for those who have no voice in the making or declaring of war to prevent it? As surely as God still rules the destinies of men, every woman in our land, in every land, if she had the power to-day, would vote against war.

They would vote against war because to them the slaughtering of the sons they have borne is organized murder. They would vote against war because they would find a better way to settle differences between brothers than the mutilating and killing of one another with bullets and bayonets. If women had any power in the matter, war would certainly cease.

Does any one think that if the women in the warring countries had had any voice in their different governments that this frightful war would have been possible? No, a million times no. Women are for peace. They are by nature peacemakers.

WHO that thinks of what the women of Europe are now suffering, whose homes are ruined, whose fathers and sons, husbands and brothers and sweethearts have left them, perhaps never to return; whose imaginations become instruments of torture during the days and weeks of weary waiting for news, every moment expecting to hear that their dear ones are wounded or killed; who that has imagination enough to see these things can doubt that when they have power to do so, women will put an end to war!

And when the war is over what does it mean to those women? Often the dragging out of half a lifetime or more of a wretched existence, when the sun of their hope has set, when the light of their life has been extinguished, when nothing remains but years of endless, solitary drudgery to pay the cost of the monstrous war that has impoverished their country and robbed them of all they held dear!

The peasant women of France toiled for years to pay the cost of the Franco-German war, over two billion and a half dollars. The women of England are still toiling to pay the cost of the Boer War—approximately one billion dollars. Our own Civil War cost us five billion dollars. The probable cost of the war which is now drenching Europe in human blood staggers the imagination. And her women will pay, not alone with the bodies of the sons they have borne, and their widowed and broken hearts, but also with the sweat of their brows.

ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

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THE SEE-SAW

A Story of Modern Married Life

By Gertrude Brooke Hamilton

Illustrations by F Graham Cootes

DAWN on the mountains: Quickening in the womb of nature, mists dissolving into light; intangible stirrings, in the leaves, in the nests; atmospheric electricity, live colors, corals merging into crimsons, grays merging into blues, topaz merging into gold; wind rushing through the trees, vibrating down the clefts of gray-brown rock—like a mating message whispering to the blood, triumphantly aware of what its passion might produce.

On a ledge where the mountain road overlooked a broad, flat area of land an automobile had stopped. The capped, coated and begoggled man in the car was leaning tensely out, staring down over the ledge. Far below, close in the shelter of the ledge, huddled a shanty and a patch of plowed ground. Beside the shanty a man chopped wood. On the door-step of the shanty a woman sat with uncovered breast nursing a child.

The man beside the shanty began to gather up the wood. The woman on the door-step sheltered the feeding child with the edge of her shawl. The automobilist sent his machine plunging down the perilous windings of the mountain road. For three hours the man hunched over the wheel drove like an automaton, at pounding speed.

In New York City, before an apartment-house in one of the West Seventies, the automobile that had plunged down the mountain came to a final halt. Its occupant jumped out, limbered up by flinging his arms back and forth over his chest two or three times, stuffed his goggles and gloves into the pocket of his coat, surveyed the ornate apartment-house with what seemed a sort of impetuous irritation, and went in. The elevator cage trapped him and carried him to his own apartment.

"Hello, Gene! Back again."

Virginia's musical voice in answer from an inner room: "Hello, George! I'm in here, dressing. Did you have a nice trip?"

"So, so." He took off his automobile cap and coat and picked up his mail from a silver salver on the hall table. "Had your breakfast, George?"

"Yes. At the Mountain House, before daybreak. It was glorious up there, Gene."

"Oh—live wire!" With delicate laughter. "I'm just dawdling to my breakfast. Come in here and fasten me up."

He obeyed the summons with a curious mixture of ardor and distaste. But once in his wife's bedroom, he seized her in his arms with eager delight. "My darling!" he exclaimed. "Have you missed me?"

"Of course, foolishness. Fasten me up." She turned in his arms, presenting a perfect back, with the rosettes of her breakfast gown dangling.

"I won't do a thing till you kiss me!" he declared, vehement arms encircling her from behind.

She leaned back, turning her head until their lips met. Then she slipped from his arms to her mirror.

He began to whistle as he crossed to the dining-room. She trailed after him a few minutes later, while he was opening his mail. "From Margaret," he said, tapping the open sheet of a letter. "She and Bob are coming to New York for a couple of weeks."

"Are they?" Virginia seated herself with a serene sweep of drapery, suggesting: "Have a cup of coffee with me, George."

He drew a chair to the breakfast table. "They're going to make a regular spree of it," he said; "going to bring the kids along."

"I wish we had space enough to invite them to stay with us while they're in town," murmured Virginia.

"Our apartment has nine rooms, Gene," quickly.

"But only one guest-room, dear."

"What's the matter with that little room back of yours? Can't you turn that into a nursery?"

She carefully powdered her grapefruit. "I wouldn't for the world put your sister's babies in there to sleep, George. I use it for a sewing-room. It isn't half furnished."

"Can't you furnish it?"

"If you wish to go to such expense, George——"

"Hang expense!"

She elevated her eyebrows. "Last month when I wanted that diamond bracelet you said you'd have to draw in because you'd just bought the touring-car," she reminded him.

Nichette brought the rest of the breakfast in; and Virginia immediately busied herself with the coffee. Her lips were curling, cool, the oval of her face exquisitely poised, her beautiful nostrils tranquil, her expression feminine and passive.

"Gene," George said impulsively, after the maid had gone, "let's furnish that little room back of yours for Margaret's kids—let's do it together. We've fallen into a devil of a rut of late. Let's get out of ourselves."

"Oh,—foolish!" She sent him a smile that was like a caress. "We're very pleasant selves. Let's let well enough alone."

But he pushed his cup away, saying bitterly, "I may as well shut up. You never do anything you don't want to do."

Virginia propped white elbows on the table and focused her level gaze on him. "George," evenly, "you must admit that it would inconvenience us—Margaret's children all over the apartment."

He got up so violently that his chair fell over with a crash. Suddenly crossing the room he slammed up one of the windows. "Why don't you let some air in here?" he blurted. "You keep the place like a hot-house." He glared about the lavishly furnished room. "What's this for a man to come home to, anyway? Stifling atmosphere! A cold, selfish wife! No children! Good God!" he stormed. "If you were half a woman you'd bear me children!" And he flung himself tempestuously from the room.

Virginia shrugged and poured herself another cup of coffee. She knew perfectly well why her remark about children all over the apartment had goaded him; he wanted children of his own. And from the beginning she had delicately maintained her determination to avoid the pain and inconvenience of maternity. She admitted to herself that the remark had been a *faux pas*. She liked to pride herself on her serene diplomacy, on her clever seamanship among the rocks and shoals of matrimony; and she preferred as occasion arose to employ physical charms and calm evasions to gain her end, rather than blunt exposure of obduracy and selfishness. So far as she was concerned, her methods in marriage had proved successful.

As she arose from the breakfast table some moments later, George came back into the dining-room; he had tubbed and changed to a business suit. "Gene," he said impetuously, catching her by the shoulders, "I'm a beast to you. I don't see how you put up with me."

"You're an old darling," she replied, patting his cheek. "Trot along to your office. And don't be late for dinner, dear; it upsets the maids."

He kissed her mouth and hair. "Good-by, Gene," tenderly. And, again, from the hall, "Good-by."

"Good-by, George. Don't work too hard." And with the impalpable complacency of a woman serene in her beauty, Virginia sauntered into the den after he had gone, called up the garage for the car that had been his latest gift to her; and when it came dawdled to her dressmaker's. Afterward she spent a couple of hours in the shops on the Avenue, lunched at her club with several women cronies and, from there, telephoned George and asked him to get tickets for a certain play for themselves and the Houghton-Burkes, their most intimate friends. Virginia doted on the Houghton-Burkes—chiefly because she was able to put little Laura Houghton-Burke into the shade and, also, because she had thrown Bruce Houghton-Burke over to marry George.

George brought the theater tickets home with him that evening. But he was not as enthusiastic as Virginia over the Houghton-Burkes; and he was grouchy as he got into his evening clothes.

"Which gown shall I wear?" questioned Virginia, a picture of long-lined grace in front of the mirror, bare, white arms lifted, smooth fingers fastening a dull gold bandeau around blonde hair. "I like to look my best when we go out with the Houghton-Burkes."

"Damn!" said George from his room, wrestling with a refractory collar button.

"Because I think dear Laura is smitten with my good-looking hubby," continued Virginia sweetly. "She told Marcia Calhoun the other day at the club that she considered me the best taken care of woman in our set. An indirect way of slinging you a compliment—she knows Marcia's *penchant* for carrying innuendos home to roost."

"I don't see what kick Laura's got coming," said George. "Bruce is all right."

"Yes, I thought I was in love with Bruce—once." She indulged in delicious laughter. "Suppose I had married Bruce and then met you, and you had married Laura—imagine—and then met me; wouldn't we have taken a 'special' to Reno!"

George came suddenly from his room into hers and put his arms about her. "I wonder if you would have divorced Bruce for me," he said. And he pulled her head back and tried to probe her eyes and when she closed them showered almost savage kisses on the white lids.

"I would have divorced a king for you," she breathed, adroitly slipping from his arms and

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turning again to her mirror, flushed and smiling. "Don't you know that I would have, dear?"

George, satisfied for the moment, went back to his room with an elastic step. As he settled his white tie, he called, "By the way, Gene, I wrote Margaret to-day and invited them to stop with us while they're in New York."

"What?" Virginia turned sharply, girdle of her gown half fastened, glow fading from her face.

"I wasn't going to be inhospitable to my own people," George said stoutly. "We'll have to double up and make them comfortable, Gene. We can put the children in that little room back of yours."

Virginia went on fastening her jeweled girdle. She knew that she had made her reluctance to entertain Margaret and her family clear to George that morning. It was perhaps the first time he had acted in direct opposition to her wishes. After a few minutes, she said calmly: "The little room back of mine isn't furnished."

He flushed. "Gene," vehemently, "don't be so rotten mean. Come now. I don't ask anything of you very often. Fix up the room for me—get some do-funnys and a crib. It won't put you to much trouble."

"Spend at least a hundred dollars on things we'd never use afterward, George?" She began to draw on her gloves.

"We might use them afterward, Gene." With sudden fervor, coming closer to her.

She stepped away. "Really," she said impersonally, and yet with sweetness, "I wish that I could find time to furnish that room for Margaret's kiddies—but I'm always so frightfully rushed."

"Come on!" he interrupted savagely, pulling out his watch. "We might miss the opening of this play on eugenics that you and dear Laura are so wild to see." He spoke contemptuously over his shoulder: "I'll furnish the room myself."

To Virginia's intense surprise, he carried out this declaration by marching to one of the big department stores the next day, buying for his sister's children with a prodigal hand, and coming home from office in a glow, arms and pockets full of bundles. Dinner over, he further astonished her by going immediately into the little room back of hers, calling one of the maids and having her remove the sewing-machine, shirt-waist boxes and measuring table. He then ripped off his coat and began to arrange and rearrange the furniture he had bought, whistling all the while.

Outwardly tranquil, inwardly turbulent and at sea, Virginia absented herself for the evening by going to see the Houghton-Burkes.

But George seemed to hardly notice her going; and for the next few days his manner toward her was disconcertingly preoccupied. He spent all his spare time in the stores, and in the little room back of hers; where he hammered, tacked, and eternally whistled.

On Friday during a course of the luncheon Virginia was giving to a few women intimates the climax of George's shopping tours occurred: one of the maids came into the dining-room and announced the arrival of a crib. Instantly all the women were agog. They looked at Virginia with an astonished and amused question in their ultra-sophisticated eyes. She hastily explained that her husband's little niece and nephew were coming to visit them and that they were fitting up a nursery for them.

Laura Houghton-Burke cackled with laughter. "Oh, Gene," she cried, "what a scare you gave us all, my dear!"

"I really thought—" began Marcia Calhoun.

She was interrupted by Connie McLean, the only unmarried woman in the party. "Catch Genie going into temporary retirement!" scoffed Connie.

Helen Edmonston, who had been married eight years and had one child, assumed a virtuous expression. "I've never regretted the harrowing experience," she declared. "It had such a beneficial influence on Jack."

"Oh, of course, if a woman feels inadequate to hold her husband—" Marcia Calhoun's dark eyes narrowed as she preened her gorgeous plumage.

"It wasn't that I felt any lack in myself, Marcia," bridled Helen Edmonston. "I considered it my duty to assume the sacred responsibilities of motherhood."

"Well, I frankly won't," declared Laura Houghton-Burke. "And it works. Bruce is as much in love as he was on our wedding day."

Virginia smiled.

Connie McLean swept the perfumed circle with a cynical glance. "Where's the crib that started this airing of opinions, Genie?—and the nursery you're fitting up for the little niece and nephew? Let's have a look at it," cried Connie McLean.

"Why, certainly," smiled Virginia; and she led her friends across the hall and through her bedroom with an affability that she was far from feeling.

The walls of the little room back of hers George had covered with a medley of pictures—pictures of horses and dogs and chickens, a rare engraving of the Christ Child, and some etchings of child life in the country; he had laid dainty little silver toilet articles in a straight row on the bare top of a small, white bureau; on a tiny wash-stand he had placed a bowl and pitcher decorated with figures from Mother Goose; two white bear rugs were on the floor, also carefully put together mechanical trains; over in one corner stood a rocking-horse, and in a little chair sat a fashionably dressed French doll. The crib, a beautiful, silver-plated affair, stood in the center of the room, where the delivery men had just placed it. There were no curtains at the windows; and, to Virginia, the place presented a curiously patched effect. She felt that her friends, though they were loud in their expressions of amused praise, were inwardly criticising and wondering. As quickly as possible she got them out and had Connie McLean divert them with her lively repertoire of songs. After they had gone, Virginia went alone to the little room back of hers and looked about her—at the pictures and furniture and toys. Then she went into her own room and with the same enigmatical expression looked at herself in her mirror: dull gold hair, rose-leaf complexion, chiseled features, fragrant mouth, close-set little ears, white throat, girlish curves. She turned away with a gesture of assurance.

At dinner, with one of her caressing smiles, she asked George if he would like to take her to the opera that evening. When he shook his head, she went over to his place at the table and laid her cheek against his hair. "You're getting to be such a stay-at-home dear," she protested. "Tired?"

Instead of answering her he suddenly left the room and did the very thing she had planned to keep him from doing that evening—he went into the little room back of hers. She heard him wheeling the silver crib into place. With an alarmed gesture, she crossed the apartment. "George," she said, pulling open the door of the little room, "it would do you good to hear some music. You don't go out enough. Do you realize that evening after evening you shut yourself in here and leave me to entertain myself? I was perfectly willing to select the furniture for this room, if you had given me time to do so; perfectly willing to have your relations visit us." She rested her white hands on the back of the silver crib. "George," evenly, "what do you expect of me?—utter subjection?"

He laughed bitterly. "Subjection? From you? I might expect till doomsday, for all the good it would do me!"

"You certainly might." Stung to an exhibition of temper. "I'm no slave."

"No," he said, suddenly turning on her and pointing to the fashionably dressed doll in the little chair, "you're just like that!"

She stared at him. "I haven't the faintest idea what you mean," haughtily. "But I shall not stoop to argue with you in your present discourteous mood. When you have come to your senses you will find me willing to meet you halfway." She started to sweep out. Her dress caught on one of the swinging sides of the silver crib; she jerked the delicate fabric and tore a jagged gash in it.

With a furious exclamation, she left the room.

Her hauteur had been in the main, surface effectiveness, feminine evasion of masculine accusation. The ruined drapery had produced *real* anger. And in her bedroom again she indulged in a fit of unbecoming emotions, gnawed her under lip, brought tense, unpleasant lines about her eyes and into her forehead; furiously pulled apart the fastenings of her gown. Afterward, conscious of the disfiguring effect of such mental indigestion, she caught up a hand-glass and solicitously examined her face. Temper had left faint traces there. She bathed her skin in tepid water, returned to her mirror and became absorbed in gently rubbing a delicate cream over her forehead and cheeks with the tips of her smooth fingers.

She suddenly realized George's face reflected above her in the mirror. She started nervously.

"I beg your pardon." He turned away; but turned back, with an abrupt, "Gene, I want to talk to you."

She dug a finger into the cream, scooped up a little and carefully applied it to her soft skin.

"Gene," imperatively, "stop fooling with that slop! I want to talk to you!"

"Oh,—foolishness!" She lolled back in her chair, idly pinching her tapering finger-tips, gracefully resigned.

He began to pace the room. "Gene," he said tersely, "I'm not satisfied with what I'm getting out of this."

"Out of what, George?"

"Out of marriage, Gene." He stopped in front of her. "I'm a good sort of husband to you, good as the average. I don't drink, or gamble, or chase after other women. I'm not mean to you. I shell out all you want for your fandangles and your gewgaws. I keep up my end. Good God, you've got to keep up yours!"

"I don't know what you mean."

"You've got to give me something in return for all I do for you."

She regarded him with astonishment. "I give you myself."

"That isn't enough."

"What?"

She looked at her beautiful reflection in the mirror, vanity jarred, serenity shaken.

He stepped closer and took her by the shoulders. "Gene," he said tensely, "I want children. Do you never intend to bear me any?" bluntly.

She gasped, eyes dropping before his.

"We won't mince words," he blurted. "I want to know."

She drooped under his hold then, murmuring, "I'm young, yet, George; there's—time——"

"While we're young is the time."

She slipped her hands to his face then, encircled it with soft palms, drew it down until their eyes were level. "Dear," tremulously, "isn't—just love enough?"

"No!" he said.

Her flower face bent closer, the shallow blue of her eyes deepened to an almost sensuous violet and her hands, clasping his face, were full of lure and appeal.

But he caught her hands away, holding them off from him, saying desperately, "Gene, listen! You're shirking. You know you are. Listen." He ardently searched her face, vehemently probed the eyes that denied him their depths. "Listen, Gene. The other morning when I came across the mountains—Gene, listen to me! Look at me! The other morning when I came across the moun-

(*Continued on Page 71*)

"The Last Thing You Want Is an Even Balance. You Want To Keep Your End of the See-Saw Up—and Bump *Me*!"

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THE SAFE SIDE OF FEMINISM

America's Foremost Woman Philosopher Knocks Some Man-Made Bugbears on the Head

By Charlotte Perkins Gilman

Author of "Man-Made World," "Women and Economics," etc.

THE most dreaded of all dangerous beasts is the bugbear. This animal has terrorized the human race from remotest antiquity and is still with us. We have outlived the cave bear, tamed the black bear, put the grizzly bear in our menageries, but the bugbear is still at large.

Among the latest and deadliest of our modern bugbears looms the vague form of "Feminism." For several generations this threatening presence has been forcing itself gradually into view and in the last ten years it has burst into prominence, roaring and gnashing its teeth—at least that is the way it appears to those who fear it.

There is a strange, a monstrous quality about this danger, in that it comes from a quarter so long absolutely safe. In our very homes, our beloved families, our nearest, dearest and most peaceful relations, we find Feminism. It is as if the harmless necessary cat had turned into a tiger; as if the baby, with malicious eyes, should rise and bite you.

The "fair sex" is behaving in a way considered by many of us most unfair.

"Lovely Woman" manifests unlovely traits. "The weaker vessel" develops strength and uses it.

There is something abhorrent in all this. It strikes deep among our heart-strings; it pulls and drags at the settled foundations of life. It makes us feel the very world unsafe. And because we are thus hurt, alarmed, bewildered, we imagine of this apparition all manner of terrors quite beyond its powers.

This is the unvarying course taken by humanity when alarmed, and especially when alarm is coupled with dislike. In fear we naturally magnify the dangers to be faced; if the feared object is also hated we add revolting features to our exaggeration.

What is, to be definite, this bugbear? What are its specific terrors? Bugbears are never very definite. They always loom vaguely through wavering mists—greatly enlarged thereby. But as to the specific terrors, we may enumerate many of them.

Feminism may be inclusively defined as "the new demands and purposes of women." This leaves us still very much in the air, but at least we have drawn a line around the area of discussion.

What are these new demands and purposes of women?

Here we may take two lines of answers; one an enumeration of the things various groups of women the world over have been demanding, the purposes they have been declaring, since "the woman movement" began to be clearly marked about a century ago; the other is what those who fear and dislike this movement allege to be its demands and purposes.

This last is by far the more entertaining field, as an agitated imagination can produce more varied horrors than are to be found among plain facts. No better picture can be drawn of this bugbear than that of the ingenious Mr. W. L. George, who was engaged by the *Atlantic Monthly* to write an article on "Feminist Intentions," published last December.

Just bear in mind that Feminism is a movement covering the civilized world pretty generally, of slowly accumulating progress during a century or more; and then picture this man, this Englishman, posing as self-elected champion and spokesmath of the movement.

From this high position Mr. George tells us the worst. It is a long and serious article and, for the most part, fairly descriptive as to some lines of fact. But when he launches forth into intentions and tells us what Feminism means to do to us—then indeed we shrink and cower.

He has deliberately larded his subject with all the things most people greatly fear and dislike to-day, even when they are in flat and laughable contradiction, such as "sex war" and "free love." We fear and dislike both of these things, naturally, but is it not a little strain on even a terrified imagination to expect them both together?

What Feminism Is and Is Not

MR. GEORGE charges the feminists with planning for a "sex strike" as part of their "sex war," with using the methods of the syndicalist; with meaning not to allow the women to vote as citizens, but compelling them to vote as women, and selling their vote *en bloc* to the party making the best bid for it.

At this point, if not too much alarmed, do try to consider the task of getting all women to vote one way—on any subject! Did all men ever do such a thing? Could they? Could women? Could any one make them? Or did Mr. George in declaring this intention merely wish to reassure us by showing the feminists to be quite lunatic?

Further he darkly hints at their intending not only socialism but anarchism—a wide shot this; and then concentrates upon their opposition to most of our established institutions—especially marriage and the home. There is our bugbear, roughly outlined like the great hairy mammoth on the cave walls of Dordogne.

Feminism, the bugbear, is held to mean the destruction of all we hold most desirable, most beautiful, most holy; the substitution of a nightmare world, in which unwomanly women rule and riot, and man has become a mere temporary assistant, maintained on sufferance like the drone bee.

It is a terrible picture. So terrible that a cautious person says: "Come, come, this is *too bad* to be true."

What are the facts from which alone we should draw conclusions as to this world movement?

First the great general fact, long ago perceived by enlightened nations, that the measure of a civilization is the position of its women. Then the next great general fact, that the distinguishing feature of all this feminism is a change in the position of women, a change relative both to man, and to society.

What is this change? Can it be generally described? It can. It consists, as a whole, in *the development of the human qualities in women*. This has shown itself along many lines, so slowly gathering force and registering achievement that we have never had any fear about it until now.

The one key-note of the whole change is the assertion that women are people—and the proof. They have petitioned, demanded, and obtained equal education, a bugbear once, but now a domestic pet, no longer dreaded.

They have, without much uproar, not themselves wholly liking the process, been pushed by economic conditions into professional activities of all sorts.

They have, in state after state, country after country, reached political equality and met its demands as naturally as other people. They have, in the last fifty years in our country, developed an organized federated system of women's clubs which is one of the greatest engines of public education we now know.

All this has been accomplished. What are the results? Some good achieved, more good eagerly striven for. No appreciable harm—absolutely none that can be shown as clearly due to the advance of women. Does the birth-rate decline? Yes, in proportion to social development. Class for class, stage by stage, it is true of us as of lower animals; that reproduction decreases as individual power increases. This is not an evil—it is a natural law.

Quality Not Quantity Is Modern Mother's Object

AS to artificial and injurious limitation of births, that obtains among the vicious or the too economical rather than the "advanced." France has this most to complain of, but not the most feminism.

Education has taught women how to be better mothers of better children; how to produce and rear a higher quality of human being—much more needed than quantity.

They are proposing to honor a Frenchwoman with one of their most prized decorations because she has twenty children, all living. Nothing is said as to the value of these children, their intelligence and ability. The mother of Pasteur, if she bore no others, has done more for France, more for us all, than she who merely helps fill the world with low-grade people. Improved womanhood means improved childhood, manhood, humanity.

The business training of women is also an advantage, though accompanied at first with many disadvantages. When the southern slaves were suddenly pitchforked into liberty, there was a long period of transition in which many of them suffered sorely, many deteriorated. Does that mean that slavery is better than freedom?

Women, forced out of the home into a man-made world, have been at a disadvantage, of course. Much suffering and perhaps some deterioration has resulted. But as more and more of them come, and come to stay, they are beginning to change the conditions of labor. When we have conditions fit for women to work in, then it will not hurt them to work. And always remember that among the "trade diseases" and the exhaustion which weaken the girl, the mother, we must number the early aging, the insanity, which befall our farmers' wives.

Too much work in the home breaks down a woman just as much as too much work out of it, but enough work is good for her, as it is good for man.

Their flocking together in clubs was the subject of much discussion, much blame, some thirty years ago. But look at them—both the clubs and the women—those terrible results did not appear. There are some women who dissipate power in club life, but they would have done it just the same in what they call society. The clubs have not hurt them.

As for that very dreadful bugbear of women in politics, that surely ought to be "laid" by this time, in the light of fact. Of course there are persons who refuse to look at the facts, who continually turn away from equal suffrage as it is, and still discourse on the terrible thing it is going to be.

The patient people of Wyoming have borne with the unnatural horror of voting women long enough to have voting granddaughters—and no harm has come to them. The modest, moderate, "womanly" women of Denmark and Finland, Sweden and Norway, New Zealand and Australia, continue to "unsex" themselves by going to the polls, and to resex themselves by going home again. No evil results. Whatever damage, actual damage, is being done by women, comes from those who wish to vote and are refused—not from those who exercise the right.

Yet those who cannot reason—who only feel—and whose feeling on this matter is one of stark horror and objection, argue in this way: "Some women in England who want to vote and cannot, are doing mischief. Therefore all women—if they could vote would do mischief."

"But," we say reassuringly, "look at the millions and millions of women who do vote—and do no harm."

"That does not count," screams the terror-stricken opponent. "Here *are* these dreadful creatures, screaming, kicking, setting fire to houses—they are *women*, aren't they? Well, then! Women are not fit to vote!"

This shows the deadly effect of a bugbear. It strikes such terror into the beholder as to quite unsettle his mind. No one who is very much afraid can be perfectly reasonable.

We still have the worst of our terrors to discuss—this new and awful development specially called "Feminism" which is admittedly apart from equal suffrage, this supposed demand for "free alliances" and all its implied injury.

Is there any truth in this charge? Is there any considerable body of women who are making any clear demand for what may fairly be described as "free love?"

There are some women, individual women, taking this ground, and there is a small group of women who have adopted it. And some of them are feminists.

Feminism, being a world movement, takes in all classes, all kinds, except the conservative and reactionary. Feminism, from its long, slow, upward-pushing period, has now reached a stage where it spreads wide and free and branches in quite opposite directions. This rather special branch I describe as "female feminism" in contradistinction to "human feminism"—the main movement.

Almost every step of the whole progress has tended to develop the human qualities in women; this seeks to magnify her sex qualities. Where the old view saw only sex in woman, but held that sex subservient to man, these feminists exalt sex, but for the woman's own use.

On this side we may class so strong a protagonist as H. G. Wells, who calls himself a feminist, but it is the female in woman which he would liberate. On this line belong all the efforts to pay and pension women for their womanhood, as mothers, as widows, as anything but human beings.

In wider excursions in the same direction we find the smaller branches and little twigs of divergence claiming varying degrees of license, and behaving with varying degrees of what most people call impropriety. But when we hasten to condemn these feminists let us look carefully—for the worst offenders are not feminists at all—but just plain, old-fashioned females (of the lighter sort), who have practised all these things for century after century.

What should be made clear to a cautious world, a world not yet "feminist," but willing to be convinced, is that the vagaries and extremes and excrescences of a great movement are not its true measure. The big, safe, beautiful side of Feminism is that advance which shows us woman, so long kept in injurious subjection, now struggling forward into the daylight, into freedom, into equality, into full companionship with man. He need not be afraid! Even a guilty conscience—a race-conscience, that is, not individual—need not so alarm him.

These "new women" who are turning feminist, are after all *the same ones*. They are the same Mary and Martha, the same Dorcas and Deborah, the same Jael and Judith—the same Magdalene.

Her relation to man is going to change, it is true, but for the better. Has he been so wholly happy, with the women of the past, that he need fear so much some new experience? He has had Martha at home and Magdalene outside, and grew tired of one and sick of the other. Now comes Mary, who cares for the better things.

Feminism means better womanhood—that's the long and short of it. Better because it is more human, more companionable, more responsible. It means a motherhood heretofore undreamed of, that shall rise and spread and deepen to cover the world with love and service; guarding, feeding, teaching all children, to the last and poorest.

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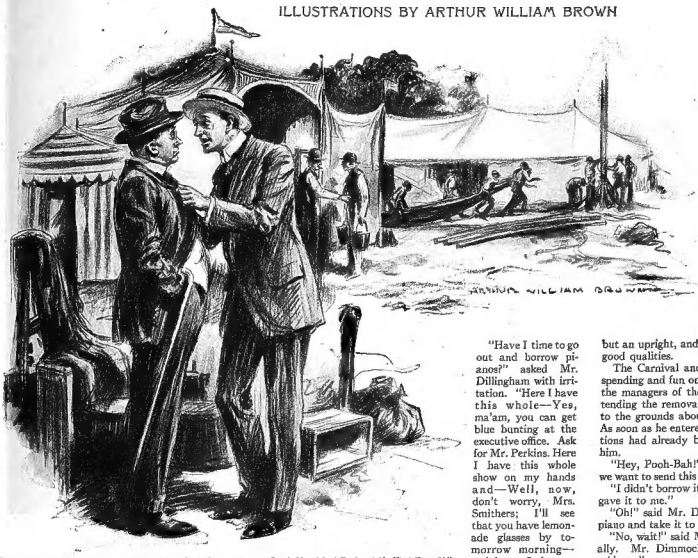
A GREAT SHORT STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF "PIGS IS PIGS"

POOH-BAH BARTLETT

The Highly Diverting Adventures of a Good-Natured Man Who Meant Well

By
Ellis Parker Butler

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



"You've Got a Piano! I Know It. I Saw It in Your House. Listen, Don't You Want To Lend Us That Piano?'"

MR. AUGUSTUS BARTLETT was an accommodating gentleman and willing to be of use—within his abilities—to the community in which he lived, so he had been elected Secretary of the Riverbank Hospital.

In fact, so well did he attend to the duties of the secretarial office that when the Riverbank Hospitallers were organized to promote the interests of the hospital Mr. Bartlett was the only man considered for the office of secretary of the new organization. He accepted, but somewhat reluctantly, because he had just been made a member of the Golden Spiders, a company of amateur actors designed to play a comic opera written by one of the members, and he had been elected secretary of this organization.

At his election Mr. Bartlett made a neat little speech, saying he hoped no one would think he was trying to turn himself into a Secretary Trust just because he seemed to be grabbing all the secretaryships in sight, and this caused a ripple of laughter which increased when President Dillingham said—referring to the celebrated character of Pooh-Bah in the great opera, "The Mikado"—"In other words Mr. Bartlett does not want to be known as the village Pooh-Bartlett." So, of course, after that Mr. Bartlett was known in the village as Pooh-Bartlett. It was quite a joke for a few weeks, but after that Mr. Bartlett's face pained when he had to twist it into a smile in recognition of the pleasantry, and when—as was natural—the joking title was shortened to "Pooh-Bah," and every one called him "Pooh-Bah" and spoke of him as "Pooh-Bah," Mr. Bartlett was quite annoyed.

Still it happened that Mr. Dillingham, rushing up to Mr. Bartlett on the carnival grounds, the day before the opening of the great Hospital Circus, used the familiar title.

"See here, Pooh-Bah," said Mr. Dillingham, wiping the perspiration from his face, "do you fellows want me to do *all* the work? I'm willing to run around these grounds and find hammers for the ladies to tack up their decorations, and I'm willing to boss the whole thing and be a bureau of information and do three-quarters of the work on the grounds, but I can't be here and somewhere else too."

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Bartlett.

"THOSE Golden Spiders have no piano, and they can't give a show unless they have one. Where am I going to get a piano, I'd like to know?" demanded Mr. Dillingham.

"Rent one," suggested Mr. Bartlett.

"Rent one! I've rented every piano in town. I've got five rented pianos on the grounds right now."

"Borrow one," said Mr. Bartlett.

"Have I time to go out and borrow pianos?" asked Mr. Dillingham with irritation. "Here I have this whole—Yes, ma'am, you can get blue bunting at the executive office. Ask for Mr. Perkins. Here I have this whole show on my hands and—Well, now, don't worry, Mrs. Smithers; I'll see that you have lemonade glasses by tomorrow morning—and have *I* time to go out and borrow pianos? I want you to go out and borrow one. You know who have pianos, don't you? Very well then go out and borrow one," and he dashed across the midway.

Mr. Bartlett stood and looked gloomy. Mr. Dillingham might as well have told him to go out and borrow some one's baby to be barbecued, for Mr. Bartlett was at heart a timid man, and he had an innate dislike of asking favors. At the bottom this was due to the misery a rebuff caused him, and he could see nothing but rebuffs ahead in this piano borrowing business. He sighed.

"Well, what's the matter with Pooh-Bah? Sighing for more secretaryships?" said a cheery voice at his elbow.

"Say," said Mr. Bartlett, grasping the man by the coat lapel. "You've got a piano! I know it. I saw it in your house. Listen, don't you want to lend us that piano?"

"What for?" Mr. Dimmock asked good-naturedly.

"DILLINGHAM just asked me to get one. We have no piano for the Golden Spider show. We *must* get a piano. Now, I'll tell you, Mr. Dimmock—Here's this hospital, and I know it is a worthy institution, because I'm secretary of it, and these Hospitallers have got up this Carnival and Circus to help the hospital, and it is a good deed all around. And these Golden Spider fellows are willing to help; it's a fine thing to get young men like them interested. Fine thing! And they get up a musical vaudeville and fix up their own scenery and hire their own costumes, and all they need is a piano. I'd lend them one, if I had one. Now, won't you lend me a piano?"

"No," said Mr. Dimmock with a laugh, "I won't. I won't because if I lent you that old wreck of a thing my wife would never let me have it brought back into the house. She's been talking about a new piano for a year, and if I let that piano out of the house I'd have to buy her a new one. So I won't lend it to you, but I'll give it to you."

"You'll—you'll *give* it to me!" exclaimed Mr. Bartlett.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Dimmock, "I'll give it out and out. And you needn't look so surprised. When you see that piano, you'll understand that I'm not breaking my back with liberality. I suppose it will do all right for these amateur fellows' show, but it is no concert grand. That piano is a Whiggin piffer & Wirtz, and that firm has been out of the piano business eighteen years. They made three hundred and sixty-eight thousand, four hundred and seventy-two pianos, and this piano of mine is number eight. And, from what I can judge, tone and mellowness and all those things were not invented until after they made number nine. It has the resonance of a slab of lead. So I'll give it to you outright."

"Not to *me*," said Mr. Bartlett. "I couldn't accept a piano personally."

"To the organization," said Mr. Dimmock. "To the organization of which you are the most excellent and well-appreciated secretary."

"That's different," said Mr. Bartlett. "I can accept it as secretary, and I do accept it, and I thank you for it."

So Mr. Dimmock telephoned his wife, and Mr. Bartlett sent a truckman for the piano, and it stood in front of the stage during the three days of the Carnival and Circus, and served quite well. Mr. Dimmock had, to some extent, maligned the piano. It was not an old square, but an upright, and while its age entitled it to vote it had good qualities.

The Carnival and Circus ended in a blaze of glorious spending and fun on Saturday night, and Sunday morning the managers of the affair were on the grounds superintending the removal of the débris. Mr. Bartlett strolled to the grounds about ten o'clock, on his way to church. As soon as he entered the midway, from which the decorations had already been removed, Mr. Dillingham hailed him.

"Hey, Pooh-Bah!" he called. "Come here. Where do we want to send this piano? Who did you borrow it from?"

"I didn't borrow it," said Mr. Bartlett. "Mr. Dimmock gave it to me."

"Oh!" said Mr. Dillingham. "Here, Mike! Load this piano and take it to Mr. Bartlett's house."

"No, wait!" said Mr. Bartlett. "It is not mine personally. Mr. Dimmock gave it to me as secretary. He said—"

"All right! No matter what he said. Load it up, Mike. Take it down to Fenderson's Storage Warehouse and put it with the rest of the things. Oh, wait a minute, Pooh-Bah! Make a memo to write and thank Fenderson. He's given us a room in which to store our stuff until next year."

MR. BARTLETT made a memorandum on his cuff, and finally drifted away in the direction of church. As he was about to enter the church Mr. Carstairs, the worthy and energetic president of the Hospital Board, stopped him.

"Pooh-Bah! One minute!" said Mr. Carstairs. "Do you know whether they sent that piano over to the Hospital?"

"What piano?" asked Mr. Bartlett.

"Why, our piano, of course. The one Mr. Dimmock gave the Hospital. I heard last night that he had given you a piano for the Hospital. Mrs. Guthrie was waiting to speak to him, she said, and she heard him give the piano to the Hospital."

"He didn't mention the Hospital," said Mr. Bartlett

"'Nothing Is Important Now but To Get These Peanuts on That Truck before It Rains!'"

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doubtfully. "As I recall it he gave it to me as secretary."

"Well," said Mr. Carstairs, "you are the Secretary of the Hospital, are you not?"

"Yes, I am," said Mr. Bartlett. "But Mr. Dillingham has had the piano put in Fenderson's Warehouse, with the rest of the stuff that belongs to the Hospitallers. I think he thinks it belongs to the Hospitallers."

"The idea!" exclaimed Mr. Carstairs angrily. "Dillingham would claim anything. That piano was given to the Hospital, and the Hospital is going to have it. You have my word for that. You are secretary of the Hospital——"

"I'm secretary of the Hospitallers, too," said Mr. Bartlett.

"What's the trouble?" asked Mr. Rolf, stopping beside the two men and hearing the word "Hospitallers."

Mr. Rolf was an energetic business man, but he kept himself young and bright by taking part in the social activities of Riverbank. Because of his energy and executive ability he had been elected president of the Golden Spiders, and he had done much to make their contribution to the big Carnival and Circus a success. In fact, he had managed their vaudeville show and had made it one of the most popular places of the midway.

"We were speaking of the piano in the Spider tent," said Mr. Bartlett.

"Yes," said Mr. Carstairs. "Dillingham had the unadulterated nerve to have that piano sent to Fenderson's Warehouse to be stored with the rest of the Hospitallers' stuff. He claims that piano was given to the Hospitallers."

"*He* does?" exclaimed Mr. Rolf. "The gall of the man! I'm glad you told me this, Carstairs. I am, indeed! *He* claims that piano? Why, Mr. Dimmock gave that piano to the Golden Spiders and it belongs to them."

"Nothing of the kind!" said Mr. Carstairs, turning red in the face. "That piano belongs to the Hospital, and the Hospital is going to have it. The Golden Spiders, indeed! I think *you* have brass, Rolf, to claim that piano when it was given absolutely and entirely to Mr. Bartlett here, as secretary. What was it he said to you, Bartlett?"

"He said," said Mr. Bartlett slowly and thoughtfully, trying to recall Mr. Dimmock's exact words, "He said, 'I won't lend you the piano, but I'll give it to you outright.' Not to me, I said, 'I can't take it.' 'Not to you personally, but as secretary,' he said. That was what he said."

"Well, there you are!" said Mr. Rolf. "You are secretary of the Golden Spiders, aren't you? That's our piano. That piano was given to us, and it belongs to us, and we want it down at Enderbury's Gymnasium to use in the rehearsals of our comic opera. We want it down there before to-morrow night at eight o'clock. And I'm in no joking mood. Stealing our piano!"

"Hold on!" said Mr. Carstairs, as Mr. Rolf was about to pass into the church. "I've got a word to say, and you might as well hear it. Mr. Bartlett, that piano belongs to the Hospital! I want that piano delivered at the Nurses' Home of the Hospital before five o'clock to-morrow, or there will be trouble for Mr. Dillingham. And as for Mr. Rolf and his ridiculous claim, you can forget it entirely. It is nonsense. The Golden Spiders have no more right to that piano than they have to the—the moon."

Mr. Bartlett hesitated.

"Of course I don't want to seem to be objecting to any work that comes within my province," he said, "but Mr. Dillingham is and always has been a good friend of mine. If it was a personal matter with me, or if he claimed the piano as his personal property, it would be different, but I don't like to make it a personal matter."

"You don't have to," said Mr. Carstairs. "Write a letter. I'm president of the Hospital Board. They will back me up. I order you to write a letter to Dillingham telling him to deliver that piano at the Hospital."

Mr. Carstairs entered the church. Mr. Rolf put his hand on Mr. Bartlett's sleeve.

"That man Carstairs is so swelled with importance he thinks anything that comes into his head is law and gospel," said Mr. Rolf. "Don't let what he says bother you. We will back up our secretary to the last ditch."

"You will back me up—what do you mean?" asked Mr. Bartlett, looking scared.

"We will back you up in anything you write," said Mr. Rolf energetically. "The Golden Spiders will. The only thing I have to say to you is, make the letter strong!"

"What letter?" asked Mr. Bartlett.

"The letter you write to the Hospitallers," said Mr. Rolf. "Tell them that is our piano, and order them to deliver it at the Gymnasium. That's all. And we will back you up!"

Mr. Rolf entered the church. Mr. Bartlett did not. He stood a few minutes in deep thought, and then strolled to the corner. Here he stopped and stood in deep thought again. He took one step toward the church, and then, having finally decided that he was in no mood to sit through a sermon he turned again and went home. Mrs. Bartlett was surprised to see him.

"Are you sick, Augustus?" she asked with anxiety.

"I'm all right," said Mr. Bartlett but in a voice that showed he was worried. "Just some secretary business. I thought I'd feel better if I got it off my mind. I'll just write two or three letters before dinner. Don't let any one disturb me. I must write those letters right away."

He went into his tiny study, which was no more than the rear end of the parlor, curtained off, and opened his desk. He sought among his letter paper for a letter sheet bearing the name of the Golden Spiders at its head. He took his pen, dipped it in the ink, and thought, gazing at the blank sheet.

"Mr. Francis K. Dillingham,
President, Riverbank Hospitallers,
Riverbank.

My dear Sir:—

I am instructed by the President of the Golden Spiders to demand the immediate delivery of the piano donated to the Golden Spiders by Mr. Dimmock. Please deliver the piano at Enderbury's Gymnasium before eight o'clock Monday evening, June 23d, 1914.

Very sincerely yours,
Augustus Bartlett, Secretary."

Having thought out and indited the above letter Mr. Bartlett did not hesitate to write the second. It was much like the first:

"Mr. Francis K. Dillingham,
President, Riverbank Hospitallers,
Riverbank.

My dear Sir:—

I am instructed by the President of the Riverbank Hospital to demand the immediate delivery of the piano donated to the Riverbank Hospital by Mr. Dimmock. Please deliver the piano at the Nurses' Home before five o'clock Monday evening, June 23d, 1914.

Very sincerely yours,
Augustus Bartlett, Secretary."

"Where are you going?" asked Mrs. Bartlett as Mr. Bartlett came from the study with two letters in his hand.

"I'm going to run over to the Carnival grounds and give these letters to Mr. Dillingham," said Mr. Bartlett. "I'll be back for dinner. I want to catch him before he goes."

He caught Mr. Dillingham before that gentleman left the grounds. Mr. Dillingham looked up from a bag of raw peanuts he was dragging toward the waiting truck.

"Well, what?" he asked.

"Two letters," said Mr. Bartlett.

"Slip them in my big pocket," said Mr. Dillingham. "My hands are dirty. What are they?"

"I think you should read them now," said Mr. Bartlett. "They are from the Golden Spiders and the Riverbank Hospital. They are important."

"Nothing is important now but to get these peanuts on that truck, and then to get the rest of this stuff under cover before we have rain," said Mr. Dillingham. "What are those letters about?"

"The piano," said Mr. Bartlett. "The Dimmock piano. Mr. Rolf claims it, and Mr. Carstairs claims it. Each claims it. I met them going into church and they asked me to write to you. Mr. Rolf wants the piano delivered at Enderbury's Gymnasium, and Mr. Carstairs wants it delivered at the Nurses' Home."

"Say," said Mr. Dillingham sarcastically, "how am I going to deliver a piano in two places when it is already in a third and going to stay there? Why don't those two fellows come down here and help us clean up instead of loafing off to church? Put on their silk hats and kid gloves and waddle off to church, and just take time to tell me they want our piano, do they? And let me stay here all day and work, hey? Well, they've a nice chance to get that piano, I tell you. That piano belongs to the Hospitallers. It was given to them. Here, I don't want these letters!"

"What shall I do with them?" asked Mr. Bartlett.

"Answer them," said Mr. Dillingham. "You are secretary, aren't you? What do you want? Do you want me to be president and roustabout and everything else, and then do your work too? The secretary conducts the correspondence of the Hospitallers, and you ought to know it. It's in the by-laws. You go home and answer those letters and tell those fellows that piano belongs to us, and that we won't deliver it anywhere or to anybody, and make the letter strong. Get out of my way, I'm busy."

Mr. Dillingham was evidently irritated and Mr. Bartlett was glad to leave him. He walked home and had his dinner and then went into his little study again. He chose two sheets of paper headed with the name of the Riverbank Hospitallers and wrote. The letters were alike in contents,

"Of Course I Want Carbon Copies. I Always Want Carbon Copies. Don't I Always Want Carbon Copies?"

but one was addressed to Mr. Rolf and one to Mr. Carstairs. They ran:

"Dear Sir:

I am instructed by the President of the Riverbank Hospitallers to inform you that the piano donated by Mr. Dimmock is the property of the Riverbank Hospitallers, and that it will remain where it is.

Yours very truly,
Augustus Bartlett, Secretary."

THESE letters he stamped and carried to a letter-box and mailed. When Mr. Bartlett had mailed them he stood a moment in thought.

"I'll see Dimmock," he finally said to himself. "I'll see him, and I'll ask him outright to which society he gave that piano. That will settle the whole matter."

He met Mr. Dimmock just as that gentleman was leaving his house to go to the Country Club for a game of golf.

"Hello, Pooh-Bah!" said Mr. Dimmock. "Still sighing, I see. You look as sad as a man that has to borrow forty pianos and don't know where to find a single, solitary one."

"I wish I never had heard of pianos," said Mr. Bartlett. "Look here, Mr. Dimmock, who did you give that piano to?"

"Who did I give it to? To you, of course," said Mr. Dimmock. "You know that, if you've not lost your mind. I gave it to you, as secretary."

"As secretary," said Mr. Bartlett.

"Yes, as secretary," repeated Mr. Dimmock. "It belongs to the organization of which you are secretary."

"Which organization?" asked Mr. Bartlett.

"Which?" queried Mr. Dimmock with surprise. "Why, are you secretary of more than one?"

"I'm secretary of three," said Mr. Bartlett.

"Then I gave it to the organization that was interested in the Carnival and Circus," declared Mr. Dimmock, glancing at his golf bag.

"But they all were," said Mr. Bartlett. "And they all claim the piano. They are all angry about it."

"Well, that's nothing to me," said Mr. Dimmock, picking up his golf bag. "I gave the piano and I'm through with it. How was I to know you were secretary of half a hundred concerns?"

"Did you give that piano to the Hospital?" Mr. Bartlett asked tensely.

"I gave it to you as secretary," said Mr. Dimmock.

"Did you give that piano to the Hospitallers?" asked Mr. Bartlett.

"I gave it to you as secretary," repeated Mr. Dimmock impatiently.

"Did you give that piano to the Golden Spiders?" asked Mr. Bartlett.

"I gave it to you as secretary," said Mr. Dimmock, and then, having closed the door of his car he said to his driver, "Go ahead, George!"

When Mr. Bartlett, still more dejected, reached home he found Mr. Carstairs on the porch talking to Mrs. Bartlett.

"Waiting for you Bartlett," said Mr. Carstairs. "I want you to send out a notice for a special meeting of the Hospital Trustees for to-morrow evening at eight-thirty. I want this piano business settled. Can you get the cards in the mail this evening?"

"Yes," said Mr. Bartlett hesitatingly. "But there is a rehearsal of the Golden Spiders' show to-morrow at eight-thirty, with a business meeting at eight."

"And, dearie," said Mrs. Bartlett, "Mr. Dillingham was here just before Mr. Carstairs came, and he wishes you to send out cards for a meeting of the Hospitallers for to-morrow at eight-fifteen."

"Huh!" said Mr. Bartlett dejectedly. He sat in a drooping position on the top porch step while Mr. Carstairs departed. Then he arose and turned toward the front door.

"You can't attend all those meetings, dearie," Mrs. Bartlett reminded him.

"I'll not attend any of them," said Mr. Bartlett savagely, and he plunged into the hall and into his study and began writing cards angrily.

On Monday Mr. Bartlett returned from business somewhat earlier than usual, and, after a light supper, he went to bed. The telephone began ringing at eight o'clock when Mr. Rolf called up from Enderbury's Gymnasium to learn why Mr. Bartlett was not at the meeting of the Golden Spiders, and it rang at fifteen minute intervals until all three of Mr. Bartlett's organizations had been informed that their secretary was ill and could not be present. The next morning Mr. Bartlett was quite well again. A slight nervousness was manifest in his hands, due perhaps to his anxiety to learn what had been done in the piano matter, but he was able to proceed to his office without aid. There he found three letters. The first was quite formal.

"Augustus Bartlett, Sec'y:

The following resolution was passed at the meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Riverbank Hospital, Monday, June 23, 1914: Resolved, that whereas Mr. H. J. Dimmock has given this Hospital a piano, and whereas the said piano has been carried away and placed in storage by the officers of the Riverbank Hospitallers; and whereas the said piano was specifically given to Mr. Augustus Bartlett, as Secretary of this Board and for this Board, Be it Resolved, that Mr. Augustus Bartlett is hereby appointed a Committee of One to obtain the return of the piano to this Board and to see that it is delivered at the Nurses' Home."

This was signed by Peter Finn as temporary secretary, and when Mr. Bartlett had studied the resolution he opened the second letter. It was signed, he noticed, by Joseph K. Biddle, acting as temporary secretary of the Golden Spiders.

"Dear Bartlett,

Sorry you were not at our meeting. That piano matter came up, and all the fellows are hot at Dillingham for stealing the old tune box. We want it, and we're going to have it. On account of your knowing more about it than

(*Continued on Page 66*)

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MAXIMILIAN FOSTER'S NEW SERIAL

THE FORGOTTEN HOUSE

Nancy Pursues Her Search for a Name and Is More Perplexed Than Ever

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

SECOND INSTALMENT

SYNOPSIS ON NEXT PAGE

"'Quick! Raise Her Up!' She Commanded Hoarsely, and with Another Forceful Gesture, Pointed to the Floor beside the Table. There Lay a Loose and Formless Figure, a Shape Huddled Within Itself Inertly and Half-Concealed beneath the Drapery of the Table-Cover. The Shock, Whatever It Had Been, Had Passed By Mrs Munger, and Had Wrenked All Its Potent Forces on Miss Maria"

THE shades had been drawn, the gas already lighted at Mrs Munger's when that lady herself limped painfully up the street and climbed the front steps of her house. Both from her bagging look and the way her cane dragged along the stonework one knew her to be fatigued, thoroughly tired out—an unaccustomed weariness in one of her self-indulgent nature. Nor, it appeared, had Mrs Munger's temper become improved by either her fatigue or her day away from home, for when she rang her door bell, she had no sooner removed her finger from the button than she put it back again and held it there, pressing firmly.

It was Miss Maria who answered, at last.

"Well," stormed Mrs. Munger, stalking into the light. "Is this the way my house is run during my absence?"

Miss Maria, after closing the door behind Mrs. Munger, turned with her fingers nervously entwining themselves. "What has happened?" she asked rapidly, one of her hands stealing to her breast to pluck at the hem of her waist. "Have you no news for me? Oh, can't you tell me anything?" she pleaded, indeed implored.

At once Mrs Munger turned on her belligerently. "You see here!" she growled, almost grunted, such was the thickness of her voice. "Haven't I asked as told you there was no change? What more do you want?" Raffled and irate, she strapped the wrap from her shoulders and scowled darkly her thick ps pressed themselves together, working vigorously. "Where's that girl Nancy? she demanded suddenly. "What's she been about all day?"

It was no very good account that Miss Maria had to give of Mrs Munger's paid companion, or, at least, so Mrs. Munger thought. "What!" she exclaimed, "and you let her get out, after what I told you?"

Miss Maria tried to falter explanations. "That man—him," she began hesitatingly, "you know the one"—this meaningly—"he stood at the door talking to her, and I couldn't get down and stop her."

But the explanation, so far from appeasing, served only the more to enrage. "Oh, fiddlesticks! huh!" growled Mrs. Munger, contemptuously. "Honestly, Maria, I don't believe you have the spirit of a goat!"

She began lifting up the hem of her skirt while she spoke, her hand fishing into an inner, hidden pocket from which she produced a bunch of keys. Selecting one she stuck it into the door of the room at her side. "Huh, Maria!" she'd begin to say again, when of a sudden she stopped, and glanced downward curiously. With a wrench of her stirring fingers, she unlocked the door, then pulled out the key. "Who's been in this room, to-day? Who's been tampering with this lock?" whispered Mrs. Munger in a hissing shrillness, and, with the words, the feathery hair crept from her face and a pasty pallor crept into it. "Tell me!" she cried furiously, for on the key was a thick smear of some waxy substance, the lock seemed clogged with it, too.

Mrs Maria gasped at her stupidly. "I don't know—unless *he* tried that man, I mean! Maybe—"

Mrs Munger again silenced her with a snort, her teeth bared in contempt. "*How?* you idiot! you nanny!" she mocked derisively. "I suppose you'd accuse him of anything. Come, now, get your wits about you! Who's been working at this lock?"

But without waiting for the answer, Mrs Munger straightened up with a jerk. "I know who it was!" she cried, certainty and a kind of quenchable triumph in her voice. "It was that girl! Did n't I warn you she'd be up to some such trick, snooping and sneaking around, sticking her nose into my affairs? The hussy! I'll attend to her. I'll attend to her. I'll see! I'll see!" she cried truculently, dragging herself along by the hand rail. Nursing her wrath and in a mood to free her hand of many things, Mrs. Munger climbed to the top floor where she unceremoniously thrust open the door of Nancy's bedchamber.

"You!" cried Mrs Munger, and leveled her cane at the girl.

Nancy, standing near the center table, was slowly turning the pages of a book. It was a fat, leather volume, fitted with a brass clasp, and filled with portraits of a day long ago—in a word, the album she had found years before.

Google

"You!" cried Mrs. Munger; and Nancy, with a movement inconceivably swift and secretive, thrust the book behind her. Pale, disturbed, yet still in command of herself, she faced both the cane and the woman who held it; and so they stood—one white and still, the other shaken with wrath.

"What is it you wish, Mrs. Munger?"

THE cane wagged itself at Nancy like a huge, accusing finger. "Injured innocence, hey?" she mocked scornfully. "Come! none of that! What do you mean by going into my room unasked?—like a housebreaker, too! You've been snooping in my room down-stairs—the one where I keep my desk. I want to know why."

Nancy drew in her breath, again bewildered. "The down-stairs room? I haven't been near it!"

"How dare you tell me such a story? How dare you?"

"Stop!" said Nancy firmly. "Stop, Mrs. Munger!"

Mrs. Munger stopped, gaping and dumfounded.

"Mrs. Munger," said Nancy, with a simple dignity in strong contrast to Mrs. Munger's warmth, "I wish you would sit down for a moment. I have something I'd like to say to you."

Gasping, gaping, more dumfounded and dazed, Mrs. Munger sat, or, rather, she fell limply, on the chair at which Nancy pointed. "I think I shall have a stroke—another stroke!" she echoed to herself. "This girl will be the death of me!"

Nancy stood looking down at her reflectively. "Mrs. Munger, you adopted me, didn't you?" she asked abruptly, and then went on, as if she took Mrs. Munger's glare for her answer. "You adopted me, but I've yet to learn where you got me. I've yet to learn, too, *why* you adopted me, and *why* you brought me up. Will you tell me, Mrs. Munger? Oh!" continued Nancy, suddenly thrusting out both hands. "Oh! please, please, Mrs. Munger, won't you tell me my name—my *real* name?"

The grin grew a little wider, almost sardonic. "Name? How often must you be told it's Robinson?"

Nancy drew back sadly. "No," she murmured distressfully, "it isn't that—not even Robinson—Brown or Smith or Robinson. That was just a cruel untruth of yours. I've at least learned that."

The grin died suddenly, replaced by a look almost of consternation. "What's that you're saying?" demanded Mrs. Munger, leaning a little closer, her eyes turned searchingly on the girl's. "You've learned? Who's been talking to you? Who's told you it isn't Robinson?"

"No one has been talking to me, Mrs. Munger. No one needed to tell me. I know it myself. But won't you please, please, *please* tell me who I am? Just that—and I won't ask you any more."

"*Who you are!*" croaked Mrs. Munger, lurching up from her chair and shaking her stick at the pleader. "You're a bold, ungrateful hussy—that's what you are! Who you are, indeed!" she repeated. "Why, for half what you've said to me, any other woman would turn you out-of-doors!"

Nancy waited for the outburst to end itself. "There won't be any need to turn me out, Mrs. Munger," she responded, once more a wistful smile on her lips, "for I am going away from you of my own wish,—without waiting for you to dismiss me. Shall it be to-morrow, or—to-night? I have very little to pack."

PERHAPS Mrs. Munger was unready; perhaps she had not expected this.

"Going? Going away?" she repeated, under her breath, and in all the many contending bursts of her passion, changes from contempt to wrath, amusement to rage, dismay to insulting anger, this swift turn to consternation appeared the most powerful emotion of all. "Going away? You sha'n't! I won't let you!"

"Yes, Mrs. Munger. Unless you tell me who I am, I shall go away."

Mrs. Munger drew a heavy breath. Then leaning a little closer, she noisily cleared her throat.

"My dear, dear young girl," she began, her tone almost placating, and halted when she said it. The change had been too abrupt, perhaps, for, clearing her throat, Mrs. Munger tried again in a less endearing strain. "My girl," said she, with an uneasy gentleness in her voice, "You mustn't leave me. I couldn't think of that. Why!" she exclaimed, boldly attempting a note of pity; "where could you go, a frail, young thing like you? No; you mustn't think of it. You must stay with me, dear. Perhaps it's hard for you; for I know, of course, I'm a cross and irritable old woman. But I don't mean anything by it. I—I—why, I just lose my temper, that's all. Yes!" she affirmed eagerly. "Now just you forget I've been so cross, Nancy, and we'll try to get along better in the future. So now it's settled, isn't it?" croaked Mrs. Munger, suddenly, and looked at her with the brightest, most hopeful expression in the world.

Nancy gazed at her with troubled eyes. "I don't know, Mrs. Munger. Are you going to tell me who I am?"

Mrs. Munger's lips opened swiftly as if about to say something, but after a slight contortion of her face, she emitted only a dry, choking gulp. "Honestly, now, I've told you all I know. Their name *was* Robinson, and they lived in one of my houses. They moved away afterward, and—oh, yes, as I remember now, they owed me a lot of rent—months and months unpaid rent!"

Nancy fastened her eyes on Mrs. Munger and kept them there. "You remember no more, then, Mrs. Munger?" she asked slowly; "and it is the truth you've told me?" she went on hollowly. Mrs. Munger nodded and continued to nod, vigorously and with growing emphasis. "Very well, then, Mrs. Munger; I shall stay here as you wish. For I think some day you will really remember, and then, of course, you will tell me. Perhaps it will be when you are dying, Mrs. Munger," the girl added remorselessly, ignoring the pallor that leaped into the other woman's face at the words; "on your death-bed, Mrs. Munger. Perhaps you will tell me then."

Late that night in her room down-stairs, Mrs. Munger, armed with a bottle of smelling-salts, sat propped up in her bed. Miss Maria, white and shifty-eyed, sat beside her, her spare figure gauntly outlined in her cotton night-dress, her hair screwed up into an attenuated pigtail, and all the more grotesque, homely and unappealing in her dishabille. Staring through her spectacles at Mrs. Munger, who was holding the smelling-salts first to one nostril and then to the other and snuffing and sniffing absorbedly, Miss Maria suddenly burst into tears.

"Judie—oh, please, please Judie, won't you tell me what we're going to do?"

Mrs. Munger removed the salts from her nose. "Here, you stop that!" she ordered truculently; "if you ain't got any spunk of your own, I ain't going to let you make me miserable. Get out of here—do you hear me? Get out right away!"

The door closed on Miss Maria's abject figure, and leaning over to the table beside the bed, Mrs Munger helped herself to a glass of sherry and a wafer. Guzzling and grunting, overwrought, irritated even in that moment of grateful self-indulgence, she gulped down the sherry noisily, set the glass on the stand, and then with a last final scowl of annoyance, reached up and turned out the gas.

Morning came—another day. Throughout the long, wakeful night Nancy had tossed in fitful dreams. Glad of the dawn, at last, she arose and dressing hastily, made her way quietly down the stairs. She rarely read the newspapers; but this morning propped one up in front of her and idly scanned the columns while she munched her toast. Nancy skimmed through it all, vaguely entertained, and then, as she folded the paper together, the caption in the upper left-hand corner of the front page appealed to her.

PERSONAL

BARNABY—Any one knowing the present whereabouts of the heir or heirs of Randolph Barnaby, deceased, will be suitably rewarded by communicating with Earnest, Box 112.

With starting eyes, she snatched up the newspaper. "Randolph Barnaby, deceased!" Was it but a coincidence of names; or was it, indeed, one and the same with the man whose life seemed to be linked so closely, though so indefinably, with hers? A third time she read, and then fluttering, excited, tensely strung, she let the paper fall from her hands and arose unsteadily to her feet.

For there had leaped into her mind impulsively the thought that if this were the same Randolph Barnaby, others must be told of it—Phil, his mother, and his uncle. Still impulsively she slipped into the pantry where the house telephone hung on the wall beside the dumb-waiter. With nervous, clumsy fingers, she turned the pages of the subscribers' directory, hunting for the "H's," "H for Harding," she murmured hurriedly, her finger running down the list. Just as she reached to take the receiver from the hook, a step sounded on the stair.

IT was Miss Maria's step, and she was heading for the dining-room. Nancy slipped back into her place at the table, and picked up her coffee-cup.

"Good morning, Miss Maria," she said, and looked around.

Miss Maria stared at her blankly. "Oh, good morning," she answered, as if with an effort, and then glanced covertly at the unfinished breakfast. "Humph!" Nancy heard her sniff and then the force of custom seemed to get the better of Miss Maria, and she vented her feelings in something that, while not uncomfortable, was not reassuring. "Well, suit yourself. Have your breakfast when you wish, but—huh! Don't you know Mrs. Munger's coming down again this morning?"

Miss Maria drifted away into the front room after that, and Nancy finished her breakfast, immersed in thought. What if Mrs. Munger saw that advertisement? There was no greater reason than suspicion to suggest either she or Miss Maria would be interested in the inquiry. If they were, what then? But how should Mrs. Munger be made to see that graphic paragraph? One way was for Nancy to point it out in person; another to put the paper where Mrs. Munger's eagle eye would detect it unaided. A flush mounted to Nancy's face at the thought of such duplicity. Tossing the paper away from her, she hurried out of the room, and Maggie, coming in a few minutes later to set the table, found it on the floor, and laid it at Mrs. Munger's place.

It was an hour later when the mistress of the house presented herself at the breakfast table. Again the pantomime of Mrs. Munger's morning meal renewed itself. With her eyes rolling about the room as if—literally—in search of what she might devour, she reached out her hand for her napkin and encountered the folded newspaper. Nancy, seeing it there, almost gasped aloud. But Mrs. Munger, with a contemptuous flick of her hand, tossed the paper aside, and flirting open her napkin with a slap like the crack of a whip, spread the damask over the ample breast of her pink silk morning sack. In the midst of the meal she looked up abruptly, with a grunt alarming in its loudness, and grinned in Nancy's face.

"Huh! I ran across that fellow Alfuente yesterday. What do you suppose he said to me?"

Mr. Alfuente, as it may be remembered, was the lean, oily musician of Mrs. Munger's drawing-room who had tried his blandishments on Nancy. The girl heard his name with unconcern.

"Huh!" drawled Mrs. Munger, "he's got it into his head you were my daughter." She blinked humorously as she made this revelation. "Yes, and he's dead set on giving you music lessons. He said he wouldn't charge anything, either—just for art's sake, you know. I guess you must have made an impression on him."

Pancakes arrived at this moment and distracted Mrs. Munger's attention; and absorbed in her new trencher work, she became too busy to say more. "Order the carriage for ten," said she bolting the last mouthful, and, with a clatter of knife and fork, switched back in her chair and addressed Nancy. "How'd you like a carriage ride? You may come along, too."

At Mrs. Munger's invitation to Nancy, Miss Maria raised her eyes in alarm. "But you promised me—you promised—" began Miss Maria, intensely concerned and excited. "If you don't I'll go alone!" she cried, with a new and altogether astonishing determination.

MRS. MUNGER made no answer. Rolling her napkin into a ball, she tossed it on the table and pushed back her chair, and Miss Maria, with her eyes still flashing determinedly, followed suit. But while Mrs. Munger was reaching around for her stick, her glance encountered the folded newspaper. "I'm going! Do you hear?" spoke Miss Maria, convincingly; and Mrs. Munger picked up the newspaper, and sticking it under her arm, put it down again and stared at her darkly.

"You'll do nothing of the kind," she said in a slow, minatory voice. Miss Maria clasped her hands together, and unmindful of Nancy, cried out piteously.

"Oh, Judie, Judie!" she almost wailed. "Judie, if you don't take me, I'll go out of my head."

"Keep your tongue still! Do you hear me? I've had enough of that now."

Miss Maria said no more and, as if assured that the scene had ended, Mrs. Munger flicked the crums from her skirt, reached around for her cane, and then let her eyes again drift casually toward the newspaper.

"Come, if you're ready," she was saying, when the words were arrested. "If you're ready, we'll——"

That was all. She set down the cane against the side of her chair, pored intently at the newspaper a moment, and then reached for the glass of water before her. A tense moment followed. Nancy, ready to cry aloud, could have snatched the paper from her hand, but, instead, sat breathless. Watching intently, she saw the heavy-lidded eyes flicker momentarily. Mrs. Munger's throat convulsed itself an instant as if in the reflex of swallowing something; then over Mrs. Munger's sallow, profoundly heavy face there crept a ghastly, leprous whiteness.

What storm spent its turmoil within the recesses of Mrs. Munger's brain, only she could know; yet fierce as it must have been, and frightful, as the convulsion of her face clearly showed, the struggle to control was greater, more masterful, even almost noble. Quietly she turned to Nancy and spoke, and only a slight thickness of her voice showed the emotion that even then must have tugged at her heart-strings.

"The smelling-salts—on my bureau—I want them."

Dominant, imperious, masterful, all the old self-control regained again. "Hurry!" she ordered roughly.

Nancy, on trembling feet, made her way to the door. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Mrs. Munger lean forward across the table and silently push

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT

Mrs. Munger, a mysterious, cross old woman has a young companion whom she calls Nancy Robinson. Nancy cannot learn her real name; her early life is shrouded in mystery. She has vague recollections of first living with Mrs. Munger in a certain brick house, and finding a quaint book containing the name R. Barnaby and an old photograph album in the garret, she is determined to solve the puzzle of her life. She meets Phil Harding, who playfully directs her to his own home, which happens to answer the description of her dream house. Mr. Appleby, Phil's uncle, tells Nancy little but directs her to a house on Bend Street. As she wonders why everything seems so familiar, she is amazed to see Mrs. Munger coming from the very house she sought. Thoroughly frightened, she rushes back to Mr. Appleby's. Phil comes in and tells her that his uncle, Sidney Harding, lives in the Bend Street house, and promises to help her unravel the mystery.

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the paper into Miss Maria's hand. Miss Maria took it, amazed and disconcerted.

"Why, what is it? Why——"

"Look at it—there!" rumbled Mrs. Munger.

Then, when Nancy was half-way up the stairs, the climax came. "God!" said a profound, quivering voice. "God!" it repeated in a voice hardly intelligible it was so thickly wheezing, choked with crowded emotion, "God—" After that there was silence.

The smelling-salts were not on the bureau, as Mrs. Munger had said, and it was only after a long search that Nancy found them under the pillows. As she turned to go back to the dining-room the pier glass beside the window flashed at her the vision of her pale and frightened self; and all the more terrified at the sight of it, she shrank back and stared at herself questioningly. What now? But while she halted, debating wildly, a cry, fierce and authoritative, rang through the house. "Quick—come here—help me!" Then, as if in emphasis, there was a clink of breaking glassware, a louder and more prolonged crash, and a thud as of a heavy weight falling to the floor.

Rushing from the room, Nancy sped down the stairs. Mrs. Munger! Had the promised stroke fallen at last?—and had Nancy been virtually the cause of it?

But there in the doorway of the dining-room stood Mrs. Munger—Mrs. Munger still among the living. She had forsaken her stick in this moment of fierce and impelling distraction, and with her face flaming and her body rigidly erect, she towered beside the doorway, one hand outstretched to snatch the smelling-salts from Nancy. "Quick! raise her up!" she commanded hoarsely, and with another forceful gesture, pointed to the floor beside the table.

"'You!' Cried Mrs. Munger, and Nancy, with a Movement Inconceivably Swift and Secretive, Thrust the Book behind Her. Pale, Disturbed, yet Still in Command of Herself, She Faced Both the Cane and the Woman Who Held It"

There lay a loose and formless figure, a shape huddled within itself inertly and half-concealed beneath the drapery of the table-cover. The cloth, dragged with the figure in its fall, had sluiced down upon the floor a torrent of glass, chinaware, and silver. The huddled figure that lay on the floor was Miss Maria's. The shock, whatever it had been, had passed by the stalwart, capable Mrs. Munger, and had wreaked all its potent force on the weaker vessel.

Poor Miss Maria! There had been moments when she had shown almost kindness to Nancy, and the girl was not one who would readily forget a thing like that. Filled with instant compassion, she managed somehow, under Mrs. Munger's fierce dictation, to unbutton Miss Maria's waist, and there, as the dress was thrown apart, the girl's fingers encountered a gold medallion strung on a ribbon around Miss Maria's lean and unlovely throat.

Mrs. Munger's alert eye caught the glint of gold; with unexpected quickness she leaned down, and, shoving Nancy's hands away, snatched at the ribbon. "What's this?" she questioned under her breath, and with a vigorous tug, broke the fastening.

BUT in that moment the girl, watching shrewdly, had caught a full glimpse of the other side of the medallion. In a word, Miss Maria wore at her throat the portrait of Mrs. Munger's familiar and curious guest, the nonchalant Mr. Gaylord.

Mrs. Munger, her eyes flickering in an instant's astonishment, stared at the miniature, then thrust it into the capacious pocket of her skirt. A lurking grin of contempt contorted her lips for the instant, and resuming her directions hurriedly, she held out the bottle of smelling-salts.

"Here, put this to her nose!" she ordered roughly. "Give her a good sniff—no, not that way! Hold it there till she feels it! There! That's it!"

Under the brisk treatment Miss Maria's hands presently began to flutter wildly. But the moment the pale eyes opened to awakened sense Miss Maria stared at Mrs. Munger, and with claw-like hands began clutching at Mrs. Munger's knees. "Oh, Judie—oh, my God, Judie!" she wailed, oblivious of the girl who supported her; "oh, what are we going to do! What *are* we going to do!"

"Hush!" cried Mrs. Munger, stridently, beating down the fingers that clawed at her. She leaned down, and aided by Nancy, dragged the limp and sobbing woman to an upright position. "Come now, control yourself," she rasped irritably. "How long are you going to continue acting like a fool?"

Miss Maria obeyed to the extent of standing on her feet, and then leaning on Nancy, was guided to the nearest chair. There burying her face in her hands, she rocked and to fro and began to cry, "Oh, Judie, Judie—oh what —"

"Silence!" roared Mrs. Munger, furiously, "you must control yourself."

In her room, half an hour later, Nancy closed the door behind her, and almost as if in terror, she laid a hand over her fluttering heart. What was to be done? This time the thought brought its own swift decision. To live there longer, to have to submit to Mrs. Munger's ungovernable temper, to remain in that house hedged around by the unknown, to stay amid all that crowding mystery seemed intolerable. The time had come now when Mrs. Munger should no longer dominate her life—bend her submissively to every caprice of her never-ending bullying and greediness. The girl had no plans for the future. She would go willy nilly, money or no.

Turning abruptly, she locked the door and began spreading out her possessions on the bed. In the moment's sudden determination she had forgotten all else—even her promise of the night before, the self-made promise that she would stay with Mrs. Munger until she had learned the secret of her birth. Then, in the midst of her hurried labors, a knock sounded on the door.

"Please, miss," said Maggie the waitress, "ye're wanted at the telephone. He'll be in a hurry, too, by the voice of him."

Nancy closed her door and followed Maggie down the stairs. Hurrying into the pantry, Nancy picked up the receiver. "Yes, who is it?" she asked in a restrained voice; then over the wire came the reply.

"Good morning. I knew you couldn't guess. It is Phil Harding. Tell me, have you seen this morning's paper? There's an advertisement that will interest you."

"Yes—yes, I've seen it!" she answered hurriedly, "do you know what it means? *They've* seen it, too." Nancy lowered her voice, "They've both read it. It was dreadful!"

"Not Mrs. Munger!" buzzed the telephone. "What happened?"

But to tell him all that with the chance of Mrs. Munger herself overhearing was too great a risk for Nancy to take. "I can't speak of it now—you must wait —when I see you again," she responded nervously. "It was dreadful!"

"Dreadful!" she heard him repeat in a concerned voice. "Do you mean for yourself? You *must* tell me! You simply must!" he insisted.

ON the floor above, a slow and limping footfall plodded about, the glassware on the pantry shelves tinkling in time to the precision of that ponderous tread. Nancy thought the heavy feet headed for the stairway, as if Mrs. Munger by instinct, divination, a supersense, had awakened to what was going on on the floor below her. "Listen—I cannot tell you now!" cried the girl, rapidly, "if I could—when I see you again. Not now, but the next time we meet."

"That's the very thing I want!" came the instant rejoiner. "I want to see you. I must—and to-day!"

Nancy was about to utter a nervous objection when he interrupted her, clearly determined. "Yes, you must. I'm going up-town at once. I'm going straight to the Park entrance at Seventy-second Street, and I'll be there—wait, let me look at my watch—I'll be there waiting for you in twenty-five minutes. Can you hear me? At five minutes after ten."

But blushing hotly, waiting to hear no more, Nancy hurriedly hung up the receiver and fled. And not any too soon, for as she reached the dining-room door she heard the limping footfall above renew itself, and now, in verity, it sounded on the stairs. She and Mrs. Munger met in the hallway, Mrs. Munger repressed and masterful, Nancy fearful and guiltily embarrassed.

Mrs. Munger's eyes slowly fastened on hers. "You forgot to order my carriage? Look here, now; what's gotten into you lately?" she demanded.

Then Nancy's dignity came to her aid. "Nothing, Mrs. Munger," she answered quietly. "I forgot—that's all."

At the girl's steadfast look, the dull, heavy-lidded eyes shifted, and Mrs. Munger drew in her breath, a sigh almost of weariness. "Well, call up the stable now," she said in an altered tone, as if tired of contention, and willing to sue for peace at any cost. "Remember, please, you're to go with me."

An objection leaped to Nancy's lips; she remembered whom she had promised to meet at the Park entrance. "But I—" she had begun, when Mrs. Munger wheeled on her ponderously

"But you—well—what?"

Nancy, without answering, walked through the dining-room and on into the pantry. Down the hall she heard the door close as Mrs. Munger immured herself

Google

into her den, and then the house relapsed into its accustomed stillness. But, as Nancy climbed the stairs to her room, another sound reached her ears in that quietness, a sound that warned her the climax of the morning's tragic circumstances still worked its effect. Miss Maria's door was closed, yet from within came a thin and small, keen, gagging whisper, a sobbing insistently fearful as of a child crying its terror of the dark. It was Miss Maria who wept, choking, as if she strove to silence herself.

Once she regained her room, a glance at the clock warned Nancy she would have no time for her interrupted packing. In less than half an hour she must be at the Park, and at the thought of it, with a girlish consciousness, she glanced at herself swiftly in the mirror. A moment later, with her accustomed animation, she was getting ready. Straightening her hat before the glass, she picked up her jacket, and once more as on the day before, tiptoed down the stairs, when there arose directly in her path the massive, portentous bulk of the very one whom she had meant to defy.

Mrs. Munger had come noiselessly out of her secret closet. Under one arm was tucked a portly bundle of documents tied with tape, and at the sight of Nancy she made an involuntary movement, as if to retreat within the room. Then changing her mind, she advanced along the hallway, her eyes fixed distrustfully on her companion. "Where are you going? The carriage isn't ready yet," she said, her thick brows meeting in her frown.

"No, I know," answered Nancy. "I'm going out for a moment, though."

Mrs. Munger instantly showed her astonishment. "You're going out?" she repeated. "What are you going out for? And who told you you could go?"

"No one told me. I am going out on an errand for myself."

"An errand for yourself?" There was a singsong cadence of mockery in Mrs. Munger's voice that denoted the wrath rising apace with contempt.

NANCY moved as if to pass Mrs. Munger. But there was an explanation still to be made, and Mrs. Munger showed no willingness to forego it. "Stop!" she ordered in a low, warning voice, and with that planted her cane against the wall to bar Nancy's way.

"I tell you I have an errand, Mrs. Munger," urged Nancy, her eyes unwavering, though her face had blanched. "I'll return in a few minutes."

"You'll return in a few minutes," mimicked Mrs. Munger, baring her teeth. "You'll do nothing of the kind. You'll go to your room and stay until I see fit to send for you." In fierce emphasis of the words she wagged her head from side to side, and followed this with a commanding gesture of her stick. "Come—do as I tell you. What are you gaping at?"

"At you!" cried Nancy, sharply and swiftly. "Last night you promised to treat me as I should be treated—as I insist I shall be treated, Mrs. Munger. I am no longer a child, I tell you! You shall not keep me in this house as if I were a prisoner!"

"Oh!—so that's it, is it?" answered Mrs. Munger in an even, regulated voice. She leaned back a little as if better to inspect the girl. Then with a sudden access of anger, all the pent-up, raging, hidden emotion in her soul flashed into Mrs. Munger's face, and she turned on Nancy flaming as with the signal of open war.

"You dare defy me like that?" she cried in a voice tense with wrath. "You think to ride me down—huh! a chit like you? Oh!" she cried, "you think that because I gave you a bit of soft soap last night—because I tried to make it easier for you, that I was frightened—that maybe there was something I was trying to hide. Yes—and that's what I get for bothering my head about you. Oh, go ahead, Miss Sly Boots! Snoop around and prowl and find out what you like. But when you've found out, don't you come crying back to me. No, don't you dare, for I'll have washed my hands of you, then!" She leaned toward the quivering girl, and wagged a thick, bony finger in her face. "You mark my words! When you've found out what you're trying to learn, you'll wish to go and hide your head in darkness! You'll wish you never lived to see the day!"

A noise at the door interrupted them; some one stood in the vestibule, peering through the lace curtain drawn across the glass. Then leaving the door, the person sprang to the door-bell, and while the two stood watching, he rang, and the lower regions of the house were filled with the clamor of that signal—prolonged, energetic, and imperative.

IT was Mr. Gaylord again. Mrs. Munger, forgetful of all, even Nancy, seemed suddenly conscious of the papers under her arm. Stooping laboriously, she made an effort to shove them beneath the hall settee. Failing this, she hobbled along the passage as fast as her stick could aid her. When she reached her room, in a perfect stampede of haste, she unlocked the door, tossed the papers inside, helter-skelter, and turned the key in the lock.

Nancy, half-way down the hall, still waited, nonplussed at Mrs. Munger's alarmed excitement. "If you don't go to your room, I'll——"

The remainder of the sentence, obviously a warning, was left unsaid, as Mrs. Munger turned the door-knob in answer to another peal of the bell.

Haste, or rather an un-Chesterfieldian hurry seemed to have robbed Mr. Gaylord of his usual nonchalance and aplomb; for once he was as unrepressed and animated as the most vulgar of the vulgar herd. A torrent of questions burst from him. "Have you seen it? Do you know what's happened? Has any one told you?" he cried, all in a breath.

"Hush!" warned Mrs. Munger. Clutching him by the sleeve, and with another sharp look at the girl, she led Mr. Gaylord into the seclusion of the darkened drawing-room. A murmur of voices followed, restrained yet filled with a tense excitement. Nancy made no attempt to listen. She swung on her heel and went boldly down the hall. No voice challenged her from the drawing-room; the murmur of talk went on unchecked; and reaching the door, she flung it open, and every moment expecting to hear Mrs. Munger bellowing after her, sped down to the street. Almost breathlessly she hurried toward the Park.

As she reached the entrance, Nancy halted a moment and gazed expectantly down the broad stretch of Seventy-second Street toward the Elevated, where Columbus Avenue with its surface cars, its wagons, and the sidewalks crowded with early morning patrons of the shops, flowed past like the glimpse of a lively stream. Then, just as she swung about to retrace her steps, a light brougham drawn by a pair of antique roans rattled across the car tracks in front of the Park entrance, and bobbed away down the drive. It was Mrs. Munger's carriage, and as it flashed by in the distance, Nancy had an instant's view of a massive, stalwart frame reclining among the cushions—of a large, dark, heavy face intently peering ahead.

The girl was still staring after this vision, when she was aware of a young man hurriedly crossing the avenue. He, too, was staring after the carriage, having seen who sat inside, but once the carriage had disappeared he turned, and with a smile came hurrying toward her.

"Have I kept you waiting?" he asked, his eyes brightening with frank admiration as he looked at her. "My!" he exclaimed, "I hardly recognize you when you're away from Mrs. Munger's. You look so different."

"Indeed!" remarked Nancy, coloring faintly, though not in the least displeased.

HE caught the little flush, and at once became humble. "I mean you're dressed differently, and you have on a hat. Then, besides, your hair isn't so—oh, you can go ahead and laugh, if you like. But it's true!"

They had entered the Park during this momentary conversation. Once when they were alone—alone, if one omitted the few stragglers drifting aimlessly along the paths—he turned to her suddenly. "Now please tell me what happened to you—about Mrs. Munger, I mean. You said it was dreadful."

She nodded slowly. "Yes." She thought a moment longer, and then turned to him impulsively. "Please don't think me stupid—or foolish—or anything like that. But I wish you would tell me this: Is it right for me to tell what goes on in that house? I know I can trust you; but still Mrs. Munger's house is my home, such as it is, and its secrets seem hardly the thing to talk about. Won't you tell me what I should do?"

He shook his head. "I confess I don't know," he said quietly. "You mustn't tell me anything that it will hurt you to tell. I wished to know what had happened only in hope that I might help you. I think I could, too, if you would let me."

A little tremor shook Nancy. "I know you would," she answered softly. "Shall I tell you now why I tried to find out something about Mrs. Munger from you and your mother and uncle? Do you really wish to know?"

Again he shook his head. "No," he responded softly. "I know—or, rather, I have guessed why you tried to find out. You told me enough yesterday, to let me understand." Then he caught sight of the cloud in the girl's eyes. "I am so sorry," he whispered softly.

Nancy looked up at him, her face composed again, though the old, shadowy, wistful expression still lingered in her eyes. "Yes, you have guessed it," she murmured. "I was trying to find out about myself—not who Mrs. Munger is. I was trying not only to find that out, but more—not only who I am, but—well, even more than that. I have been trying for years—ever since I was a little girl."

"Poor little girl!" he whispered.

Nancy was the first to speak again. "I'd like to tell you everything," she said simply. "Somehow I feel that you are one in whom I can really confide. I've never had any one before, you know."

So quietly she gave him the story, nothing omitted, all her secret revealed. She told him of all her childhood at Mrs. Munger's, of Mrs. Munger's oppression, and of the cruelty of that moment when Mrs. Munger, in her cold anger and contempt, had dubbed her with a name, choosing it outlandishly from the vulgar term—Brown, Smith, and Robinson. All this she repeated simply, unreservedly, and without affectation; and the boy's face reflected her own trouble that came with bitter memories. "Oh!" he exclaimed, shocked, when Nancy came to the part where Mrs. Munger had held the child between her knees and rapped out the threat: "Your father, hey?" Nancy went on, undeterred.

WORD by word, deed by deed, scene by scene, the whole story poured from her, all of it down to the time when, filled with her trouble, she had begun her guileless effort to unravel the tangle unaided. "It was really you who gave me the first hint," she added thankfully. "You told me of the house down there in that out-of-the-way corner of the city. And if it hadn't been for you, I might never have found it.

"Now," added Nancy, "let's be just plain matter of fact. You haven't told me about the advertisement yet."

"No, I haven't," he admitted candidly. "I rather hoped you'd wait until I found out something."

"But how are you going to find out about it?" she demanded.

"How? Why, in the simplest way imaginable. I've answered it."

"Why, how in the world did you ever think of doing that?" Nancy cried out in astonishment.

Still again he laughed. "All by myself, of course," he answered, amused at her earnestness. "I suppose Uncle Phil would be tearing angry if he heard about it, because last night he took pains to warn me to keep my hands off this business. I think they know something they don't dare repeat; at all events, this morning I showed the advertisement to Uncle Phil, and he nearly jumped down my throat. He warned me again to keep my hands out of it, or there'd be trouble. But that didn't keep me from trying to find out. I wrote to this 'Earnest,' and told him that if he'd communicate with me, he might hear something to his advantage."

"But what are you going to tell him when he appears? Do you know anything about the Barnabys?"

"Tell him!" echoed Phil. "Why I'm going to tell him nothing at all. But that won't prevent me from making a lively effort to find out what he's after. I know that Randolph Barnaby is dead; so is his wife, too."

"Why, was he married?" exclaimed Nancy. "Why, of course!—now that I stop to think about it, he must have been."

A sudden thought struck her, a flash of illuminating light, something that confirmed the hazy idea that long had drifted through her mind. "Tell me," she pleaded swiftly, "did Randolph Barnaby leave a child? Can you tell me that?"

Phil, as if trying to dissemble, did his best to look blankly at the distance. "I really can't say," he answered slowly. "If you care to know, that's what I'm trying to find out."

"Oh!"—and after that, Nancy fell silently into thought.

"There's one thing more I'd like to know," said Nancy, after a pause. "Have you ever heard the name of—I mean, will you tell me the name of Randolph Barnaby's wife? You remember it, don't you?"

"Yes, I recall it. I overheard Mother and Uncle Phil talking about her last night. She was a young Frenchwoman—Leonie Giraud."

"Leonie—Leonie Giraud!" Nancy repeated the name softly, murmuring it again, not as if trying to recall it, for she had never heard it before; but as if she must remember it always.

"Haven't you ever heard it before?" he asked; for once the name had left his lips he looked at her sharply, as if trying to learn whether she had ever heard it. But she had never heard it before, as he saw. "No, of course you wouldn't remember it," he said. "You couldn't recall the name any more than you should know my Uncle Sidney married a Barnaby. In fact, if you didn't know one fact, it isn't likely you'd know the other. But still," he added scornfully, "it's a question whether Uncle Sidney ever did marry."

Nancy looked at him vaguely.

"It isn't a very pleasant thing to talk about," he answered dubiously. "It's just this: Uncle Sidney seems to have tricked Margaret Barnaby in the same way he tricked every one else who was unfortunate enough to trust him. No one knows to this day whether he really married her or not. But I say!" he cried, changing the subject abruptly, as if eager to get away from it, "It did stir up the family when I told Mother and Uncle about the photograph album—the one you have stowed away in the garret."

"Did it? I don't see why," answered Nancy idly, much too absorbed with the one sweet echo ringing through her mind to pay heed to anything else—the

By this time we know you will agree that "The Forgotten House" is a great, big story. It is the first of a remarkable series of serials. We have set a pretty stiff mark, but we are going to live up to it. Following "The Forgotten House," in January begins "The Story of Julia Page." The author, Kathleen Norris, known the world over as the author of "Mother," and "Saturday's Child," has excelled herself in this story. It is bigger, broader, more intensely human than anything she has yet done. It will be published in PICTORIAL REVIEW *complete in four instalments. From now on, you will get four complete full-length novels in* PICTORIAL REVIEW *every year. These same novels in book form would cost you $1.50 apiece. Bargain lovers, did you ever strike anything better than this? Six dollars' worth of fiction for only one dollar! You not only get them in* PICTORIAL REVIEW *for the price of a year's subscription, but you get these splendid stories long before they are published in book form.*

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echo of the name, alluring in its euphony. *Leonie Giroud!*

"What pictures are in your album?" he asked, with an assumed carelessness; too careless, perhaps, to have deceived any one but the absorbed girl. "About the usual kind, I take it, aren't they?" he suggested laughingly. Any young hopefuls in the album —the darling prides of the family?"

NANCY told him there was only one picture of a child—the child held in the arms of the tall, grave man in mourning. Phil listened alertly, while Nancy told of it.

"Do you know," he said urgently, "my mother and Uncle Phil wish to see that book of yours. Can't you take it to them this afternoon?"

Nancy thought for a moment. "I'd like to do it to-day," she answered, after a moment's reflection; "but I can't get away this afternoon. Besides, has your mother forgiven me? Perhaps I shouldn't go to see her until she herself has asked me."

"Oh, nonsense!" he declared. "Mother is very anxious to see you. Why can't you come to-day? Can't you get away from Mrs. Munger?"

"No, not to-day," answered Nancy. "But to-morrow, Mrs. Munger won't have anything to say about it."

Phil looked at her, puzzled. "Why, *is* she going away?" he asked.

"No, but I am," answered Nancy, clearly. "I'm going to leave Mrs. Munger. I can't stay there any longer."

But at the look of dismay in his face she laid a restraining hand on his arm. "You don't understand," she said with a quiet dignity. "I cannot tell you what she has said and done; but it is impossible for me to go on living in that house. I must find some other place."

He hardly waited for her to finish. "But you mustn't do that, Nancy!" he cried energetically. "You can't leave there until you have found another place to live!" he cried vehemently. "I can't let you do anything like that."

"But I must. I shall," she insisted gently. "There will be some way for me to get along. Other girls have done it."

"Yes, and many have—" He broke off helplessly; the idea of a girl as young and innocent as she was, trying to get on, alone and unaided in a place like New York, filled him with dismay. "Go back to Mrs. Munger's, won't you?" he pleaded earnestly, "and stay there awhile. It won't be for long, I'm sure. Nancy promise me, won't you?"

His hand slipped along the railing of the bridge and gripped hers tightly. She thrilled at the touch. "You'll promise me, won't you, dear?" he whispered, his voice urgent and masterful; and with the woman's love of being led and controlled, she thrilled, too. "Don't you see what it means to me?" he asked. "Look up at me! Promise now!" he persisted, and then his arm drew her to him. "Will you promise? Now, Nancy, please promise me that you won't leave there yet, promise."

HER courage gave way there. "Yes—I promise!" she whispered faintly. "But—oh! why do you make me?"

Then, before she had dreamed of it, her face turned itself up to his, her eyes suffused with tears, and she was lying in his arms,—white, quivering,—numbly waiting the moment when his lips, hovering above hers, should claim what they sought. "Nancy!" he murmured, "My dear little girl!" He bent closer, and at the whispered name, her heart again throbbed its answer to his. "Nancy!"—and then, as if at an awakening call, she realized.

"No, no! you shall not!" she cried in a distressed voice. "No——"

Instantly he released her. "I won't ask you to forgive me," he said clearly. "I could not help it, and I am not in the least sorry."

The moment passed, a long moment before Nancy dared to trust herself to speak, much less to look at him. The tide of color surged into her face and paled away as soon, flashing intermittently with her emotions. "How dared you?" she asked in a tense whisper, but even that did not dismay him.

"I couldn't help it," he repeated quietly, "and I am not sorry."

With her head stiffly erect, the girl turned back along the way they had come. To surrender like that to any one! She cried out to herself at the thought of it, scourged by self-disparagement. She could have cried out to him, as she cried to herself, "I hate you!" But she did not.

Silence. She kept her eyes on the ground, unanswering. They walked a little further; then he spoke suddenly, as in a flow of irritation at her silence. "You won't speak to me—what shall I do? Shall I tell you I'm sorry—that I didn't mean it? Shall I tell you that?"

There she looked up swiftly, and her eyes filled with fire, gleaming behind her tears. "If you dared," she cried passionately, "I'd never speak to you again—never, never look at you!"

"Very well, then," he answered, restrained, too, now that he saw she was genuinely vexed. "Until this is settled, until we've found out what you wish to know, I'll be just a friend, just the friend you say." He smiled again as he said it, but there was no smile on Nancy's lips, or in her heart any desire to smile. "After that—well." He was looking at her intently now. "Little girl," he added softly, "it doesn't make any difference what we find out. It will be—just the same."

She heard, but gave no heed to it. They had come to the drive again, the path winding along beside the lake, and Nancy, staring dully, was just starting to cross the roadway when a smart clatter of hoofs sounded on the air.

At the crest of the hill a phaeton drawn by a lively pair of grays hove into view. A girl drove, a young woman in a jacket and straw sailor, and by the way she managed the lively grays, her hands confidently feeling the bits as they leaned up against the collars, she showed that she knew what she was about. Nancy looked up as this animated picture shot into sight. Phil looked, too, and then started consciously.

"Why—" exclaimed Nancy; then checked herself. In that moment's view she had recognized the young woman as the one she had met on the steps when she rang Mr. Appleby's bell. Nancy looked at Phil; and Phil, frowning uncomfortably, was ruefully staring after the fast disappearing phaeton, over whose folded hood the girl was looking back with a taunting, accusing smile.

THEN the trap swung out of view, and he drew in his breath with a deep sigh.

"Well!" he exclaimed coming out of his silence, "It's all up with me now! That's Virgie Deane, you know. I promised yesterday I'd drive with her this morning, and just after I telephoned you, I called up her father's house and left word for her I wouldn't be able to accept. Worse than that: I said I found it impossible to get to the Park this morning. I'm in for it now if—" Suddenly noticing the expression on Nancy's face, he stopped speaking.

"But you and I can still be friends, can't we?" he asked penitently, as they reached the Park gate.

"Yes, we shall be friends," she answered, and smiled at him. All the gloom swept out of his face at her assurance. "Good-by, and don't forget about the album? You're to bring it down to the house. Promise now?"

"Yes—I promise."

Long after she had left him he stood at the crossing looking after her.

Poor Nancy! Again envy and resentment stirred within her heart. No—why should she even dream of happiness like that? A boy's fancy, a mere whim, the instant's impulsiveness—that was all it meant. Before it went any further—too far, as she said to herself—she must put an end to it all.

It was Maggie who answered the door-bell; once she saw who it was that rang, her eyes widened significantly. "Ow, an' is it you, Miss?" she exclaimed, and then added warningly: "Miss Maria do be askin' for ye, this long time."

"Where is she?" asked Nancy, coldly, knowing what was in store for her, yet careless of the outcome.

"Ye c'n set yer mind aisy on that, Miss. She's gone, and ye'll not see her this day again, I'm thinkin', for didn't she take a trunk an' all."

"Did Mrs. Munger leave any word for me? She hasn't gone out for the night, too?"

"No, Miss, an' she didn't lave a word, either. Sure," said Maggie, and cautiously lowered her voice, "she went out o' here as if 'twas the plague she left behind.

There'll be some wan waiting in the parloor for her now."

Nancy started up the stairs without looking into the drawing-room. She had almost reached the first landing, when she heard her name called. At the entrance to the drawing-room stood Miss Freedlark, the Sapphic poetess of Mrs. Munger's Sunday evenings.

"I do hope I don't disturb you!" she implored, with a swanlike curveting of her lean neck, "but I *so* wish to see Mrs. Munger. You know she is giving another of her delightful little Sunday evening functions, and I'm just dying to learn all about it—yes, Sunday evening at eight, as you doubtless know."

"But I know nothing about it!" protested Nancy. "You'll have to see Mrs. Munger herself."

MISS FREEDLARK clucked her tongue tragically. "Oh, dear! how provoking!" Replacing the note-book and pencil in her reticule, she clasped her hands beneath her chin, and leaned brightly toward the girl.

"*You* shall help the moments flit away, then!" she cried animatedly. "Now shan't we have a nice, cozy little chat together?"

Nancy found a place on

"'Oh—No, You Must Not Tell Me Too Much, Mrs. Harding,' She Cried in a Whispered Emotion; 'No—Not Unless You Are Sure It Is True. To Know the Truth Is All I Have Asked'"

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the sofa, not because she was allured by the prospect of a cozy little chat, but rather because of a momentary thought. Miss Freedlark was known to be self-supporting; perhaps Miss Freedlark, then, might be induced to reveal the methods. "You write, don't you?" inquired Nancy, pleasantly, and leaned toward her.

Miss Freedlark's answering simper was a mixture of depreciation and self-consciousness. "Oh, yes!" she murmured, striving to appear offhand and casual, "my little verses sometimes flutter ephemerally into print."

"I don't mean that kind of writing," Nancy explained with a directness innocently frank; "you write things you really get paid for, don't you?"

Miss Freedlark's eyes fell suddenly from the ceiling with an altered and less exalted expression. "Occasionally—occasionally—something here and there, though of course all that one writes does aid so much toward grasp and technique." Rolling the phrase beneath her tongue, and, as if charged again with good humor at its happiness, Miss Freedlark simpered anew. "Grasp and technique and the larger spirit," she said unctuously, and waved a careless hand. "Every little helps, you know."

"Yes, I suppose it does," Nancy answered reflectively. "I wish I knew how to write—or to do something like that."

Miss Freedlark, charmed at having so easily struck the answering chord, at once launched into a disquisition on the art of writing, and what an easy art it was to acquire, providing one harked to the instincts of the untrammeled soul. "But, of course, now," added Miss Freedlark, dropping into a less ethereal key, "you're not like me. You don't have to think about board and lodging, when you have so good and generous an employer—I mean, so good a patron and friend as Mrs. Munger. Ah! I've often heard her tell how much she has done for you."

Nancy stirred restlessly. "Yes," she responded enigmatically, "sometimes it makes me wish I could do something for myself. I think you are very fortunate."

Miss Freedlark's expression altered itself at once. "Why!" she cried and bent forward eagerly, "you speak as if you were leaving Mrs. Munger!"

NANCY, realizing how she had committed herself, strove nervously to repair the mischief. But Miss Freedlark, animated to a degree unusual even with her, poured forth a stream of exclamations and inquiries, eager and impetuous. "Oh—ah, yes,—I see, Miss Robinson! You think of striking out for yourself? How interesting! You long—may I not use the expression?—you long for your own *métier!*" With an eagerness she now made no effort to conceal, she rustled along the sofa toward Nancy. "You are giving up your place?" she demanded, and almost breathlessly added, "What day are you going to leave?"

"Oh, I didn't mean that!" cried Nancy, now thoroughly disturbed since she saw the other's intention of immediately begging the place from Mrs. Munger. "You won't tell her, will you?" she appealed earnestly.

Miss Freedlark's face had lost its first eagerness, and she leaned back against the sofa, her ardor a good deal dampened. "Oh, very well," she was saying when a loud peal of the door-bell interrupted. She started eagerly. "Why, there must be Mrs. Munger now. Isn't it fortunate?"

Possessed of the same idea, Nancy would have fled if she could. But already Maggie was coming down the hall from the pantry, wiping her hands on her apron as she scuffled along, and it was too late to retreat.

But it was not Mrs. Munger after all. Nancy, peering over Miss Freedlark's shoulder saw in the vestibule a plainly dressed woman, obviously a servant, who held a letter in her hand.

"Will there be a Miss Robinson living here?"

Nancy recognized her instantly; it was the servant who had let her in at Appleby's.

"Yes; do you wish to see me?" asked Nancy, trying valiantly to hide her agitation from Miss Freedlark's prying eye. Phil had written! She felt the color mount into her cheeks, all the more embarrassed because she knew it had been detected.

"Oh, yes, Miss. My lady sent this, and would you tell me if there's an answer?"

Her *lady!* Not Phil, then, but his mother! Painfully conscious of Miss Freedlark's close attention she took the note, and excusing herself, since Miss Freedlark gave no sign of departing, rapidly tore it open.

As she suspected, the note was from Mrs. Harding. Turning her back, she read hurriedly, then crumpled the letter in her hand. "Say that I shall be there—at four o'clock," she murmured to the servant; "that is all."

Miss Freedlark pulled her veil down over her bony chin. "Well, I really must be going. Good-by. I cannot begin to tell you how interesting our little chat has been."

Nancy hurried to her room, relieved in mind that she was free at last. She locked the door behind her, and tossing her hat and jacket on the bed, hastily smoothed out and reread the sheet of note paper.

"DEAR MISS ROBINSON:

After your visit of yesterday morning, certain matters have occurred that made it extremely imperative I should see you. Can you come here this afternoon at four o'clock? The importance of the matter is the only apology I may offer for the liberty I take in asking this of you. Believe me,

Tuesday, April the third. LAURA HARDING."

Drawing up a chair to the window, Nancy pored over the writing, trying again and again to read what lay between the lines.

IT was four o'clock. "Please, Miss," said Mrs. Harding's maid, returning down the stairs, "will you come up to her room?"

Nancy arose and anxiously followed the servant. All her efforts to read between the lines of the letter that had brought her there had been as futile as the first attempt; she was still thoroughly in the dark.

"Come in," answered a voice, pleasantly, and Nancy timidly entered the room.

Through the broad, low windows the afternoon sunlight poured brilliantly. Mrs. Harding, who was seated at a sewing-table near the window, arose as the door opened, and setting her work aside, she smiled and offered her hand to Nancy.

"You won't mind my asking you up here, will you?" she asked, though with cordiality rather than apology in the words. "May I thank you, too, for letting me see you again?"

Nancy nervously sank into the chair Mrs. Harding offered. Though she had no guess why she had been asked there, she still suspected with a vague alarm that in some way it was connected with her morning's walk in the Park—with that and, in other ways, with *him*. Yet when Mrs. Harding spoke again, there was no connection between the words and the gil's troubled thought, her half-formed fear.

"I think, Miss Robinson," she said evenly, picking up the lace on which she was sewing, "I think that perhaps I may have seemed unkind in my attitude yesterday—perhaps unfair. You will forgive us, won't you, and forget what was really only a natural reticence?"

A quick sense of relief swept through Nancy's breast; it was to make this gracious explanation, then, that Mrs. Harding had been moved to send for her.

"Indeed," resumed Mrs. Harding, smiling pleasantly, "I think we have all been playing at cross purposes in this whole affair. Don't you think so, too?"

"Yes, Mrs. Harding. And if I pained you yesterday, won't you forgive me? I know how distasteful it must have seemed that an utter stranger should have come to you as I did."

"But you are no longer such a stranger, my dear," gently insisted Mrs. Harding, with another reassuring smile. "Had we only known yesterday why you are so gravely and honestly concerned in learning the identity of your—of Mrs. Munger, there would have been no cause for our alarm. My dear," she asked, a kindly encouragement in her voice, "won't you tell me about it now?"

SHE looked up embarrassed. She fixed her eyes on Mrs. Harding's encouraging, sympathetic face, and clasped her hands in distress. "It's not only about Mrs. Munger," she said frankly, "I am trying to find out who I am, and—who my parents were." Her voice sank despairingly to a murmur. "I don't know even my name."

Mrs. Harding leaned over and laid a pitying hand on Nancy's.

"Yes; so we thought. That is one reason why we sent for you."

They were quiet for a moment, the gentle hand still stroking the girl's in unaffected sympathy. Nancy, looking up, smiled a little as she spoke.

"You see why I couldn't tell you, yesterday. It was something I was ashamed to speak about to any one. I think Mrs. Munger really knows who I am; but then, you see, whenever I asked her she grew furious at my questions. So I had to find out for myself; it was the only way. I didn't dare let any one know what I was doing, for I was afraid—afraid that Mrs. Munger would hear of it, and—oh, Mrs. Harding—afraid of the truth should I learn it."

"Yes—I understand. Poor little child."

That was what he had said, too—poor little child! But the words were uttered now with even a deeper sense of pity—a mother's knowledge of a wo like hers, a mother's pity for a pitiably motherless child, and with a catch in her breath, Nancy smiled back gratefully. "You seemed so sweet and kind when I saw you, I was almost tempted to tell you, and then your son, Mr. Harding, came in, and I couldn't—no, not before him."

"Then he doesn't know?" asked the mother.

Nancy no longer felt a desire to conceal anything. "Yes—he knows. I told him everything, this morning, when I met him in the Park."

The hand still pressing hers quivered as if with a quick, startled answer to an unexpected pang.

"You and my boy were in the Park? Yes—yes, I see," she murmured, her tone still gentle and controlled. "You told him all—though was it necessary, my dear child?"

Nancy resolutely kept on. "I told him because I couldn't keep his friendship honestly if I did not tell him."

"Naturally, you could not," agreed Mrs. Harding, after thoughtfully looking at Nancy. "You felt you could permit no young man's attentions—is that it? when so much about yourself remains in doubt. Yes—you are right."

FOR the first time during the interview, the gravely placid woman momentarily seemed to have lost interest in the girl's appeal to her. Her glance drifted away to the opposite wall, where hanging from the picture molding was a portrait in an oval frame. The face was of a man perhaps forty years of age, perhaps younger; an alert, firm-eyed face, well-bred, and, if not handsome, at least pleasant in its smiling kindliness. Nancy realized from the resemblance between it and Phil's young face that this must have been the man who had died so shamefully as the result of another's shameful, tragic wrong-doing. But beneath the portrait was another picture—a group of three young men in yachting flannels, all of the style of a past generation.

"This was my husband—the one in the center, Miss Robinson," said Mrs. Harding, pointing out the figure, "and this young man—the one at his right—I think you have seen recently." Mrs. Harding smiled as she spoke.

"You mean this one? Yes, why it's Mr. Appleby, isn't it? Mr. Appleby, though much younger!"

"Yes; but have you ever seen this man—the one here on the left? Do you recall his face?"

The recognition came abruptly—convincing, once the suggestions dawned on Nancy. It was the face of the man in the album at home, a more youthful likeness of the man in that other portrait.

"Yes, I know him. I'm *sure* of it."

"But do you know his name?—who he was?" persisted Mrs. Harding.

Nancy shook her head. "No—I don't know that. I know only he is the man whose picture is in my album."

"And you haven't been told who he is?" asked Mrs. Harding with a deeper suggestion in the question than even before.

Nancy despairingly said, "No."

"That is Randolph Laidlaw. My dear, I think you should try to remember it."

Randolph Laidlaw!—and with the suggestion now attached to the name, the understanding coming to her by leaps and bounds, all the romantic visions of her dreams whirled up before her, filling her mind with a flash of the living truth. White and quivering, Nancy stared into Mrs. Harding's face, her eyes passionately entreating the answer to the question they so passionately asked.

"Is it that?—what Phil meant?—why he wished me to wait?"

The mother gave no sign she had heard her son's name spring so readily to Nancy's lips.

"Do not raise your hopes too much, child. You must wait till we make sure."

The girl's hands clasped themselves together as she turned back to the picture, studying with a keener, more knowing intentness now, the face she already knew so well. "Oh—no, you must not tell me too much, Mrs. Harding," she cried in a whispered emotion; "no—not unless you are sure it is true. To know the truth is all I have asked—it might be happiness enough. But to know who I am and that there is no—that I have a name and a right to the name—oh, the joy of it, Mrs. Harding!"

Her eyes even now were filled with the dream. "Tell me about him. Tell me a little, won't you—and my—you will tell me whom he married—something about her, too?"

Mrs. Harding went back to her chair, and slowly pondered. "There is really very little to tell. You see, we never really knew the wife. It was—well, how shall I say it?—a very quiet match. Randolph we always knew, however. Late in life his father married again, and so far as the father's marriage was concerned, I can say frankly it was curious. In fact, the stepmother—Randolph Laidlaw's stepmother, you understand—she was their housekeeper; a very respectable woman, I have been told, yet certainly not of his own station in life. She was a widow with a family of her own—some girls." She halted, as if debating irresolutely the question of what she should say; then she seemed to make up her mind. "Perhaps I should be frank. I started to tell you about Randolph Laidlaw's wife."

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THEN quietly and sympathetically Mrs. Harding rounded out the little story of Leonie Giraud, Randolph Laidlaw's dead young wife, the mother of his child. "She was a young Frenchwoman who had been teaching French to one of the Laidlaw girls—I call them the Laidlaws because they took the stepfather's name. You may not have heard—of course you really do not know a thing about him—but Randolph Laidlaw was a quiet, absorbed man who cared little for social life. We hoped he would marry some one we knew—a wife who would bring him a name and a place equal to his own; for the Laidlaws, after all, came of an old and proud line in New York. Leonie Giraud was an orphan; her father, who was some sort of a political refugee, had died here penniless, leaving her alone and unbefriended. Randolph Laidlaw married her while we were abroad; and then he went traveling, too; so we never saw her. Two years later we heard from him; and oh, what a grief-stricken, heart-broken letter he wrote. He had lost her, my dear. She died when her little girl was born."

"Oh!" cried Nancy, shocked. "And you never saw him again?"

Again a look of pain came into the quiet eyes, as if the question, innocently asked, had touched anew the soreness of an unhealed sorrow. "Let me make it clear to you," replied Mrs. Harding, with a quiet smile. "My boy says he has told you why we never mention the name of the man who lives here behind us. I shall tell you now, though, that this man not only ruined my husband and wrecked my brother's fortune, but was the cause, too, of estranging us from Randolph Laidlaw. Indeed Mr. Laidlaw's own fortune was seriously involved, and it was because of it—it was for that—my husband—he——"

"Yes, I know. You must not speak of it!" whispered Nancy.

"But I want you to know," Mrs. Harding declared. "I wish every one to know. Two days before his death, Randolph Laidlaw wrote he had found a package of papers that cleared my husband of the slightest blame. My husband—he was still living, trying to clear himself by every act in his power, and to restore to others what they had lost—my husband hurried away to catch the first train to go to him. It was an all-night journey, for Randolph Laidlaw was in Sprucemont, a little Adirondack village where he had gone to recover his wasted health. We could hardly wait for him to return, Mr. Appleby and I. Then we got a telegram; my husband was coming home. My dear, Randolph Laidlaw had died suddenly the day before, and there was no trace of the papers. They were gone. We never found them."

She turned her head away and gazed thoughtfully through the window at her side. Nancy had thought to ask something more, but she dared not now, fearful as she was of touching again the scar of that affliction. It was the question about Mrs. Munger—who she was, and whether they knew her now? But it must wait. As she sat thinking of it, there came a knock at the door. It was the servant.

"Please, ma'am," said the maid, "Miss Deane is below. She'd like to ask if she can have tea with you in the garden. She says she can stay only a few minutes."

"Yes, I shall be down directly."

The maid departed, and Mrs. Harding slowly arose.

"You must come to-morrow, my dear, and bring your album. I think we are in a fair way to clear up the mystery—yes, I feel certain about that. Now, you will come down with us and have a cup of tea?"

"And Daring All, the Girl Drew Back the Door and Looked. It Was as She Had Guessed. Mrs. Munger, Her Candle Held Aloft, Was Dragging Herself down the Stairway, the Album Clasped in Her Arm"

THOUGH Nancy would have preferred to get quietly away, to escape seeing any one, and, more particularly, the girl whose appearance in the Park that morning had affected her so strongly, there was no way in which she could very well refuse the invitation. The thought of seeing Phil, too, so soon, also troubled her; and as she and Mrs. Harding went down the stairs together, Nancy decided she must depart as soon as she could, before he came in and found her there. But all this decision was ordained to come to naught. As she and Mrs. Harding reached the French windows leading out into the veranda, a peal of laughter came ringing up from the garden. Then Nancy heard Phil's voice lifted in mirthful remonstrance.

"Oh, I say, Virgie, you'd better not let Uncle Phil catch you doing that! He'll pull out all his front hair if he catches you!"

Miss Deane, with her skirt daintily wrapped around her, was poised in the middle of Mr. Appleby's flower beds deliberately selecting the best sprays of hyacinth in the plot, while Phil, still remonstrating, was tugging the ears of a brindle bull terrier, who growled hoarsely, and playfully snapped at his fingers.

Mrs. Harding glanced at Miss Deane, then laughingly added her voice to the chorus.

"Virgie! Stop picking the flowers! Haven't you been told?"

The girl looked up. There was a lock of hair astray on her cheek, and her hat had assumed an unsafe angle during her attack on Mr. Appleby's flowers, yet her disheveiment served only to make her more attractive. Rosy and animated, she turned up her laughing face, trying very hard to look contrite and rueful, though the look was not much of a success; and then her eyes fell on Nancy.

"Come here, Virgie," said Mrs. Harding, who had tried to scold her with a look of seriousness that had failed, too; "I wish you to speak to Miss Robinson."

Phil, who had arisen and was trying to push away the exuberant, jumping bull terrier, suddenly swung around with an exclamation of mingled surprise and confusion.

"Why, when did you come?"

A gleaming light of fun danced into the other girl's eyes. Phil detected it and colored faintly in confusion; and while Nancy followed Mrs. Harding down the steps to the garden, she was conscious of Phil scowling at his tormentor, and of Miss Deane returning the scowl with rising merriment. Nancy, all the more conscious, tried vainly to hold back the color she knew had flooded her cheeks and now a vivid hue!

HER confusion seemed shared by Phil, a fact that Miss Deane acknowledged with another demure gleam. "It's very nice to meet you!" exclaimed Miss Deane, "now we can have a real tea party! Phil, stop trying to push me away!"

"I'm only trying to welcome Miss Robinson. Call off your dog, too, Virgie—the brute!"

Miss Deane mocked him with another gleam and called to the terrier. "Come here, Cave Canem. You can see, Miss Robinson, what a dreadful disposition he has—I mean Phil—not poor Cavie."

There was something so unaffected in Miss Deane's manner that Nancy felt herself reassured. Furthermore, the arrival of the tea-table at this juncture gave her a chance to compose herself.

"Phil!" cried his mother from the other side of the garden, "you and Virgie stop your quarreling, and you come here and light the lamp for me. You haven't told me yet what you've been doing all day."

Phil, who had stopped exchanging words with Miss Deane to devote himself to Nancy, turned around with sudden interest.

"What do you think?—I have a new job offered to me!"

"A job!" mimicked Miss Deane, with unextinguished raillery; "that sounds as if you were really going to work. Is it honest, worthy toil, may I ask—the kind that requires a tin dinner-bucket?"

Phil frowned at her again. "You'll be a great comfort to some one when you grow up, Virgie. I was about to say I'd been offered a new position—can you guess by whom?" He looked at his mother and then at Nancy, his eyes twinkling. "It was offered to me by—by—Mrs. Munger!"

"Philip!—is that true?"

"The Gospel truth, Mother."

Miss Deane joined in again. "Mrs. Munger! I thought you were going to tell her to take back her old houses!" she exclaimed, in a tone that showed she, too, knew the situation.

Phil handed the tea to the two girls, and offered them their choice of toasted biscuit, bread and butter, or little cakes. Then he sat down and balanced his cup on his lap. He seemed lost in thought for a moment or two as he nibbled slices of thin bread and butter.

"To-day I was giving the plumbing contractor a call down over some work he'd done when I heard some one pounding up the stairs. It was Mrs. Munger, looking pretty fagged and worn out, as if the stairs had been the last straw. She hadn't been around for two days—rather curious, too, because she'd never missed a day before. I hardly ever failed to find her there, or, if she wasn't there when I arrived, she came in later and insisted on following me around, poking into corners with her stick and blowing up the workmen and complaining they'd ruin her with their shiftlessness. Then, between rows, she'd try to make herself agreeable, asking me about my business, and if I was doing well, and inquiring about my family connections, and whether a young man didn't require a lot of ready money to set up for himself. To-day I had a better reason than ever to dodge her, but I didn't get a chance. 'Hullo!—you here?' she growled gruffly, and came hopping down the hall with her stick. By and by, after she'd taken a hand, too, in dusting off the plumber, she began to grumble again that she was being ruined, and that unless she got some one honest to take care of her houses, she'd have to go into bankruptcy. Before long I could see she was leading up to something; then she plumped right out with it.

"'Young man, *you* take charge of my real estate. You won't regret it. I'll give

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you an office of your own—not the garret where you work now, but a real office.'"

"Fancy calling Phil's up-stairs room a garret," murmured Mrs. Harding, blankly.

"Yes," her son continued, "she said she'd give me an office and pay me a good, round sum in the bargain. She named the amount, too, and it nearly took my breath away. When I shook my head, she wrung her thick, black eyebrows into a scowl. 'Ain't it enough?' she demanded, and began working her jaws as if she were swallowing hard. 'How much do you want, then? Come!' she grunted, and then tried to wheedle me into accepting. 'I'll give you a big office, a nice, big, sunny place. You can bring all your papers there—all your papers and things like that, and I'll give you a safe to put 'em in. A nice, big safe—big enough for all you and your family. If you want any one else to be in with you, why you can have them. I don't mind. You've got a friend maybe, or a relative—didn't you say you had an uncle? Well, I don't mind—have whoever you want. Do you accept?'

"I told her I'd have to make up my mind. 'Huh! You don't want it!' she growled, and then to my astonishment added, 'Well, I didn't suppose you would.' It was exactly as if she had been put up to asking me, and never had felt any faith in what she was doing."

Nancy listened absorbed. It was another coil in the mystery; something crafty and planned for a purpose, she had no doubt, but what the purpose was, only Mrs. Munger might tell.

Mrs. Harding, with her chin in her hand, sat forward listening closely. "As if she had been put up to it?" she repeated thoughtfully; "yes, I think I know now, who put her up to it." Then, involuntarily, she looked up at the closed, secretively shuttered windows of the house behind.

A maid had just entered the garden.

"Please, Mrs. Harding, Miss Deane's carriage is at the door."

Miss Deane rose hastily. "Mercy! Mother will think I'm lost." She held out her hand to Harding, who had risen too, and then, as a thought struck her, she smiled brightly at Nancy. "You are going up-town, aren't you? Won't you let me take you home?"

IT was a simple thing, kindly done, cordial and unaffected. Mrs. Harding nodded, evidently glad of it, and wishing Nancy to accept the well-meant kindness.

"If you're sure it wouldn't be a bother," she faltered uncertainly.

"Oh, no, indeed. Where's Phil now? Phil!" called Miss Deane, "we're going."

"Coming as fast as I can." He emerged from the lower door, hastily cramming a parcel into his coat pocket as he joined them.

"Good-by, Mrs. Harding!" cried the girl, throwing her a kiss as she ran lightly up the steps to the veranda; "I may come in again to-morrow."

She disappeared through the tall, French windows with a last wave of her hand, Cave Canem gamboling at her heels. Nancy held out her hand to Mrs. Harding.

"Good-by, too. I shall bring the album to-morrow morning. Good-by. You are very kind and sweet to me."

During that brief half hour in the garden she had been very quiet and absorbed, thoughtfully repressed as if she realized with a new distinctness the difference between her own self and that other girl—a young life buoyant and spirited, filled with the wholesome cheerfulness that no sorrow had yet impaired. How she longed to be like her—longed to possess the other's happiness, her name and her place—most of all, that innocent happiness.

"My dear, good-by. I think it is all coming out right—I think so. Good-by, now," she murmured, as she left Nancy at the door.

The voice was just as gentle, the manner just as kind; yet if in reality Mrs. Harding had closed the door with her son on the inside, and left poor Nancy standing alone outside, the girl could not have more clearly realized the gulf that would lie between them until her name and her parentage—good parentage, too—were established.

At the curb the brougham waited. A footman held open the door, looking on with a grin while Phil and Miss Deane struggled to bundle the reluctant Cave Canem inside. From the box a stony-faced coachman ignored the byplay with British stolidity.

"He's just seen a cat," explained Miss Deane, succinctly. "Will you get in while I hold him?"

Nancy climbed in over the writhing dog; Miss Deane followed and breathed a sigh of relief when the door was banged to. "Good-by, Phil! I hope to see you soon doing worthy toil in a perfectly worthy pair of overalls."

"Where to, please?" asked the footman.

His mistress had just told him, the footman was springing to the box when Phil, who had turned away, cried out to them to stop.

"Hi! wait a moment! I've forgotten something!"

Tugging at his coat pocket, he came running up to the carriage window, and gravely handed Nancy a parcel bound in wrapping-paper. "Don't let Virgie get her hands on it!" he warned, and, with a laugh, ran back to the house.

"Well, I like that!" exclaimed Miss Deane, indignantly, and instantly starting forward, leaned from the window as if to scream back a withering retort. But Phil had disappeared so Miss Deane had to content herself with a sniff. "Perhaps it's an infernal machine," she suggested, eying the package disdainfully, though with evident curiosity. "One might have thought so from the way he spoke!"

Nancy, whose curiosity was not less than hers, said the best way to find out was to look. A little embarrassed, she slowly unwrapped the folds of paper, one by one, a matter somewhat difficult since the other girl insisted on helping and peeping, too. But when the object was revealed, Miss Deane gave it a single look, gasped, and then burst into a gale of merriment.

"Oh! what a lark! I'll never let Phil Harding hear the end of this!"

But poor Nancy, ready to do anything but laugh, sat and stared at the present in her hand. It was a pot of jam!

DUSK had come crowding swiftly on the heels of the waning day, when a hand parted the curtains of Mrs. Munger's drawing-room far enough to disclose the bony visage of Miss Mina Freedlark, the poetess. Flattening her face against the glass, and with an intentness comparable to the fabled anxiety of Sister Anne in the tower, Miss Freedlark slowly reconnoitered the sidewalks in one direction, and then turned around and as closely reconnoitered them in the other. This alert lookout continued for some minutes, her absorbed interest increasing rather than abating as the time progressed; and whatever the nature of her enterprise or what the cause of her vigilance, she was still anxiously straining her eyesight when a brougham turned the corner.

The brougham was Miss Deane's. Inside, the two girls sat talking together amiably, Nancy edging in a word now and then to spur the other on in her whimsical, amusing chatter. How happy the drive had been and how short, she realized when she looked up to see that they were turning into Mrs. Munger's street.

"Mercy!" Miss Deane exclaimed, "do you live with Mrs. Munger? I didn't know that!"

Nancy colored faintly, as she frankly turned to the girl. "I'm Mrs. Munger's companion, Miss Deane."

"Her companion! Oh, what a lark!" Miss Deane's exclamation ended suddenly in a peal of merriment; as suddenly she reached out her hand and patted Nancy's.

"I didn't mean to be rude. I was thinking about Mrs. Munger. You really live with her?"

"Yes; didn't you know it?"

"No, mercy, no! Phil told me only Mrs. Munger was up to something queer—she and that dreadful uncle of his. But doesn't she suspect you and Phil are—I mean hasn't she found out about you two being—gracious! You know what I mean!" exclaimed Miss Deane, confusedly, and then bubbled over with merriment again.

"No, she hasn't found out we're friends. Good-by; and thank you very much for bringing me home."

"Oh, don't thank me for that. You don't know what a lot of fun I've had. Look!" cried Miss Deane, suddenly grasping Nancy by the arm, "is that Mrs. Munger? My! She's staring at us like a fish in a glass tank!"

Not a discreetly elegant remark, though precise. It was Miss Freedlark at the window, still in the posture of Sister Anne.

At the brougham's approach the alert female, with an eye trained specifically to the externals of wealth and smartness, had fixed herself in a favorable position to spy out the occupants when it passed. But the brougham, instead of continuing down the street as she had anticipated, drew in toward the curb, and, with a clatter of hoofs and a minor jingling of curb-chains, to Miss Freedlark's broad and unconcealed amazement, came to a halt in front of Mrs. Munger's and let out only that lady's paid companion.

Miss Freedlark writhed hastily out of view. Her first thought, of course, was that this was some one to whom Nancy had applied for a position—perhaps some one who had already engaged her. But this pleasing reflection had no sooner entered Miss Freedlark's mind than it was doomed to wither pitiably. For while she lurked behind the curtains, she saw Miss Deane lean from the carriage and wave a good-by to Nancy.

"Don't forget—Tuesday—at four. Phil's coming, too!" she cried, and Miss Freedlark could not very well miss hearing her, since Miss Deane shrilled it with buoyant animation.

Miss Freedlark, quite beside herself with curiosity, opened the front door for Nancy. "Why, here you are at last! Been taking a carriage ride, haven't you?"

Nancy saw with some degree of curiosity, that Miss Freedlark had doffed her hat and jacket, and apparently was very much at home.

"I have been driving—yes!" she answered. "Has Mrs. Munger come in?"

"Oh, yes; ages ago. But she's gone out again. You're not to go out until she's seen you. Now you haven't told me who your swell friend is."

Nancy drew off her gloves, trying quietly to evade the woman's vulgar prying. "Are you staying to dinner?" she asked, looking up at Miss Freedlark when she had straightened out her gloves.

"Oh, yes. Mrs. Munger has asked me to visit her a day or so—maybe longer. Isn't it nice? Now tell me all about your drive with that lovely girl. She's real fashionable, isn't she? Don't you try to say she isn't!" Miss Freedlark wagged a bony finger at Nancy, and frowned playfully. "Say," she questioned confidentially, "you're not going to live with her, are you? A little bird tells me you've got a new place."

Biting her lip, Nancy went on up the stairs without troubling herself to answer.

IN her room, Nancy dropped her things on a chair and sank on the edge of her bed. What was in store for her? What when the climax of the day's revelations came? What would Mrs. Munger do when she learned? A little chill of fear swept through Nancy's heart at the thought of it, a creeping terror bred to her long association with the grim, dark, and masterful woman, unloving and loveless, the incarnation of a greed that would tread underfoot whoever stood between her and her implacable self-indulgence.

But if Nancy were the Laidlaw child, where was the Laidlaw fortune? The thought, bred blindly, avalanched itself on the girl's mind with all its dire significance. Mrs. Munger a thief! All the repugnance and dread she had ever felt for the woman arose now, magnified, terrifying. Then the relief came—a doubt, a sickening reassurance of the absurdity of her thoughts. Mrs. Munger a *thief?* Incredible! It was absurd to think of such a thing.

But if Mrs. Munger were only Mrs. Munger and no one else, who, then, was Nancy?

"Oh my soul!" moaned the girl. For doubt, bringing its relief, had raised its own other terrors, too.

Sick with her depression, Nancy dressed herself for dinner, an ordeal for which she was miserably unprepared. However, there was no way out of it, and turning down the lamp, Nancy closed her door behind her, and slowly descended the stairs.

Miss Freedlark came to meet her in the hall, more exasperating than ever with her affability. "Well! I declare! What a long time it takes you to prink! You must be expecting—some one!" She smiled archly, her narrow, fleshless face drawn by the grin into the semblance of the naked humor of a skull. "Now tell me right away all about him! I'm just dying to hear the little secret!"

Nancy stared at the woman gravely. Miss Freedlark's geniality, however, was of a kind too bald to be abashed by subtle methods, and still the wide mouth confidently grinned its reassurance—knowing, officious, and impertinent.

"Oh, you lucky girl! I'm sure you've caught a beau who's swagger—and rich."

"Go into the drawing-room, Miss Freedlark. Perhaps Mrs. Munger will come in shortly."

There was a pointedness in the rebuke now, which even Miss Freedlark's thick skin was scarcely proof. Her face fell. "Why! You're not mad, are you?" she pleaded hastily.

"If you need anything, ring for the servants."

Deaf to the other's profuse murmurs, Nancy stalked into the dining-room, where Maggie, with a lowering brow, was putting the last touches to the dinner table.

"Do you know if Mrs. Munger is coming in, Maggie?"

The maid raised her eyes sullenly. "Sure, all I know is what orders she give. Dinner a half hour early, an' me an' all me work put out."

With another scowl, she slouched around to the serving table and snatched up a dish of olives and a sharp-tined fork.

"Can I help you?" suggested Nancy, hunting an excuse to stay away from the drawing-room and its inquisitive tenant.

Maggie jabbed an olive viciously with the fork. "I'll not ask for any help. There'll be enough a'ready minowdering arount, an' a-puttin' in their fingers."

"What do you mean?" demanded Nancy, icily, incensed at the suggested insolence.

"Owl beggin' yer pardon, ma'am! On me sowl, I didn't mean *you!*" cried Maggie, "it was that other wan—her wit' the bony face to her like yer knuckles."

"Maggie, you mustn't talk like that. Miss Freedlark is a guest in this house."

"Ow! Glory be! An' her only on a visit! Wad you ever know the likes of that now? Sure, didn't she come a-pokin' in here? An' a-puttin' her face into all the closets? An' a-pullin' out av all the drawers? An' a-gogglin' arount in the corners? An' a-wearin' ye out wit' her questions? 'Ow, is this

(*Continued on Page* 68)

"Rosalind," by J. M. Barrie, on pages 20-21 of this issue is a sample of the high-class fiction features which you will always find in PICTORIAL REVIEW. *It is a deliciously clever bit of work by the author of "The Little Minister," and "Peter Pan." Maude Adams, who made her first big success in "The Little Minister," will produce "Rosalind" this Winter. Every month from now on we will have from five to eight short stories by the best writers of the English language. For instance "The See-Saw" in this issue is a great, big story by Gertrude Brooke Hamilton. You will remember her "Mrs. Mahoney" stories. In "The See-Saw" we have Miss Hamilton in an entirely different vein. She is serious this time, and the result is a wonderfully strong, throbbing, heart-interest story.*

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AN ODE TO AMERICAN WOMEN

By
Richard Wightman

Decoration by
William Shettsline

THE land lay hermited betwixt the seas
As rich as now—gold in its hills, pow'r in its streams, warmth in its leas.
Magnolia, maple, eucalyptus, pine,
Were compass-points; no dim and varying governmental line
Wavered along its span,
Although a man
With skin of copper hue would sometimes bend to drink
Above the brink
Of some clear pool whose basin lay
Hollowed in Nature's way—
Irregular, and mossy at the brim,
And friendly, beckoning the skim
Of swallows and the feet of panting deer.
And God was here,—
Aye, God, with face enveiled by that fine fabric, we have come to know
As Opportunity,—a fabric, oh, most luminous, and lo,
By faith, by tide, by wind, by evening star,
Men came in little ships from lands afar,
And bent their knees upon this hermit soil,
And made it blossom with the wand of toil!

BENEATH the cleavage of the flashing blade
Tall trees were laid
Prone in the forest, and the clearings, sweet
With the lure of nurture, wooed the wheat
And made each grain a stalk,
Full-headed, while the gentle talk
Of women graced the harvest, and the cabin fire
In Winter met the heart's desire
For comradeship and thoughtfulness and cheer;
All the long year
Was benisoned by labor, song and prayer,—
And love was there.

THE Pilgrims bred, for in their loins lay
The ancient urge of Nature. 'Tis the way
Of sturdy sires to get them sturdy sons,
And when the time-worn guns
Rang out to save a heritage
Of hope and toil, Youth vied with Age
In opening its veins
Upon the plains
Of Lexington; and wet the decks of quickly-builded ships
With crimson ooze from lips
Which, to the last, spake couraged words of cheer
From hearts which knew no fear
Nor mood to flee
Counting such death a victory!

THEN, in a later day, our Lincoln came
And did his work, and passed on in a flame
Of glory and a drench of tears!
The boasted years
We call our own are dowered with the touch of vanished hands.
The Western lands
Are sown with Pilgrim wheat, and in the strange new courage of the hour
Which balks not at the place of gold or pow'r
If but the Right may be,
We clearly see
The shining of the face
Of him who knew no race
Save man,
And made the wise Lincolnian plan
Of State as big and kind as God,
Knowing no rod
Save Justice, with the common good
Welded within the forge of Brotherhood.

THE Nation's chief distinguishment is not its tow'rs
Which, in the morrow's hours
May fall. Nor is it in the lines of steel
Spun far to gain the weal
Of traffic. Nay, rather must it e'er be seen
Enduring, glorious, serene,
Within the souls of its own sons who were and are
Dreamers of Truth beneath the great white Star
Of Progress, pendant in the vaulted sky
To light this land to its good destiny.

OUR institutions change, likewise our laws;
The program of the Seasons knows its pause;
The very rivers thread along
New courses, and the lark's blithe song
Is altered by the meadow's mood;
But every onward rood
Of the long path our fathers chose,—
Down to the very close
Of days,—is ours to dare, elate and free,
Clothed with that ancient loyalty
To Right which made America the land whose name
And birthright we so proudly claim.

AND now, O Woman, we have come to see
Thy hand in all our Nation's history—
A gentle hand, maternal, clean and kind;
And so, O Woman, 'tis our newer mind
To give to thee the right men long have known—
To say thy say, by ballots never blown
On vagrant winds for purposes unfair.
Slowly we came to this, but all the air
Is vibrant with thy reason's just demand
To share with men the problems of our land.
Be thou exalted by this later trust;
Be women still, for that thou ever must!
Thy new task is not little, but the shades
Of patriot mothers steal from out the glades
Of the dim past to hearten thee and say:
"We did our part; thine is the greater day!"

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THE LOVE-LETTERS OF A LIFETIME

By Alma Woodward

"I Like Yur Bewtiful Pink Hare Ribbuns"

It Is Ever The Same Old Story The World Over

"I Wood Not Mok You Margit"

CITY folk must balance a shirtwaist box on top of one of the kitchen chairs, rise on tiptoe and reach way back into the shadows of a top shelf. All in the dust and maybe cobwebs, there'll be an irregular little bundle of "latest styles" in envelopes, stretching over the years from then, until almost now. To meet requirements satisfactorily that little stack of stationery should be tied with baby blue ribbon. But it isn't. Most likely a bit of three-cent tape binds its sentiment together.

But, up at the old place on the hill where grandma was born in the "front room" with tallow candles to light her début, you don't search in closets for 'em. Instead, when everybody's out under the side elm sipping elderberry wine, you tuck the hem of your skirt into your waistband and mount a steep, ladder-stairway. At the top you pry open a bit of the ceiling to find that it's part of the floor and squirm through the square opening.

You're there. Just a regular attic. All the chairs that have rebelled at bearing the weight of too many generations are there too. Protuberances of escaped hair-filling scar their surfaces. Legs, shortened in the wars of service, casterless, give a funny, disabled slant to them.

There are trunks, all beautiful silver tin, with designs stamped on it. Fat looking, wheezy, old trunks, with rotting hinges and long rotted straps. Over in one corner is a bunch of red peppers, strung up to dry, oh, twenty years ago, making a valiant fight to be a vivid, passionate spot in the stuffy drabness of that attic.

You'll have to sit on the floor to open the trunk you're looking for. It's a low one; sort of light brown with black lines on it. And it bulges where it shouldn't. Right between the folds of the hunter's green velvet basque and the gray merino petticoat with the red crocheted edge, they are.

Pull the string a bit. It's old and it won't bear untying. There! They've spread all over your lap. All the little, released envelopes are slipping and sliding away from you, exercising their new-found freedom. And, whether you're city folk or from the place on the hill, you'll find much the same thing in those envelopes. All the world over it's much the same thing.

Read them.

When I Was Seven

friday

DEER MARGRIT.

Whenn all the boys mokked you frum behind the fense yesturday I did not mok you. I wood not mok you Margrit, bee-kause I think yur a very nice gurl and you have a very pritty noze. All-so I like yur bewtifull pink hare ribbuns and the hole in yur chin wich is a dimpul my muther says. I am riting you this note and Fransus brown is going to pass it to you bee-kause I want you to no I wuzint mokkin you frum bee-hind the fense yesturday.

Yurz very trooly

JAMIE LAW

DEER MARGRIT.

Just bee-kause you wont shin up a chery tree the boys think yur stukup that is the reezon thay mok you and maik fun uv you. But my muther says yur a lady insted of a tomboy and that is nice so I have deesided that I will be yur champeon if you will let me be it. I will lik any boy what moks you and I will send him hoam to his muther with a bluddy noze and a injered eye. Fear that purpuss I will have to walk hoam with you every afturnoon that is the only way I can protek you. If you want me to be yur champeon or kavaleer wink three times whenn you get this note.

Yurz very trooly

JAMIE LAW

When I Was Twelve

MY DEAR MARGARET:—

I would like it very much if you would acompany me to the football game bet. the Prep. School and the Clinton High. It will be a very exsciting game and I think you will enjoy it. If it rains we will not go. If we do go, however, will you please wear your pretty crimsen jacket, first (1st) because you might catch cold without it and second (2nd) because our colors are crimsen and we want to make a good showing.

Francis Brown said he was going to ask you to go with him, so if he does you can tell him you have a preevious engagement with me. Anyway his father has cut off his spending money because the barber's boy showed him how to cheat at marbles.

Very sincerely yours

JAMES LAW JR.

When I Was Sixteen

MY DEAR MARGARET:—

I was so disappointed because you couldn't come up to the Freshman dance. We had a bully time but it would have been bullier if you had been there. Your mother is awfully particular with you, isn't she Margaret?

All the fellows are crazy to meet you because I have your picture propped up against my little jewelry box on my dresser and they think you're a stunner. I think so too that is the reason I'm so sorry you couldn't come up.

Next time we have one I'll arrange for Mother and Sis to bring you up to the Inn, to stay over. They have cracky waffles there for breakfast. I know you'd go crazy over them.

There isn't much to tell except that we're kept pretty much on the jump studying. I'm taking eight subjects this year and besides hating higher mathematics I don't see what good on earth it can be to a fellow who's going to be a criminal lawyer like I am.

I will close now hoping that you are well and that your mother will allow you to come to the next dance I am,

Very sincerely your friend,

JAMES LAW JR.

When I Was Eighteen

MY DEAR MARGARET:

You haven't answered my last two letters and I can't make out what's the matter. Are you angry at me for anything? At first I was afraid you were ill so I wrote to Sis to ask her and she wrote back that, on the contrary, you were very well and were having a fine, exciting Winter with the boys at home.

If I have done or said anything to offend you, Margaret, I beg your pardon, but I am at a loss to know the cause of your silence. Are you tired of having me write to you? Or have you lost interest in me because I am away so much and see you only during vacations?

When Sis wrote about the other fellows it made me feel queer. I know I have no right to expect you to sit home and turn them all down, but anyway I'm afraid that's what I'd like you to do way down in my heart. And still I want you to have a good time. I want every minute of your life to be happy.

You see I don't think the other fellows know, as well as I do, how sweet you are. I've seen you getting sweeter and sweeter for so many years and I'm afraid they won't appreciate you. I don't bother with any of the girls up here, they make such a dead set at a fellow. Not at me particularly, just any fellow who dances well and knows what kind of flowers and candy to send.

But don't think I'm trying to make you believe that I'm making any sacrifices. It's not an effort for me because I haven't thoughts, in that way, for any girl but you. Every fellow must have an ideal in his life and you're mine. You won't think this is a mushy letter, will you Margaret? I have never

"Oh, Yes, Dear, It's Good To Be Young, When You Love"

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written this way before and I couldn't now, only I have an ache in my heart that hurts awfully. I wouldn't be a pig and ask you to give up the others, but won't you please just answer my letters? It won't take you very long.

A fellow is supposed to have a rip-roaring time at college, all glee clubs and pipes and football, but there are times when it's awfully lonesome away from home. And just a little word that comes from the folks there, makes you feel all happy again. Have a good time, dear, but don't altogether forget some one who thinks you're the sweetest, most wonderful girl-woman in all the world.

JIM.

When I Was Twenty

And they say dreams don't come true, darling! What the old wiseacres don't know! I've just gotten home and it's later than the law allows, but there's no sleep for me. The dream I've dreamed ever since I was so all-fired *strong* for spitballs and you started in to reform me, has come true. Did you really say "Yes" dear? Or was it the imagining of my disordered brain?

Sweetheart, *sweetheart* I'm not good enough for you. I'm not fit to breathe the same air as you, but I love you so, oh, *I love* you so!

I wonder if people thought I was clean daft on the way home. I know I had a broad grin on my face and when I wasn't whistling or breaking into melody, I was gazing blindly at every person I met, but I saw them not. I saw only you. Your beautiful face kept smiling a benediction on me.

How can you love me, dear? There's nothing about me to love. I've got a cow-lick in my hair and a funny crooked nose and an awfully square chin. Oh, darling girl, do you think you've made a mistake or anything? Say "No" right away! Please dear, it makes me sick all over to even think there might be another answer.

I've never been so thankful for my youth before. But now I realize its possibilities. The strength it gives to work for those you love. The hope it gives. The rose veil it throws over the world; and the knowledge that, all things being equal, you've got such a big part of your life still to live. Oh yes, dear, it's good to be young, when you love.

And to think that I own you now. Some people would say that I shouldn't use the word —that it's a relic of the unenlightened age. But it isn't, dear. *"Own"* is the word. And it's not a one-sided advantage I'm taking, because God knows you own me, body, soul and mind.

I want to tell you of a little fancy that I've had for a long time. It is this. If I followed my own idea of what is fitting, our engagement ring would be a circlet of rubies, one that went all the way around your slender finger, dear. The warm red glint of a ruby's heart fascinates me. It means depth, fervor, fidelity, to me.

But I know every girl dreams of the sparkle of a great, single, white stone and that all her friends would call her fiancé "queer" if he placed anything else on her engagement finger. So it shall be a solitaire, dear, for show purposes; and then, after things have quieted down, I'm going to take you in my arms and as I tell you how I'm going to worship you all our lives through, I'll put the diamond on the other hand and slip the band of rubies in place of it. And you and I will know what it signifies.

Good night my own, my precious wife-to-be. I close my eyes to feel that I have never before known true happiness and I will open them without realizing, at first, what the wondrous song in my heart is about. Good night, my beloved.

JIM.

When I Was Twenty-five

DEAREST GIRL,

Do you know, honey, that's it's four long years since I "took pen in hand" to tell you what I really think of you? Four years since our marriage and I haven't been away from you once, for more than eight or tea hours at a time. And here I am stranded in the "best hotel" in the third largest city in the state and I'm lonely—I'm as lonely as the dickens, honey.

Now you know, Peg, I love you a lot at home. I love you every spare minute I get. But really it isn't one, two, three with the way I love you now, this minute! I just want to kind of hide my head in your lap and have your fingers wander softly through my hair while you make that lovely, little cooing sound that you waste on the baby.

Don't get indignant, madam. I repeat "waste on the baby." He's a wonderful child and the image of me and all that but, dear heart, he isn't aged enough to appreciate all the good things you lavish upon him. And here am I a suppliant at your feet!

Oh, there's no use joking. I'm lonesome for the baby, too. Isn't he the softest, warmest, old chap you ever saw? And gosh, when he laughs, I could just bite a piece out of him, couldn't you? He's an all right baby and he's *ours!*

But he's new, Peg, and you're not new and anyway you gave him to me, and it's you I'm homesickest for. If I had to be a chronic traveling man, I'd be a farmer! How's that for an Irishism?

Do something for me, will you, darling? Every night that I'm away (and you can bet that won't be many) just before you go to sleep pretend to take me in your arms and whisper right in my ear that you love me just the same as always. It'll make me sleep better, way off here, if you will.

Kiss Baby for me, sweetheart, and give him one of my suffocating, bear hugs, so the little beggar won't forget his dad and then make him kiss you a thousand times for me.

He looks like me doesn't he, Peg? Honest, cross your heart he does! And maybe some day he'll learn to love you half as much as I do.

JIM.

When I Was Thirty-five

Margaret dear, it was worse than I had anticipated to-day when I left Jamie up country. Why it just seemed as if the heart of me was wrenched from its moorings and there were lumps that wouldn't swallow in my throat. The kid cried down his sleeve and I did too, honey, only I didn't let him see me do it.

And now that I'm on the homeward stretch I see how miserably selfish it was of me. The boy will have the time of his life up there. It's a glorious place, fine boys and all the sports in the world.

Here I am stuck in the city this Summer and you won't budge away without me, so what else could we do with him? It would be criminal to keep an active, growing boy on the pavements in the terrible heat. And he's going to be happy there, I know he is.

And while he's away from us we'll be there together, alone, just as we were before he was born and we'll be happy, too. And way down in our hearts we'll have the added joy of knowing what a blessed son that is of ours, up country.

And so to-morrow, when I arrive, you come to meet me, in your best and summeriest frock. And if you feel like crying when you see me coming toward you without him, don't you do it, because the chances are that I'd run you a close second. So let's both pretend that we're fearfully gay and indifferent (for the time being) and I shall buy you flowers and we'll have a nice, cozy little dinner all by ourselves, just like a second honeymoon.

Then at night, when we're alone, and it's dark we'll tell each other all the cute things he's said ever since he learned to gurgle and how sweet his voice sounds when he calls good night to us. And then maybe, there in the dark, I'll let you cry on my shoulder, just a tiny bit.

Don't you care, honey girl. Summer'll soon be over and he'll be back, and, in the meantime, I'm going to try and make up to you for him. And I'll begin right now, by telling you that you're the dearest thing on God's earth and that I worship the ground you walk on. I do, dear.

JIM.

When I Was Forty-five

DARLING MOTHER,

You know I never could write a letter, even when I had something to say and now I've got something terribly important to tell you and I'm going to have an awful time getting it down. It's about a girl, Mother. Can't you guess?

Oh, she's a lovely girl, Mother, *the* sweetest thing you ever knew and I'm in love with her and I've asked her to marry me and she says she will! There! It's all told. But, after all, I didn't break it gently and I should have done so.

But don't be unhappy over it, dear. Don't for an instant think that any girl is going to take an atom of my love for my mother. And don't be afraid that I've been foolish in falling in love. Because you'll love her too. You must know I just *couldn't* pick out the wrong sort when I've had you in my home always. And I've already told her that my greatest hope is that our lives may be as full of love and tenderness for each other as yours and father's have been.

But then, any one would love you, Mother, you're so wonderful and you understand everything a fellow tells you. Maybe it will hurt you a little to understand this, dear, because I know how it is with mothers. But when you see how happy I am, you'll be happy too and when I put my arms close around you and tell you that she hasn't taken a vestige of the love I have for you—that that other is a new and different love—I know you'll believe and be comforted.

Oh, Mother dear, will you break it to Father? And do it more cleverly than I did, won't you? But of course you will. You always do everything perfectly. And Mother I want to tell you once again, I love you just like I always have, from the time I was a little boy, up—maybe I love you more, Mother.

JIM JR.

When I Was Fifty-five

"Going Down the Hill Loses All its Terror"

DEER GRANMA.

I luv you very much and it wuz very nice of you to send me the drum and the bewgul. I kan bewgul just like a soldier now cause dad taut me how to. Dad sez he gesses I am geting sum of the luv you used to give him but I tol him you were jus full of luv and you kud luv granpa and dad and me two. I didint want to mailk him feel bad.

But enyway nobody luvs you as much as me granma and come up agen soon and hold me on yur lap cause you got the nisest lap I no and you kan sing so soft in my ear and it dont mailk it buzz.

With *lots* uv luv and kisses frum yur little boy.

JAMIE 3.

When I Was Sixty-five

Margaret, dear, don't you think you're making your visit to the children too long? Not for them, because I know how they worship you. But I'm at home, dear, and it's mighty lonesome without you.

Does it sound selfish and complaining to remind you that the time drags and life loses its sweetness when you're away? If so, forgive me, dear. I don't want to be selfish with you, who deserve only the best and most considerate treatment from all who are close to you. But it seems to me that we, who have been as close through all these years, as it is possible for man and woman to be, should be together more constantly, if possible, through the few years that are left to us.

The thought of going down the hill loses all its terror when I stop to realize that the pressure of your hand *is* in mine and that we are *together*. God grant that we may have our allotted years, but this is the evening of our lives and when evening comes we need the warmth and protection of our dear ones' love more than ever. I realize this every day I'm away from you, dearest. It's so lonely without you.

I miss all the very little things. Your asking me if the toast is crisp enough at breakfast; your reminder that it might rain even when the sun is brightly shining; your dear face smiling good-by at the door; and your evening greeting. All these things are hallowed to me. And doing without them is a greater sacrifice than you know.

Maybe the children will be able to come to us for a visit a little later on and we'll all be young together. But come home to me now, because I'm lonesome and I want my wife.

JUST JIM.

When I Was Seventy-five

DEAREST STAY-AT-HOME:—

Here I am on my long-looked-for visit to the "City of Gaiety"—the first time in ten years that I've been away from home and you. Jim and Betty met me at the station, in a beautiful limousine, and told me first thing that I was a regular, simon-pure, old sport and that they were going to show me around and give me the time of my life.

I have been looking forward so to being in the great city again; and you know how we've talked over each thing I was to do, when I got here—and how I was going to pretend to make a serial story of it and tell you one instalment each night when I got home.

But when they left me to dress for dinner, instead of feeling all lively and excited, I sat down in a great, big chair and started to miss you so, that my heart seemed to shrivel up, and leave just a great, empty ache in its place.

Dinner was a wonderful meal, with an endless array of unusual dishes and rare wines, but I didn't enjoy it, because when I looked through the flowers and shining glass, to the other side of the table, the dearest eyes in all the world weren't smiling into mine—and there was no one to remind me not to dip my bread in the gravy, nor to eat too many cucumbers.

My sweet wife, after all these years, the need of you is too great to be withstood and so I'm coming home. The city is not gay to me and I'm not a sport at all. To most people I'm just an old man; but to you, always *your* boy, your lonesome boy, who's coming back to his dear one's side, because there is no happiness elsewhere.

JIM.

THAT'S the last one there. It's well because it was getting too dark to read the writing with ease. Stack them up softly and wrap the tape about them. You see there was nothing exciting, nothing thrilling, nothing heartrending. There was just love. Love-letters they were. And now that you've read them you know that all the world over they'd be pretty much the same.

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ROSALIND

The One-Act Play in Which Maude Adams Will Shortly Appear

By J. M. Barrie

Author of "The Little Minister," "Peter Pan," etc.

Illustrations by Reginald Birch

CHARACTERS:

MRS. PAGE — CHARLES, her friend

DAME QUICKLY

THE SCENE *is the parlor of a cottage by the sea far from London. It belongs to* MRS. QUICKLY, *and* MRS. PAGE *is at present her lodger. It is a nice, homely, snug little room with a window at back, entrance L. up stage, and a door to* MRS. PAGE'S *bedroom at back, up a step.*

The two ladies are sitting chatting at tea served on large, round table. They are finishing tea. MRS. PAGE *looks a little over 40. She is rather stout and is dressed carelessly in a loose and dowdy gown. Evidently comfort is all she thinks of. Her hair is braided back in old-fashioned manner. She wears large slippers without heels. General effect of one not at all interested in her personal appearance, and rather sloppy. All her movements and ways of speaking, help to emphasize this appearance.*

MRS. QUICKLY *is about the same age, and of a humbler class, though they talk familiarly there is a certain deference in her manner.*

As curtain rises, MRS. PAGE *in dumb show invites* DAME *to have more tea by holding teapot toward her.* DAME *energetically shakes head, pushes away teapot.* MRS. PAGE *smiles, rises, crosses lazily to fireplace and takes the easy chair. She would like a chair at table to put her feet on—can't be bothered rising to get it—pulls it to her with her feet—puts feet on it. We see her sloppy flat shoes.* DAME *putting the tea things on tray regards her quizzically.*

DAME: You Mrs. Cosy Comfort!

MRS. P: That's what I am. Perhaps a still better name for me would be Mrs. Treacly Contentment. Dame, you like me, don't you? Come here and tell me why.

DAME: What do I like you for, Mrs. Page? Well, if you put it like that, I could say for several things. For one thing, it's very kind of you to let me sit here drinking tea and gossiping with you, for all the world as if I were your equal. And for another, you always pay me for your lodgings the same day that I bring you my book, and that's enough to make any poor woman like her lodger.

MRS. P: Oh, as a lodger I know I'm well enough, and I love our gossips over the teapot, but that is not exactly what I meant. Let me put it in this way—If you tell me what you most envy in me—I shall tell you what I most envy in you.

DAME: Well, most of all, ma'am, I think I envy you your contentment with middle age.

MRS. P: I *am* middle-aged, so why should I complain of it?

DAME: You even say it as if it were a pretty word.

MRS. P: But isn't it?

DAME: Not when you're up to the knees in it—as I am.

MRS. P: And as I am. But I love it. It's such a comfy, sloppy, pull-the-curtains, carpet-slipper sort of word. When I wake in the morning, Dame, and am about to leap out of bed like the girl I once was, I suddenly remember, and I cry "Hurray, I'm middle-aged."

DAME: You just dumfounder me when you tell me things like that. You can't be more than forty if I may make so bold.

MRS. P: I'm forty and a bittock—as the Scotch say. That means forty and a good wee bit more.

DAME: There! And you can say it without blinking!

MRS. P: Why not? Do you think I should call myself a thirty to forty-five—like a motor car! Now what I think I envy you for most, is for being a grandmama.

DAME: That's a cheap honor. I daresay you'll be that yet.

MRS. P: I should love to be a grandmama, and to toss little toddlekins in the air.

DAME: What age is *your* girl now? (*Lifts photograph from mantel-shelf.*) Pretty thing that she is.

MRS. P: Dame! I don't know very much about the stage, but I do know you should never, never, never ask an actress's age.

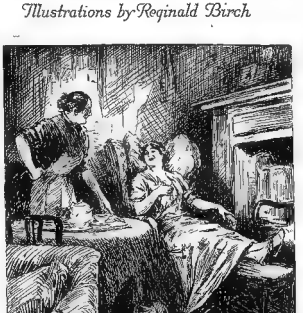
DAME: Surely when they are as young and famous as this puss is——

MRS. P: She's getting on, you know—shall we say twenty-three?

DAME: Well, well, it's true you might be a grandmother by now—I wonder she don't marry. Where is she now?

MRS. P: At Monte Carlo, the papers say. It's a place where people gamble!

DAME: Gamble! Dear, dear! That's terrible. And yet I would like just once to put on my shilling with the best of them. If I were you I would try a month of it with her.



"You Just Dumfounder Me When You Tell Me Things Like That. You Can't Be More Than Forty If I May Make So Bold"

MRS. P: No, I'm just Mrs. Cosy Comfort. At Monte Carlo I should be a fish out of water, Dame, as much as Beatrice would be if she were to try a month down here with me.

DAME: Play actress though she be, God forgive me, I'm thinking she would find this a dull hole, and yet I would like to see her.

(*She is trimming the lamp when there is a knock at outer door.*)

(*Flustered.*) It has a visitor's sound!

MRS. P: If it is the doctor's lady, she wants to arrange with me about the cutting out for the mother's meetings—

DAME: Drat the mother's meetings.

MRS. P: Oh, no, I dote on them. Still, I want my evening snooze now—so just tell her I'm lying down.

(*Knock again.*)

DAME: I will.

MRS. P: Yes, but let me lie down first—so that it won't be a fib.

(*She gets onto sofa, which is down stage, parallel to footlights, so that we can watch her face.*)

DAME: There, there! That's such a middle-aged thing to say.

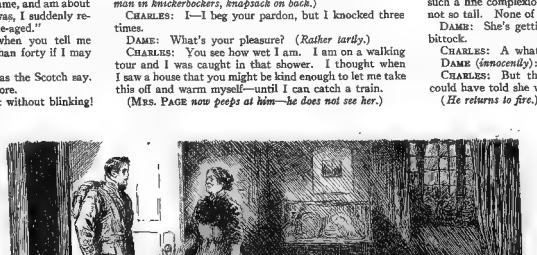
(*Is going to door, when* ENTER *apologetically, a young man in knickerbockers, knapsack on back.*)

CHARLES: I—I beg your pardon, but I knocked three times.

DAME: What's your pleasure? (*Rather tartly.*)

CHARLES: You see how wet I am. I am on a walking tour and I was caught in that shower. I thought when I saw a house that you might be kind enough to let me take this off and warm myself—until I can catch a train.

(MRS. PAGE *now peeps at him—he does not see her.*)



"I'm on a Walking Tour and I Was Caught in a Shower . . . . I Beg Your Pardon. I Didn't Know There Was Any One Here . . . . Is She Asleep? . . . . Then Can't I Stay? I Won't Disturb Her"

DAME: I'm sorry, sir, but I've let the kitchen fire die out.

CHARLES: This fire——

DAME: This is my lodger's room.

CHARLES: Ah, I see. Still, I'm sure that if he knew—(*Sees figure on sofa.*) I beg your pardon, I didn't know there was any one here.

DAME: The station is just a hundred yards from here, and there's a waiting-room there.

CHARLES: A station waiting-room fire! I know them! Is she asleep?

DAME: Yes.

CHARLES: Then can't I stay? I won't disturb her.

DAME: I'm sorry.

CHARLES: Heighol Well, here's for the station waiting-room. (*He is going.*)

(MRS. PAGE *signs to* DAME *that he may stay.*)

DAME: If you're willing just to sit quietly by the fire and take a book.

CHARLES: Rather! Any book. Thank you immensely. I can take this off? (*Gets off coat, sits by fire, suddenly sees photograph and starts.*) I say!

(MRS. P. *has been watching, unobserved.*)

DAME: Now you promised not to speak.

CHARLES: But that photograph! How funny you should have it.

DAME: Hush! It's not mine.

CHARLES: Hers?

DAME: Yes. But don't talk.

CHARLES: I must. (*In a whisper.*) I know her! (*Meaning photograph.*) It's Miss Beatrice Page.

DAME: You mean you've seen her?

CHARLES: I know her quite well. (I've had lunch with her twice.) She is at Monte Carlo just now. I was one of those that saw her off.

DAME: Yes, that's the place. *She* knows her well, too. Read what's written across her velvet chest.

CHARLES: "To darling Mumsy with heaps of kisses." You don't tell me—is that——

DAME: Yes, that's her mother. That's Mrs. Page. A sore trial it must have been to her when her girl took to such a trade.

CHARLES: Rubbish. But I say, she never spoke to me about a mother!

DAME: The more shame to her.

CHARLES: No, no, I mean she's famed as being almost the only actress who doesn't have a mother.

DAME: What!

CHARLES: Let me have a look at her.

DAME: No, no, sit still.

CHARLES: I assure you it would be quite a reverent look.

DAME: It's not to be thought of.

(MRS. P. *signs to her to allow him.*)

Oh, well, I see no harm in it if you go softly.

(*He does so—*MRS. P. *lies as if asleep.*)

CHARLES (*surveying her*): Yes—yes—yes.

DAME: Is she like the daughter?

CHARLES: In a way, very. Hair's not so pretty. Not such a fine complexion. Heavier build, and I should say not so tall. None of the daughter's distinction.

DAME: She's getting on, you see. She's forty and a bittock.

CHARLES: A whattock?

DAME (*innocently*): It may be a whattock.

CHARLES: But there's something nice about her. I could have told she was her mother anywhere.

(*He returns to fire.*)

(MRS. P. *opens eyes and smiles.*)

DAME: I never saw the daughter myself, but I have my doubts of her. If she——

(MRS. P. *signs to her to go.*)

Well, I'll leave you, but mind you're not to disturb her.

(DAME *goes away to kitchen with tea things. He hisses photograph and* MRS. P. *watches him unseen.*)

(*He comes to her and she begins to sleep again.*)

CHARLES: Mumsy. (*As if it were sweet music.*) You lucky mother.

MRS. P. (*as one dreaming*): Is that you, Beatrice?

(*He is startled and goes off on tiptoe—returns and is suddenly annoyed at her for sleeping on.*)

CHARLES (*in a grumbling whisper*): Woman, wake up and talk to me about your daughter.

(*As she does not wake—he pulls away her cushion—she starts up.*)

MRS. P: Why—what?

CHARLES: I'm very sorry, I'm afraid I disturbed you.

MRS. P: I don't know you do!

CHARLES: No, madam; but I wish you did.

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MRS. P: Who are you and what are you doing here?

CHARLES: My name is Roche, I'm nobody in particular. I'm just the usual thing—Eton—Oxford—and so to bed, as Pepys would say. I am on a walking tour, on my way to the station; but there's no train till seven, and your landlady let me in out of the rain.

MRS. P: I see (*sits on couch*)—but into my room!

CHARLES: She said the kitchen fire was out; and if I promised not to disturb you.

MRS. P: Ah, well—but you have disturbed me.

CHARLES: I'm sorry.

MRS. P: It wasn't really your fault—this cushion slipped from under me—and I woke up. (*She knows what he did and is trying him.*)

CHARLES: No, I must tell the truth. I pulled it away.

MRS. P: You did! (*Rises.*) Will you please to tell me why?

CHARLES: Madam, I felt it was impossible for me to leave this house without first waking you to tell you of the feelings of solemn respect with which I regard you.

MRS. P: Really?

CHARLES: I suppose I consider you the cleverest woman in the world.

MRS. P: On so short an acquaintance.

CHARLES: I mean, to have had the cleverness to have her——

MRS. P: Her? My daughter?

CHARLES: Yes, I know her!

MRS. P: You know Beatrice—personally?

CHARLES: I assure you I have that honor. I—I think she is the most beautiful and the cleverest woman I have ever known.

MRS. P: I thought *I* was the cleverest!

CHARLES: Yes, indeed, for I think it even cleverer to have *had* her than to *be* her.

MRS. P: Dear me! Wait till I get a chair. (*Sits on easy chair at fire.*) You can have this half. (*Gives him the chair her feet were on before he arrived.*) Ah, Mr.—Mr.——

CHARLES: Roche——

MRS. P: Mr. Roche, you are so flattering I think you must be an actor yourself.

CHARLES: No, I'm nothing. *My* mother says I'm just an expense. But when I saw Beatrice's photograph there—with the inscription on it.

MRS. P: That foolish inscription——

CHARLES: Do you think so?

MRS. P: I mean foolish, because she has quite spoilt the picture by writing across the chest—that beautiful gown ruined!

CHARLES: They all do it—even across their trousers—the men I mean.

MRS. P: Do they? I wonder why.

CHARLES: It does seem odd.

MRS. P: I know very little about them, but I am afraid they are an odd race.

CHARLES: But very attractive, don't you think? The ladies I mean.

MRS. P: I mix so little with them. I'm not a Bohemian, you see. Did I tell you that I have never even seen Beatrice act?

CHARLES: You haven't? How very strange! Not even her Rosalind?

MRS. P: No. Is it cruel to her?

CHARLES: Cruel to yourself. She gave me her photograph as Rosalind. Not a postcard.

MRS. P: With writing across the chest, I'll be bound.

CHARLES: Do you think I value it the less for that!

MRS. P: Oh, no, the more. You have it framed on your mantel-shelf, haven't you, so that when the other young bloods—who are just an expense—drop in, they may read the pretty words and say "Roche, old man, you're going it."

CHARLES: Do you really think that I——

MRS. P: Pooh! that was what Beatrice expected when she gave it you.

CHARLES: Silence! (*Rises.*) I beg your pardon, I should have remembered that you are her mother.

MRS. P. (*who has been taken aback by the sincerity of his feeling*): I beg yours. I should like to know, Mr. Roche, where you do keep—that foolish photograph.

CHARLES: Why, here. (*He produces a pocketbook.*) Won't you look at it?

(*She looks.*)

MRS. P: Yes, it's one I like.

CHARLES: It just misses her at her best.

MRS. P: Her best? You mean her way of screwing her nose?

CHARLES: That comes into it. I mean—I mean her naïveté.

MRS. P: Ah, yes, her naïveté. I've often seen her practising it before a glass.

CHARLES: Excuse me, you haven't, you know.

MRS. P: Haven't I? Well, well, I daresay she is a wonder, but mind you, when all's said and done, it's for her nose that she gets her salary. May I read what is written on the chest? (*She pulls photograph out of case, to do so.*) The baggage! And this young lady on the other side—who is she? (*Looking at a portrait in case, but without returning* BEATRICE'S *photograph to case.*)

"Only I'm Looking My Age To-day. This Is My Real Self, Charles—If I Have One. Why Don't You Laugh, Charles? I'm Laughing!"

CHARLES (*boyish*): That is my sister. She died three years ago. We were rather—chums—and she gave me that case to put her picture in when she was dying. She said she would like to think I always kept it in my pocket.

MRS. P: Good brother! And it's a dear face. But you shouldn't have put my Beatrice opposite it, Mr. Roche, your sister wouldn't have liked that. It was thoughtless of you.

CHARLES: My sister would have liked it very much. When she gave me the case she said to me—you know how girls keep thinking of those things—she said to me, "When you are a man and you get to love a woman—put her picture opposite mine, and then when the case is closed I shall be kissing her."

(MRS. P. *rises as he speaks.*)

MRS. P. (*moved, and wanting him to stop*): Mr. Roche, I never dreamt——

CHARLES: And that is why I keep your daughter's picture beside my sister's.

MRS. P: You shouldn't. (*Firm and sad.*)

CHARLES (*loyal*): Why shouldn't I? Don't you dare say anything to me against my Beatrice.

MRS. P. (*sadly*): Your Beatrice! You poor boy.

CHARLES: Of course I haven't any right to call her that. I haven't spoken of it to her yet—I'm such a nobody, you see——

(*He is suddenly stopped by seeing* MRS. P. *quietly but firmly tearing* BEATRICE'S *photograph.*) Mrs. Page!

MRS. P: Mr. Roche, be as mad and merry with Beatrice as you will, but don't take her seriously—I think you said you had to catch a train. (*Gives him back case.*)

CHARLES: Not yet—I must speak of her to you now.

MRS. P: I forbid you.

CHARLES: I have the right. There's no decent man who hasn't the right to tell a woman that he loves her daughter.

MRS. P: She doesn't love *you*, my friend.

CHARLES: You can't know. You have already said——

"Away! Away! 'Tis Touchstone Calling! Pool, I Come, I Come!'"

MRS. P. (*in trouble*): I wish you had never come here.

CHARLES: Why are you so set against me? I think if I was a woman I should like at any rate to take a good straight look into the eyes of a man who said he was fond of her daughter. You might have to say "No," to him—but—often when she was younger you must have had dreams of the kind of man who would one day take her from you, and though I mayn't be the kind, I assure you I—I am just as fond of her as if I were.

MRS. P: You are torturing me, Charles.

CHARLES: But why? Did I tell you my name was Charles? She has spoken of me to you? What did she say? (*Eager and boyish.*)

MRS. P: Oh, boy—you boy. Don't say anything more—go away now.

CHARLES: I don't understand.

MRS. P: I never had an idea that you cared in that way—I thought we were only jolly friends.

CHARLES: We?

MRS. P: Charles, if you must know, can't you help me out a little? Don't you see at last?

CHARLES: I—I——

MRS. P: Very well. But indeed I am sorry to have to break your pretty toy—Beatrice, Mr. Roche, has not had a mother this many a year. Don't you see now?

CHARLES: No.

MRS. P: Very well. Beatrice—Mr. Roche—Beatrice is forty and a bittock. (*Not sad—seeing irony of it.*)

CHARLES: I—you—but—oh——

MRS. P: Yes, I am Beatrice.

CHARLES: But—(*Looks at photograph.*)

MRS. P: Yes, the photograph—a jest—I can explain that.

CHARLES: But—but it isn't only *on* the stage I've seen her—I know her off also.

MRS. P: A little. I can explain that also.

CHARLES: I don't——

(*He rather breaks down.*)

MRS. P: I'm horribly sorry, Charles!

CHARLES: Even now—(*Starting up.*)

MRS. P: Do you remember an incident with a pair of scissors one day last June—in a boat near Maidenhead?

CHARLES: When Beatrice—when you—when she—cut her wrist?

MRS. P: And you kissed the place to make it well. It left its mark.

CHARLES: I've seen it since.

MRS. P: You may see it again, Charles—(*Holds up wrist.*) There! Am I so terribly unlike her as you knew her?

CHARLES: No, you are very like, only—yes, I know now it's you.

MRS. P: Only I'm looking my age to-day. This is my real self, Charles—if I have one. (*Quivering.*) Why don't you laugh, Charles? I'm laughing.

(*He does not look up.*)

You won't give me away, will you? I know you won't now, but it was my first fear when I saw you. And now, I suppose, I owe you an explanation.

CHARLES: Not if you don't wish to.

MRS. P: Oh, yes, I wish to. Only it will leave you a wiser and a sadder man. You will never be twenty-three again, Charles. (*Half mocking.*)

CHARLES: No, I know I won't.

MRS. P. (*smiling*): Ah, don't take it so lugubriously. You will only jump to—two twenty-four, say—you must often have heard gossip about actresses' ages.

CHARLES: I didn't join in it.

MRS. P: Then you can't be a member of a club.

CHARLES: If they began it——

MRS. P: You wouldn't listen?

CHARLES: Not about you. I daresay I listened about the others.

MRS. P: You nice boy! And now to make you twenty-four. You've seen lots of plays, Charles?

CHARLES: Yes, tons.

MRS. P: Haven't you noticed that there are no middle-aged female parts in them?

CHARLES: Aren't there? (*After reflecting.*)

MRS. P: No, not for "stars"—there's nothing between twenty-nine and sixty. Occasionally one of the less experienced dramatists may write such a part—but—but with a little coaxing we can always get round him and make him say "She needn't be more than twenty-nine," and so, dear Charles, we have succeeded in keeping middle age for women off the stage. Why even Father Time doesn't let on about us. He waits at the wings with a dark cloth for us, as our dressers wait with dust sheets to fling over our expensive frocks—but we have a way with us that makes even Father Time reluctant to cast his cloak; perhaps it is the coquettish, imploring look we give him as we dodge him—perhaps, though he is an old fellow, he still can't resist the powder on our pretty noses. And so he says: "The enchanting baggage, I'll give her another year." When you come to write my epitaph let it be in those delicious words, "She had a long twenty-nine."

CHARLES: But *off* the stage even—I knew

(*Continued on Page 44*)

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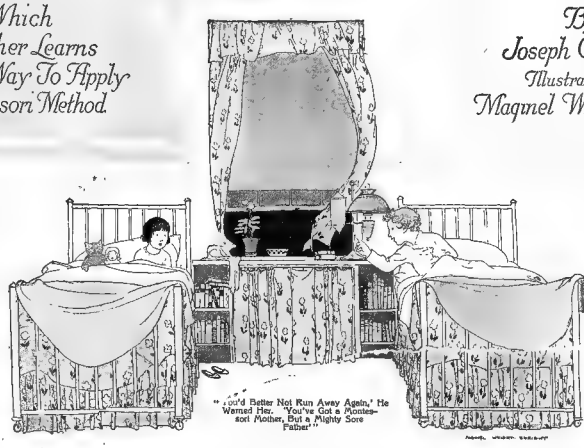
THE CONFESSIONS OF A "READY-MADE" PARENT

In Which a Stepfather Learns the Proper Way To Apply the Montessori Method

By Joseph C O'Brien

Illustrations by Magnel Wright Enright



"'I'd Better Not Run Away Again,' He Warned Her. 'You've Got a Montessori Mother, But a Mighty Sore Father'"

IN common with perhaps the majority of bachelors, I had a choice assortment of carefully matured ideas as to the training of children long before I ever had a chance to put any of them into practise. I flattered myself, however, that my views on this most vital of all subjects were far in advance of those of my contemporary bachelors. They were the outcome of much study which owed some part at least of its inspiration to vague resentments which stirred in me when struggling recollection brought to my mind the stern disciplinary measures used by my grandfather and my governess when I was a good and helpless boy. The motto of my nursery days was, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," and my successive mentors tried earnestly not to spoil me. Much sad reflection on those overchastened hours had induced in me a spirit of calumniating and patient tolerance of the so-called indiscretions of childhood. I didn't believe in them. I loved all children tenderly. I thought all children were good and I resented abuse of them with vigor. "The only fault any healthy, normal child can possibly have," I would say to mothers and fathers and school-teachers, "is that it doesn't act like grown-up people. That's what you all get mad about."

I believed with Froebel and Montessori that there is no bad child and no stupid child; that the bad child is a good child in a wrong environment and the stupid child is a child receiving an education unsuited to it. I believed that children should not be checked; that they should be cultivated and allowed to expand according to their temperaments. I was hostile to our public school system and critical of all who wanted to teach. Holding these subversive opinions and expressing them with fervor on all occasions may have limited my circle of friends, but it afforded me endless satisfaction. One of my neighbors, the father of a lively bunch of children, sometimes became heated after listening to me.

"My dear man," I said to him, when he complained to me one day that his second oldest had left his pet horned toad in the baby's carriage and frightened the nurse into hysterics, "you did just such things when you were a boy and I dare say your own father got just as unintelligently mad as you are."

"That's true," he replied, his eyes kindling, "but when he did, he licked me good and plenty. He relieved his feelings and he lived in peace and he died full of years and honor in the odor of sanctity. Look at me. I'm prematurely gray. An early grave yawns for me. I'm a blasphemous sinner. And all because a public opinion fostered by a lot of aged spinsters and bachelors like yourself would gibbet me if I gave William a good waling."

"The father who resorts to corporeal punishment confesses himself a failure," I retorted sententiously.

Intellectually he agreed with me. He admitted it. Actually he snorted with rage and went off home to spend the afternoon, glaring balefully at his happy unconscious young and thinking what a good old soul Herod was.

"'You See, I Wanted Him To Live with Us But He Couldn't Until He Married, so We Married Him and Now He's My Father'"

THEN I married a widow with two children and a copy of Dr. Maria Montessori's epoch-making book on the education of the young. We had studied the book together. We had absorbed its maxims and could repeat them glibly. We were charmed with the educative material which its author had invented. We were entranced by the methods which allowed children to "expand according to their temperaments," free from all interference. The book became our most important single possession, after the children.

The oldest child, John, was ten years old and had the measles, although the rash didn't come out until the wedding day. The youngest, Jane, was four and a half. She waited craftily before coming down with the malady until her brother was convalescing, and we had all gone to our summer home, so that she might prolong the trained nurse régime—martial law in the home—and communicate the disease to her new playmates. She launched a successful epidemic and no one in the place loved us except the busy doctor.

My advent into the family occasioned hilarity to John even in his depleted state, and Jane's joy was boundless. John and I had been great friends for a long time. We called one another by our first names and conversed as equals except on certain abstruse topics when he would be a trifle condescending. He was a handsome child with large blue eyes, rimmed by long, dark lashes, a shock of tousled hair and a finely featured face in which there was too much character to suggest mere prettiness. My earliest impression of him was that he was deeply studious and needed out-of-doors and games. That was in the city, before I had seen him in a rural environment. I would find him when I called, sprawled on the library floor, with an atlas, a dictionary and an encyclopedia, sheets of paper and stubs of pencils, absorbed in ocean currents, explorations and the larger activities of life to which he would invite me with the enthusiasm of a scientist upon the eve of a great discovery. His mother adored him, but she was a writer, earning a living by her pen, and John, alas! was a writer's child. He had more than the habitual fondness of childhood for his mother; he understood her, was proud of her, and read eagerly all of her work. But their real relationship is best expressed in a couplet of John's own composition:

"My mother has an angel face,
Her little brain is full of grace
My mother's never cross with me—
She only hollers, 'let me be!'"

THE exigencies of life and John's own interrogation point of a mind made it necessary for his mother to "holler 'let me be!'" more frequently perhaps than was good for his development. At least it seemed so to me and I sometimes said to her, "Dearest, how can you speak so to a little child?" That would be when, her patience shredded, she summarily cleared John and chattering Jane out of the library or drawing-room. I looked forward to the time when I should be a constant, guiding friendly influence for both the children.

Both children were delighted when told their mother and I were to be married. Jane understood by that that we were all to live together, a step which she had long urged upon us. Later when she explained our new relationship to her nurse she said:

"You see, I wanted him to live with us but he couldn't until he married, so we married him and now he's my father."

John received the news with characteristic comment:

"It's fine for us kids," he said, "but gee, it'll be tough on him. He don't know how pisen we can be."

He wanted to see us married and only the firmness of his trained nurse kept him from going along and giving the measles to the parson's family. When the wedding was over and we returned to the house, his malady had fully developed. We had hoped that he was suffering from nothing more serious than an attack of indigestion. He had heard us say so. When we went into his room his red eyes peered up at us from a swollen, rash-covered face. A glad grin came over the face. He raised himself weakly on one elbow, pointed a derisively waggling finger at me and remarked:

"Stung!"

Then he began to get better and I entered upon the proper study of man—himself—via the Montessori method of educating the young.

My wife and I had evolved a set of precepts from Montessori and Froebel. One of these which I considered of first importance was:

"Observe children as you do flowers. Help them to be themselves. Give them the soil they need."

My earliest observations of John had been that he was always grubby, his hair was uncombed, his clothes were torn, dirty and half buttoned and he could never find his shoes or hat. He looked like a hobo boy with a box car home. I attributed this at first to his mother's absorption in her work and possibly—flattering thought—to her absorption in me. But I concluded nevertheless that John didn't need any more soil of any kind. What he needed was water.

He came through the measles clean. His nurse scrubbed him, his skin peeled off and she topped off his illness with a bichlorid bath. On this splendid foundation I resolved to act promptly. I bought him new clothes and shoes. I had his hair cut. I had him manicured. I took him to a dentist and had his teeth cleaned. I made a thorough job of it. He was a beautiful and an expensive object. But he didn't know it. His mother smiled indulgently upon me and allowed me to go ahead. She even rejoiced with me as we watched him go forth immaculate in the morning to play on the clean sandy beach.

About an hour after luncheon, when I had begun to worry about him, he came home, sunny and cheerful. He had left his shoes and stockings on the beach and the tide had swept them out to sea. His knee straps were unbuckled and the legs of his knickerbockers flapped wet and "sozzly" against his shins. His hat was gone, his face and hands were grimy, and he hugged to the bosom of his white linen jumper that had been spotless in the morning, a rusty old can, filled with loathsome, crawling, many legged sea worms which he had dug up on the sand flats.

"What are those?" I asked, recoiling.

"Blood suckers," he replied briefly. "They're fine for bait. I'm going fishing."

He disappeared into the kitchen. My wife said soothingly:

"I've tried it ever since he was old enough to walk. But it's useless. His kingdom is not of this world."

John wiped his face and hands on a clean towel, ignoring water, and came back into the dining-room for his lunch. In a few minutes we heard a shriek from the cook. My wife sat calm as one who could not be shocked from her composure by any mere domestic event. I, less inured to family storms, hurried into the pantry whence the shriek had come. The cook had opened the door of the ice-box, into which John had surreptitiously thrust his can of worms. The can had toppled out and the hideous things were wriggling about on the floor. John followed me and shouted "Hurrah!" as he dropped on hands and knees and gave himself up to the joy of the chase. The cook retired to the kitchen, uttering the words that would naturally occur to any self-respecting cook at such a moment. My wife laughed heartily. I withdrew. It was no place for me. I could recall no Montessori precept that would apply to the situation. John was an hour late for lunch. He had lost a pair of new shoes and stockings and a hat. He had ruined all the rest of his clothes and brought home a can of horrid worms and the cook was threatening to leave. And his mother laughed. It was that which made me feel cynical.

But she spoke wisely when she said that John's kingdom was not of this world. I tried for two years to interest him in cleanliness, but I did not make a dent. At least not on John. But it was not time and trouble wasted. The various experiments recreated for me a vivid impression of my own childhood.

I SAW myself at John's age, my acidulous governess with me on the back porch of our Southern farmhouse, scrubbing my neck and ears with kitchen soap and unnecessary violence, while I squirmed and protested. And I began to soften perceptibly toward the memory of my

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grandfather. I had thought of him for years as irascible, quick-tempered and violent, because he used to whack me soundly with his cane for what seemed to me to be trivial offenses. I know now that I wronged a saintly and patient old man. In the light of my new experience with my stepson I began to see that they were not trivial offenses. They were calculated to drive any one of my grandfather's day completely mad. Only the spiritual bulwark of Froebel and Montessori saved me. When I saw John in those awful states of grime I wondered what my grandfather thought of dirty children. He was a reasonably clean man, as southern gentlemen of his time were wont to regard cleanliness, but I could not recall that he ever reproved me for being dirty. I decided at last that he had simply accepted dirt as the least objectionable manifestation of my temperament

After awhile I learned that in the matter of cleanliness as in all things else, John was a natural non-conformist. It didn't matter in the least to him what other people thought, what they wore or whether they were clean or dirty. And it occasionally grieved him that his mother and I could not accept him on that basis. Of course when he was reminded he would wash his face and hands slightly and, if urged, would comb his hair. He always did this cheerfully as if making a concession to adult weakness with perfectly good grace, but nothing more. I tried after the Montessori method to show him how to wash himself painlessly and easily, making ablutions a pleasure. He was philosophically interested in the lesson, even making a few very excellent suggestions of his own. I explained to him that deadly germs of all sorts lurked in dirt; that infection frequently resulted from uncleanness, and that to be free from sickness or the menace of disease one must be kept clean. The whole theory of dirt interested him immensely and he was delighted with the graphic definition of dirt as matter out of place. But he continued triumphantly dirty. Finally in desperation I chucked him into the bathtub and scrubbed him with the same needless violence with which my spinster governess used to scrub me. It was during the course of this enforced bath that John pointed to an inflamed spot on his arm and said:

"You were right about germs, Father. I had a mosquito bite on my arm and I scratched it with my dirty fingernails and now it's poisoned and it's getting awful."

"His Second Oldest Had Left His Pet Horned Toad in the Baby's Carriage and Frightened the Nurse Into Hysterics"

AT this moment John is perhaps as dirty and unkempt as he ever was before I knew him. And in all likelihood he will be so meticulous about his clothes and so "piggy clean" in a few years from now that my perverse adult desire will be to throw him into a mud puddle. His mother reached that conclusion long before it had occurred to me to relate the days when my "Miss Jinny" scrubbed me to the clean years that followed so swiftly.

"When he wants to be clean he'll be clean and not before," she told me. "Meantime all we can do is to make him wash at meal times and when he is with us so it won't make us sick to look at him."

She had a direct, unsentimental way of looking at the children and of discarding non-essentials that won my admiration. But she had one frailty common to all mothers. She loved to throw the burden of possible punishment on me. Many times she has said to one or the other of the children, "If you do that again, I'll call your father." That it seems to me is taking a mean and unfair advantage of a man. It makes him an instrument of discipline, something with which to menace the unruly, while the popularity of the mother does not suffer. I noticed also the pride with which she looked upon the misdeeds of John and Jane—not indeed at the moment, but in subsequent narration. I, too, caught that trick, and John's iniquities, and vicissitudes as well, became something for me to brag about with unseemly pleasure. If he pounded off a finger-nail or one of his playmates hoed a hole in his head I would relate it almost boastfully. And I am even now unable to analyze the fond regard in which I held him when he fell through the barn floor, cut his hand with my knife which he subsequently lost, chopped a gash in his own scalp with a hatchet—a very difficult feat—and got a black eye in a fight, all in one day. John himself became aware of our attitude toward his escapades and he reflected it. He was particularly proud of certain semi-fiction stories by his mother in which he figured conspicuously if anonymously.

"You ought to be glad I'm bad," he said one day. "Look at all the money I make for you. Why I think I must earn about a fourth of the income of this establishment."

Another precept I gathered from "the book" was, "Never check any spontaneous action of a child. You may be checking life itself. Encourage them in independence."

This was where I encountered another real difficulty. The spontaneous actions of John and Jane were obviously, although perhaps unintentionally, suicidal.

JOHN wanted to go fishing in deep water, off wharves and in boats. Jane wanted to go visiting daily, "By my own self; not wif anybody." The main street of our seaside village on which our house fronts is a thoroughfare for automobiles and dangerous for children. Several serious accidents had made us apprehensive and cautious. That first Summer Jane spontaneously and regularly ran out of the yard whenever the vigilance of her nurse was relaxed, and crossed the street to go to the beach or trotted off to visit some of her little neighbors, whence she would be brought back bawling. I had long and earnest talks with her about the danger. I told her how unhappy it would make Mother and Father if an automobile ran over her. I driveled along just as millions of other fathers and stepfathers have done and she would listen seriously and seem impressed. The next day she would run away again. It was hopeless.

"I Chucked Him Into the Bathtub and Scrubbed Him with the Same Needless Violence with Which My Spinster Governess Used To Scrub Me"

I searched Montessori thoroughly for some method of keeping Jane at home without violating her personality and checking a spontaneous impulse, but in vain. I could only gather that home should be made so attractive to the child that it wouldn't want to run away. Of course it doesn't say anything specifically about keeping children at home, but that was the impression I got. I had learned by that time, however, that it is psychologically impossible to make the place where the child is at the moment as attractive as a forbidden spot beyond. I consulted her mother hoping she'd offer some suggestion.

"Spank her good," she said emphatically and without the slightest hesitation.

"But I don't want to whip the child," I protested. "I don't think it's right. There must be some other way."

"There isn't," she said with an air of finality. "Jane has no intellect. You can't reason with her. The only way you will make her remember is by beating her."

"Muscular memory," I said with one of those sudden and rare envisionings of truth.

There is much in the book about sensory training and muscular memory. Teach a child's muscles and they will perform wonders long before the same results could be achieved through mere abstract teaching. That day Jane ran away again and was brought home by a breathless neighbor who had hauled her back from the edge of a pier. I took her on my lap and spoke to her seriously.

"Jane, you ran away again," I said with a note of melancholy in my voice.

She looked up at me brightly.

"Father, kin I say my prayers to you tonight?" she asked.

"Don't say 'kin' Jane," I said severely. "Say can. And can the chatter. I want to talk to you seriously."

"Can, can, can," she repeated. "Always I say 'kin' don't I, Father?"

I ignored the irrelevancy.

"Jane, I have talked to you about running away and it does no good," I said. "Now I am going to try some other way to make you remember. The next time you run away I am going to spank you good."

She looked at me wonderingly and my heart sank but my face did not relax its sternness. A line came between her eyebrows, her mouth drew down at the corners and a great tear splashed each rosy cheek. Without a word she wriggled off my lap and went to her mother.

"Father spoke to me seriously," she sobbed.

The next day I sat at my window watching Jane playing by "her rown self," in the front yard. It was a beautiful afternoon. Across the street stretched the sandy beach and the sun sparkled on the sea beyond. Surely there could be no spot anywhere more alluring to childhood than that forbidden beach. But Jane seemed to ignore it. She played with flowers and grasses and sang and prattled to herself.

"The little darling remembers," I said to myself. "She's going to stay in the yard as Father told her to."

JUST then Jane's blithe skipping took her to the front gate. She paused and glanced out across the street down to the beach.

Then she looked quickly to the right and left and behind her; oh, such furtive, wicked, lightning glances. She saw no eye upon her. In a second she opened the gate and dashed into the street about twenty feet ahead of a big rapidly moving touring-car. The chauffeur shut off his power, jammed on his emergency brake and sagged limp and white in his seat as the car ground to a stop, just nosing Jane. I aged ten years. Jane skipped on across the street and made for the beach. When my heart resumed activity and I could stand on my two feet I forgot my shock in a strange, sudden sensation that swept over me. I was madder than I had ever been in my life. It was a berserk rage that possessed me. Had the cause been an adult, I should have leaped upon him with ax or club or two bare hands and reeded him. As it was I wanted to get me my two bare hands on that darling child and wale her good: I ran down the walk, across the street and grabbed her unceremoniously by the arm. She looked up at me, her lips trembled and the big crystal tears came into her eyes.

"I don't want to be spanked, Father," she protested in a loud voice.

She remembered that. I controlled my rage with difficulty so that I might lie as all parents lie when they are beaten and resort to old-fashioned weapons to regain the ascendency.

"I don't want to spank you Jane," I told her while my hands itched to swat her. "But I told you I would if you ran away again and I must. It hurts Father very much to spank you, but you must remember."

"I remember," she pleaded.

But I was adamant. I took her up to the nursery and spanked her vigorously. When I finished the muscles which I hoped would memorize the simple fact that she mustn't run away were pink, and she was screaming. Then I put her to bed.

JANE didn't run away for a week. Then it was purely tentative, just to see what I would do. I spanked her and she ran away no more that Summer. She prayed every night that she wouldn't. All of which I regarded as a triumph for the Montessori system. Teach their muscles, only be sure you get the right muscles.

But an irritating part of it all was that my wife wore a distinctly superior air for the next few days. I've noticed that it generally works out that way. It was she who had said, "Spank her good," when I didn't want to. She started the whole trouble. She didn't disapprove, but in her lofty and superior presence I felt strangely humiliated and defeated and guilty and like a dog. Later in the afternoon while I was still sore from Jane's spanking and was trying to write, John came into the room making a maddening, nerve-destroying noise, like the mewing of an anguished kitten, by expelling air through his tightly compressed lips. I was thoroughly exasperated. I had some writing that I simply had to finish that afternoon, so I yelled at him: "Stop that infernal noise and clear out." My wife looked at me and grinned.

"Dearest, how can you speak so to a little child," she said.

John thoroughly approved of the new punishment—at least, so far as it concerned Jane.

"I think spanking is the only way to make her remember, Father," he said sagely. "Mother used to spank me when I was little."

That night I heard him giving his sister some brotherly advice in his own inimitable phrases.

"You'd better not run away again," he warned her. "You've got a Montessori mother, but a mighty sore father."

"What's that mean?" Jane asked interestedly.

"Whack, whack, upon your slack, if you go way and don't come back," he improvised, and Jane understood.

"He Raised Himself Weakly on One Elbow, Pointed a Derisively Wagging Finger at Me and Remarked, 'Shung!'"

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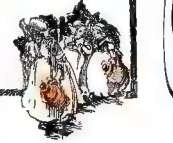
LOST~ THANKSGIVING DAY

Another American Institution That Has Been "Reformed" Out of All Recognition

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

DECORATIONS BY JOHN R. NEILL



THIS month, all over America and—most pitiful of all—in exile colonies abroad, folk are preparing to set forth a skeleton of Thanksgiving. A specious framework. But only a framework. Won't you let me supply the colored picture of the real article?

Please do. For I can do it so well because I can remember very distinctly the much-alive Thanksgiving. I glory in the memory that it was on a series of such gastronomic triumphs I laid the squarely solid foundations of a lifelong indigestion.

If Grandma—she lived out just beyond South Wilbr'in—were bidden to a Thanksgiving dinner of to-day and she should accept, I think the meal would break her sound old Massachusetts heart.

In the first place, there is a chance that the dinner would start with oysters; and a certainty that it would include soup. What comes next? Fish? No, I think not. So let's get to the turkey—our chief arraignment.

The turkey is no longer a turkey. He is a Symbol. A symbol of a ceremonial whose meaning has died out. A glazed, cold storage symbol. The modern Thanksgiving turkey—do you know who his father was? Do you know where or how he was raised? Do you know how or *when*—he passed away? Confess, now that you ordered him over the telephone; relying on a butcher's impersonal professional judgment! Oh, I find I can't talk about the present day Thanksgiving turkey without unwarranted heat! So, lest I insult you grossly, let's pass hurriedly on.

Vegetables? Well, let's pass by those, too. It is a fairly safe guess that they don't include granulated mashed potatoes and terra-cotta turnips, both patted down and then inundated with lashin's of thick giblet gravy; as they should be—and *were*.

PERHAPS there is a salad, too. But if there is, the kindest thing we can do is to ignore it. Which brings us to the pumpkin pie. A pie that's as guiltless of pumpkin as is a mock turtle of shell and flippers. I doubt if ever you ate a pumpkin pie made out of pumpkin. It is made of squash.

And, if it's all the same to you, I'd rather not say any more about it: There's no use setting you against me when I want to make you keep on listening until the end.

How about nuts and fruit? Oh, you probably have them. In a huge, hollowed pumpkin set in the table's center; cut on the bias, and fairly pouring forth an avalanche of English walnuts, almonds, grapes, tangerines and similar exotics. That collection of incongruous fruit, et cetera, is the crowning affront to the Pilgrims' memory.

Perhaps, in a spasm of patronizing timeliness, you accompany the meal with cider. Cider? Where did it come from? Not from *your* apples. Nor from Grandma's. Not even from Lem Saulsbury's cider mill on the back Preakness road. (They do say Lem runs a still there, too, but don't quote me on it. I'm not aching to get into a lawsuit.) Whence came your cider? From the grocer's. That's all you know of its career. You can't even swear it came originally from apples. It certainly tastes funny and sweet and it won't get hard if you "leave it set" till doomsday. Pretty kind of cider for a pretty kind of dinner!

So will you let me tell you just a little about the real Thanksgiving—the Thanksgiving that is passed and gone, but which still leaves fragrant lavender memories and an occasional twinge of retrospective gastritis?

Grandma, as I think I said, lived out beyond South Wilbr'in. And we went to her house for Thanksgiving. You could go as far as Springfield by regular train; then on the little spur-railroad out to East Longmeadow. The remaining five miles of the trip was by sleigh. Yes, by sleigh. For, in those days, there was nearly always two or three inches of snow on the ground by Thanksgiving. A snowless Thanksgiving was a rarity—and an unwelcome one for which Grandma seemed to feel herself to blame.

We used to reach Grandma's house, as a rule, rather late on Thanksgiving eve. I remember how yellow the five down-stairs lights used to look, through the blackness; as the horses breasted the hill's last rise.

I am a bit hazy as to what we had to eat when we got there that night. There was a good deal of noise, I know, and every one talked at once and we children tried furtively from time to time to get out to the east storeroom where the gray stone jar of cookies was. But I am clear as to next morning.

We always had rabbits for Thanksgiving breakfast at Grandma's. Some other people did, too, so the fellows used to tell me. I don't know whether or not it was a general New England custom. They were always barbecued—four of them—great big fellows—and they lay side by side on the blue and white platter. Those New England rabbits, by the way, had silver coats in Winter. Not brown. Rabbits elsewhere are brown all year. New England rabbits turn silver gray in Winter. At least they used to. We boys made North Pole caps of the pelts.

Well, there were rabbits for breakfast. Barbecued. With a queer kind of gravy that went gorgeously with the thick light buckwheat cakes. Of course there were buckwheat cakes. Grandma made them herself. She wouldn't trust them to the "hired girl." For, she claimed that "if there was *any* doubt about a buckwheat cake, there was *no* doubt about it."

One could eat many of those light, fluffy, porous delights; first with gravy, later with maple-sirup, or brown sugar. Though, as I grew older, I found them rather filling—that is to say, after the first ten or eleven.

And then—oh, go ahead and laugh, if you like—we finished off our breakfast with pie. Honest, deep-dish apple pie, in large segments.

Such a breakfast, to-day, would make abhorrent the thought of food for the next week or so. But, after four hours of alternate coasting and of dragging the double-ripper sled up a three-quarter-mile hill—and, once in awhile the pond was thick frozen enough for skating, too—we grew to feel that three helps of rabbit and a dozen buckwheats and forty-five degrees of pie were mere tantalizing *hors-d'œuvres* to whip the appetite for dinner. In fact, when twelve-thirty came we were all thoroughly gaunt and wolfish.

I AM speaking, mind you, of us young folk. Our elders —a godly few of them—had eschewed coasting and had gone to the morning Thanksgiving service at the Congregational Church, just across the road from the Scantic River. The sermon was always brief, that the fidgeting housewives might get home betimes for their preparation of the feast. I went twice to these services, in my youth. Each time the Governor's Thanksgiving Proclamation was read from the pulpit; and at the reading's close, the Reverend Mr. Bliss would add the sonorous endorsement:

"*God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!*" in a voice that sent things pringling down your back.

Which brings us to the dinner.

Think you we began with such vexations as caviar or oysters or even soup? Not we. We fourteen starved creatures sat down to a bare table. Grandpa asked a blessing. A beautiful, but long one. (We didn't call it "saying Grace" in those days.)

Then the pantry door opened and the hired girl came in with the turkey. A turkey predestined from the egg to this hour; and reared for it from chickhood, as might be a predestined acolyte to the summit of twenty-eight pounds or so. He even had a name. Usually, Tom. And all Summer we had watched his increasing growth and girth, with a sort of hungry awe. We knew his pedigree unto the sixth generation.

The turkey was garnished with home-made sausages, split lengthwise. Guiltless of cold storage, of gas ovens, of the drying-process of a menial cook, he lay there in a glory that my poor pen balks at depicting. And our sole vegetables were the aforenamed potatoes and turnips, masked under giblet gravy. That was all the first course, except for big thick glasses of the coldest, sparklingest cider ever made—opaque and with a tang to its sweetness.

Then we came to the pie. It was pumpkin pie, of course. From the pumpkin that had taken the prize for Grandpa at the Grange Fair. A pumpkin which, like the turkey, had been marked from birth to this high destiny. And the under crust was almost as thick as the pumpkin part; and well-nigh as delicious.

And after that, we sat about with glazed eyes and rejoicing hearts. Even had the County Assessor called just then, I think he would have been received with a replete but kindly smile.

Yes. That was the great dinner. That was all. With only two vegetables and two courses. (Some people had goose as well as turkey. We didn't.)

And, what is better, it was a *fitting* feast. Its every item told of good harvests and of homely prosperity and of simple non-higher-criticism gratitude to the loving God who had made the rich brown earth of our Massachusetts hills bring forth its increase for the livelihood of His children. It was such a feast in every detail, I like to think, as Miles Standish and his iron brood were wont to sit down to after the three-hour Thanksgiving Day sermon by Elder Brewster. New England Thanksgiving, in his day—and in ours—meant the giving of *thanks*.

And that dinner did not end our celebration. Lest we perish of famine, in the wilderness, there was a hot supper at six o'clock. A supper whose most memorable feature was a cake for which I would now right blithely pay the price of a thousand present-day cakes; with no cowardly fear of the inevitable doctor's bill to follow.

Listen: Imagine a pancake, thick and light, and with the diameter of a large round pie-dish. Now imagine that hot pancake laid in a plate, and covered nearly an inch thick with maple-sugar of the consistency of butter. Then imagine a second pancake of equal size laid on this; and a second layer of butter-soft maple-sugar, and a third pancake laid on that and some granulated maple-sugar scattered over its top.

There's the cake! It was cut like any other cake, and served in huge wedges. And as soon as one cake was eaten—very, *very* soon—another cake was ready at hand; hot, murderous, divine.

After which we roasted apples and chestnuts in front of the sitting-room fire and set mugs of cider to mull on the hearth. And, at nine o'clock, we went to bed and to the unbelievable dreamless sleep of age who are at home again and who have eaten wisely rather than rashly.

We used to stay at Grandma's, as a rule, until the following Monday. Thanksgiving trailed its shimmering robe over the remaining days at the farm. There were, for example, home-grown pork tenderloins, waffles with sausage meat between them and covered with sausage gravy, big cold red apples, and cream as thick as pot-cheese and—and—oh, what's the use?

There were sleigh-rides and snow fights, too, and rabbit hunts through the still woods, and perhaps a barn-dance (only square dances, for Grandpa was an Elder) and a million other joys at which you would yawn to-day. And then we who dwelt in the city would go away, spurred by but one ambition in life—namely to stay alive until the next Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving? Is there such a thing now? There is overfeeding, of course. But seldom at the farm. The soggy November air is strident with the hoots of motor-horns. The dark ground is snowless. The farm was cut up into lots when Grandpa died and Grandma went to live with Aunt Myra in Springfield. Yes, and almost everywhere in New England the farms have been sold or modernized. And nowadays the cooking is done by "maids,"—not by "hired girls" who took pride in it. And Grandma cooks no longer. No one's Grandma does. But we can't help wishing that more of the spirit of Grandma's Thanksgiving were alive.

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THE TENTH STORY OF OCTAVIUS—AMATEUR DETECTIVE

THE ADVENTURE OF THE STOLEN WIFE

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE EDISON COMPANY

OCTAVIUS has just had a rather surprising adventure. We were spending the week-end at one of the smaller resorts on the Sound when the thing happened. Octavius had picked out the place because he knew some people there, a Mr. and Mrs. Burton. That is to say, he had known Mrs. Burton before she was married. Her husband he had never met. From the way Octavius talked, I got the impression that Mrs. Burton had been quite a flame of his, before her marriage.

She had written Octavius a letter. "Dear Octavius," it said, "We are spending the Summer at Pine Orchard. Why don't you run up for one of your week-ends? There is an excellent hotel, and the bathing is splendid. Bob—that's my husband—has heard a lot about you, and is anxious to meet you. Do come."

"Ripping girl," Octavius said, with more than ordinary enthusiasm. "Swims, and plays golf, and all that as well as a man. Pretty, too. You must meet her."

I wasn't so keen about it, but I went, and found that the Burtons had a charming cottage right on the water. Octavius pointed it out to me as we drove up from the station. He had never been to Pine Orchard before, but had been getting pointers from the bus driver.

It was rather late on Friday when we arrived. The next morning Octavius informed me that he was going to call on his friends. He suggested that I go along but I declined, being far more interested in getting a good swim. He spent about two hours dressing himself up like a battleship.

It was some time before I saw him again, nearly twenty-four hours, to be exact, and I had begun to get rather worried about him. When he failed to return to the hotel for dinner I concluded that the Burtons had probably asked him to dine with them and spend the night, but I did think it queer that he had sent me no word. In the morning when he had still failed to put in an appearance I decided to go and hunt him up. I was just starting out when he arrived. He was certainly a bedraggled looking object when he sneaked into our room.

"What on earth have you been doing with yourself?" I asked, trying hard not to laugh.

"I guess I'll go home," he announced, and began to pack his grip.

"What's wrong? You haven't been trying your hand at any detective work, have you?"

My guess was a good one. He nodded with solemn gravity. "Yes," he said. "That's just what I have been doing."

It took me quite awhile to drag the story from him. It seems that it was close to noon when he arrived at the Burton's cottage, and as soon as he reached the front door he realized that something was wrong.

THE door was standing open, and just inside he saw an elderly woman talking excitedly to a servant. She looked up inquiringly as Octavius appeared, and dabbing at her reddened eyes with a bit of handkerchief, asked him what he wanted.

"I should like to see Mrs. Burton," Octavius said, feeling somewhat embarrassed.

"I am Mrs. Burton," the woman said.

This rather staggered Octavius for a moment, but he concluded that she must be Mr. Burton's mother. "I mean young Mrs. Burton," he remarked, presenting his card, "if she is in?"

The woman looked at him rather sharply. "No," she said, "She isn't."

"May I ask, then," Octavius continued, "where she is?" He thought that she might possibly have gone down to the bathing beach.

"I don't know," the elderly woman groaned. "I only wish I did."

This struck Octavius as being very queer. He scented a mystery at once.

"Do you mean that she is—er—lost, or anything like that?"

The woman gave him another quick look. "Who are you, may I ask?" she said.

Octavius called her attention to the card which she still held in her hand. "Your daughter-in-law is an old friend of mine. You may perhaps have heard her speak of me."

The woman glanced at the card, then nodded. "Yes," she said. "I believe she has. You are a sort of a—a detective, aren't you?"

"Yes," admitted Octavius. "I am."

"Then," said the old lady eagerly, "you may perhaps be able to help us find Helen."

"How did she come to get lost?" Octavius asked.

His companion drew him into the drawing-room and closed the door.

"I will explain," she said. "Helen and Robert—that's my son, you know, have been married about three years. They have always been quite happy together, as well they might be, for Robert is a man in a thousand, if he is my son.

"Last night they had a slight quarrel—nothing serious, so far as I could see, but still a disagreement. I had expressed myself a little forcibly on the subject of her going about with the young men here while Robert is in the city. One of them actually danced with her seven times the other night. She told me that I was meddlesome which I of course resented and when Robert took my part, she burst into tears and retired to her room.

"This morning, to our great surprise, she did not appear at breakfast and when Robert went to look for her, he found a note saying that she had left home and did not know when she would return. She must have gotten up very early and gone out before the servants were up.

"Robert was greatly distressed, of course. He made inquiries at the station and learned that a young woman answering Helen's description had taken the early morning train for New York. Her parents live there, you know, so of course Robert has gone to search for her. He was to let me know as soon as he found her but, so far, I have heard nothing. I am telling you all this because, being a detective, you may be able to render us some assistance."

OCTAVIUS was rather taken aback by this curious recital. If Helen Burton had decided to go home to Mother he felt that it was no affair of his but he promised to have a look around and see what he could do. I have an idea that he was secretly very glad of the opportunity to do a little detective work. He started in to investigate matters at once.

His first move was to question all the servants very carefully, but they could tell him nothing. Apparently they had all been asleep when Mrs. Burton left the house. None of them had seen her since the night before. Rather disappointed at this he got Mrs. Burton, senior, to conduct him to Helen's room. They found it in perfect order although the bed had been slept in, which showed that Mrs. Burton had not left the house the night before. Octavius made every examination that he could think of and greatly mystified Mrs. Burton by his talk of finger-prints, footprints and the like. She watched him crawl about the room scrutinizing the carpet with a magnifying-glass and seemed very much impressed, but nothing came of it.

At last, when Octavius had come to the conclusion that he was thoroughly up against it, he made a discovery. It was nothing very startling and yet it gave him an idea. On the dressing-table lay two gold hatpins with carved ivory tops.

"These belong to your daughter-in-law, I presume," he asked, taking up one of the pins and examining it with his glass.

"Why—yes," the old lady said, not catching the drift of his questioning.

Octavius, with a satisfied smile, replaced the pin on the table. "Does Mrs. Burton take as much interest in athletics as ever?" he inquired.

His companion nodded.

"I think I'll have a look around the grounds," Octavius said, and went down-stairs.

In the hall he found the butler whom he had already questioned. "Were any of the doors leading out of the house unlocked this morning when you came down-stairs?" he asked the man.

The butler thought for a moment. "I heard cook say as how the back door was unlocked," he said, "but I didn't think to speak of it, not knowing it was important."

"Exactly," remarked Octavius, with a pleased smile, and went toward the rear of the house. "Just show me the door, will you?"

"Yes sir." The butler led the way through the pantry, and threw open a door leading to a porch from which a path of crushed stone extended toward the water.

"What is that?" Octavius asked, pointing to a small frame building at the end of a pier which extended out into the water.

"The boat-house, sir."

"I see. And how many boats have you?"

"Two rowboats, sir, and the launch."

Octavius thanked the man and walked slowly down the path toward the pier. He spent quite awhile searching for something in the bed of the path and once or twice stopped and examined the crushed stone with his glass. Presently he put the glass in his pocket and went up to the boat-house door.

THERE was a padlock on it but it hung unlocked from the staple. Octavius opened the door and went in.

On the water inside the boat-house were two boats. One was a rowboat, the other a good sized gasoline launch. Octavius took a pair of oars from the racks, removed his coat, clambered into the rowboat and pushed it gently out upon the waters of the Sound.

There was a flat calm and it was very hot. Octavius hadn't the least idea where he was going but something told him that he was on the right track.

He began to figure the thing out in the way he had heard the great detectives of fiction always did. If Mrs. Burton had started out from home in a rowboat, which way would she naturally have gone? Not up or down the shore, certainly, since it would have been easier to have walked. He saw, about three or four miles off shore, what appeared to be an island. Was it not highly probable that she had rowed in that direction? He determined to put his theories to the test.

To row four miles in midsummer when you are not accustomed to it, is trying, to say the least. Before Octavius got to his destination he was very nearly reduced to pulp. His immaculate pink shirt looked as though it had just been put through the wringer. His face was pinker than the shirt, and getting worse each moment. The blisters on his hands made him curse the impulse that had ever brought him within a hundred miles of Pine Orchard. There was nothing to do, however, but to keep on. At last the bow of the boat grated on a pebbly beach and Octavius jumped out. He went up on a bit of high ground and looked around. There was no one in sight, and he felt more than ever a sense of chagrin at having wasted so much time and effort. What if Mrs. Burton had *not* used her hatpins? There were women's hats nowadays, he well knew, that were worn without any. It was pretty slim evidence upon which to base a conclusion that she had not gone to the city at all. He blamed himself for a blundering fool, and going back to the beach, picked out a likely spot, took off his clothes, and plunged in.

The water felt delightfully cool and refreshing, and he almost forgot the hardships of the afternoon. Suddenly he heard some one hailing him from the beach. He turned and looked ashore. A slim and attractive figure in white linen stood on the sand. With a shock he saw that it was Helen Burton.

"I want to borrow your boat," she called. "I've got to get home."

Octavius immersed himself up to his ears. He felt very much embarrassed.

"Helen," he cried. "Go away. I want to get dressed."

The girl started in amazement. "Who are you?" she gasped.

"I'm Octavius. I've come to take you home."

She burst out laughing. "Octavius?" she exclaimed. "Well—of all things. How did you know I was here?"

"I didn't," he sputtered, as a wave broke over his head. "I just thought you might be. Go away, please, while I dress. I'm getting awfully chilly."

"All right." Mrs. Burton waved her hand to him, then disappeared over the high ground inshore. "It was sweet of you to come," she cried, as she left him. "The

(Continued on Page 26)

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Potting the young plant.

The HISTORY of the FINEST TOMATO in NEW JERSEY

(As told by himself)

"MY ancestors were the aristocracy of their race—developed through years of cross-breeding in the Experiment-Station of the Campbell farms.

Setting it out in the field.

"The parent-vine on which I grew was nurtured and cultivated with unceasing care until I with my brother-tomatoes arrived at complete maturity—red-ripe, juicy and of a most enticing flavor.

Gathering the perfect fruit.

"Then we were gathered at early dawn, carried in baskets on wagons direct to the Campbell plant, plunged into a refreshing bath of crystal-clear water from artesian wells, and finally transformed into the most famous and popular of all the Campbell kinds—

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Delivering it at the Campbell Plant.

"Is it any wonder that we now commingle at the festive board with the best society of our native land?"

Labelling the Campbell can—
One machine labels 17,500 cans in one hour.

21 kinds 10c a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

The Adventure of the Stolen Wife

(*Continued from Page 25*)

tide washed my boat away and I would have had to stay here all night."

Octavius lost no time in getting into his clothes. The swim had freshened him up wonderfully, and he felt highly pleased that after all, his deductions had been correct. But why had Helen Burton come to the island? He proceeded to hunt her up and ask her.

She laughed over the matter a good deal, when he at last found her curled up in the sand in the shade of some weather-worn rocks.

"You see," she explained. "Robert and I had a bit of a row. He was very unreasonable and I made up my mind to give him a little scare. So I got up very early, took a book and some sandwiches, and came over here. I supposed they would find during the day that the rowboat was gone, and come over in the launch. I had a lovely day here all by myself, read my book through, ate all my sandwiches and concluded, just before you came, that I had better be starting back home. And then, to my surprise, I found that my boat was gone."

"It was lucky I came, wasn't it," said Octavius. "When do you want to start back?"

She looked at her watch. "It's nearly half past four," she said, "and I notice that quite a breeze has sprung up from the southwest. You'll have that against you, going back. Perhaps we'd better start. Besides, I'm getting hungry."

They made their way across the island to the point where Octavius had beached his boat. He went down to the side of the craft and proceeded to steady it while Mrs. Burton climbed in. He had already begun to shove the boat off the beach when he heard her give a gasp of alarm.

"Wait a minute," she cried. "There aren't any oars."

Octavius turned. "There must be. I left them in the boat," he said.

MRS. BURTON got out at once, and going up on the beach, sat down on a piece of driftwood. She seemed all of a sudden to be very much annoyed.

"You left them on the oar-locks," she said, "and they've floated away."

With a groan Octavius remembered that he had. Boating had never been his long suit.

"We might try to drift over," he suggested, very weakly.

"In that wind!" Her laugh was scornful in the extreme. "You'd drift straight for New London. Don't you see the tide has turned, too? If I've got to spend the night away from home, I prefer to do so on dry land."

The prospect gave Octavius the cold shivers. It was a highly complicated, there was no doubt about that. In the first place, they hadn't a thing to eat or drink, and he was parched with thirst. Mrs. Burton, it appears, had brought a bottle of mineral water but had drunk it all up. In the second place, if Mr. Burton was jealous of his wife for dancing with other men what on earth would he do when he found out about this? Visions of the divorce court filled Octavius's brain.

"Have you a match?" he heard Mrs. Burton saying.

Octavius felt in his pocket and produced a box. "Yes," he said. "What shall I do with them?"

"Make a fire as soon as it gets dark," she announced shortly. "It may attract somebody's attention. Meanwhile I would suggest that you gather some wood and have it ready. If it doesn't bring us help it will at least keep off the mosquitoes."

Octavius tells me that the next few hours were the very worst of his life. Hungry, thirsty and hot, with blistered hands and aching back, he gathered twigs and bits of driftwood until he was ready to drop. Mrs. Burton afforded him scant encouragement. She seemed utterly unable to forgive him for having lost the oars and sat on the beach until darkness came, watching the distant shore line in the vague hope that some boat might be seen coming in their direction. But none came.

FROM six o'clock until midnight Octavius struggled with his fire, ready almost to faint from hunger and thirst. The smoke got in his parched throat and nearly drove him frantic, while the mosquitoes made merry in ferocious clouds. At last he gave it up and threw himself on the beach.

"I'm afraid I'll have to rest a bit," he groaned. "I'm tired out."

"If you only hadn't been so careless—" Mrs. Burton began.

"How about you?" said Octavius, peevishly. "I only lost a pair of oars. You lost a boat as well."

After that they didn't speak for a long time. They were both too busy slapping mosquitoes. Suddenly Mrs. Burton leaned forward and raised her hand.

"There's a launch coming. Start up the fire," Mrs. Burton commanded, glancing at the dying embers.

Octavius did his best, but the fire refused to blaze. Even while he was struggling with it, he heard a hoarse voice hailing from the water.

"Helen!" it called, "Helen! Are you there?"

"Yes," Octavius responded at the top of his lungs. "Who are you?"

Mrs. Burton had come down to the water's edge. "It's Robert," she cried. "He's come after us in the launch."

THERE was an ominous silence from the approaching boat. In a few moments its bow grated on the beach, and an excited figure sprang out. Mrs. Burton darted toward the new arrival.

"Oh, Robert!" she exclaimed. "I'm so sorry."

The fire had by this time begun to blaze feebly. Octavius saw a slim angry-looking man glaring at him from the darkness. It was Mr. Burton, but he paid no attention whatever to his wife. His whole interest appeared to be centered on Octavius.

"You scoundrel!" he roared, and sprang forward with upraised fist.

Octavius was by this time in what was for him a very bad humor. He felt that he had done his best to help out, but that his efforts had somehow not been appreciated. He parried the blow that Mr. Burton aimed at him, and tried to step aside.

Mrs. Burton clutched at her husband's arm. "Don't, Robert," she cried. "Octavius is a friend of mine."

Her words seemed to infuriate the other man even more. "Octavius!" he shouted, and aimed another blow.

This time Octavius did not step aside. His patience was exhausted. His fist shot out, and Mr. Burton doubled up on the sand with a grunt.

His wife turned to Octavius, her eyes blazing with anger.

"You—you coward!" she cried, "to hit my poor husband." Then she knelt down and assisted her ruffled better half to his feet. "Come along with me, dear," she said, and turned her back.

THE Burtons went toward their launch. Octavius sat on the sand and watched them get aboard. Mrs. Burton was petting her husband extravagantly, and apparently had forgotten Octavius's existence. Mr. Burton, somewhat dazed, clambered into the launch. It looked as though Octavius was not in their party at all.

When they had gotten aboard, Mrs. Burton looked back. "There is a pair of oars here in the launch," she said. "I'm going to leave them for you. Bring the boat back, please. It is quite valuable."

"Now, I ask you," said Octavius, after he had told me the story, "Did you ever hear of such nerve?"

I assured him that I had not. "But it ought to be a lesson to you, not to get mixed up with other man's wives. I don't doubt that Mrs. Burton's husband thought that the two of you had been having a charming little flirtation all alone on that island."

"The idiot," he exclaimed. "Why, she isn't the least bit attractive to me—not the least bit."

"You didn't talk like that yesterday," I laughed.

"That was before I got to know her so well. If you ever want to know a woman well, just get marooned on an island with her for twelve hours, with nothing to eat or drink."

"What on earth did you do?" I asked.

He grinned. "I went up to the front door and stole their milk bottles. The dairyman had just left them. I drank them up and then went back to the boat-house and took a nap. After that, I came here. I haven't seen any of them since."

"Are you really going home, Octavius?" I asked.

He crammed his wrecked flannel trousers into his suitcase and rose.

"I am," he said. "And if anybody ever gets me within a hundred miles of this place again, it will be over my dead body."

I appreciated his sentiments, if not his metaphor.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*Next month Octavius will take a part in "The Episode of the Smuggled Diamonds." This and all other Octavius stories are shown in motion pictures simultaneously with the appearance of the story in* PICTORIAL REVIEW.

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The Cozy Corner Page

In Which We Take Time by the Forelock

By ELEANOR COLBY

I AM writing this letter to all the girls in the country except Hulda Virginia Smythe. She never has time to do any of the interesting things that you girls have time for, because she is always too busy trying to catch up with herself. Late to breakfast, late to school, late to everything! No wonder that the boys have nicknamed her "the late Miss Smythe," though it does sound sort of spooky. I hope that none of our Cozy girls is the least bit Huldaesque, but if you feel any symptoms coming on, read this letter, follow out the directions, and you will be cured.

The only people in the world who have time to enjoy things, and are not in a perpetual rush, are the ones who "take Time by the forelock," and that is just what we are going to do this month. Hallowe'en and Christmas are not such a long way off now, and the days have a way of rolling around before you know it, and we are going to be ready for them.

I will tell you first about a lovely Hallowe'en Party that you can have, and as the getting ready for it is almost as much fun as the party itself, you would better have a confab with your chum this very day and get things started. Let us give the old-fashioned Hallowe'en games a vacation this year and surprise the crowd with something new. Do not plan to have the party very large . . . about six boys and six girls, or a dozen girls without any boys is the right number for this affair. Make out your list carefully for it is to be a "stunt party" and you want people who can play or recite or dance or sing or something! You can start by getting your invitations all ready. Call it an "All Star Performance," and write the invitations on correspondence cards decorated with star stickers:

At the home of.....on
All Hallowe'en,
An All Star Performance is
going to be seen,
And since you've a knack for
the doing of stunts,
You'd better begin to plan some-
thing at once.
The crowd's a select one, just a
dozen, 'tis true,
So don't need regrets, for we're
counting on you.

LAY the invitations away to be delivered about ten days before the party, and then begin to plan the decorations. As it is to be an "all star" party, use stars for your decorations, with an occasional moon to vary the effect. Cut the stars from colored tissue-paper and from gilt paper and pin them to the curtains, and suspend on fine black threads from chandelier and mantel.

Get a dozen paper plates and decorate them with bright-colored stars or with little gilt star stickers, and decorate your white paper napkins to match. On the night of the party, you can also adorn your tumblers with star stickers.

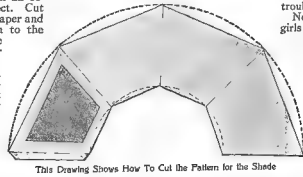
Now you must get ready for the principal surprise which you are to have for your friends on Hallowe'en—namely an entirely new fortune game. You will need a candle-shade for each guest, and when you have made one, you will find how very easy they are to make and will have great fun planning the decks on each one. As your party is to be small, you can use a great deal of ingenuity in making shades that will be suitable for each person. To make these shades you must use heavy dark paper. If you cannot get a few sheets of "construction paper," use brown wrapping-paper such as can be found in any meat market. To make the pattern for the shade, trace around a dinner plate, lay a small sauce-dish exactly in the middle of this circle and trace around it. Then cut out on these lines, and you will have a large circle with a hole in the middle of it. Half of this circle, with a little seam allowed for pasting, is your pattern, only it must be creased into four parts and have its curved edges straightened as shown in the diagram below. One panel of the diagram shows how to cut out the center of each panel so that you have a sort of a skeleton candle-shade, and this must be lined with bright blue tissue-paper before pasting on the gilt stars, the moons, and the other things that are to be used in the fortune-telling.

Number the top of the panels, for the fortune is to have four parts. The first panel is to tell about one's friends, love-affairs, and marriage. A little star is an acquaintance, a middle-sized star is a love-affair, and a large star is a marriage. You may use all gilt stars or you may also use colors, letting various colors stand for various sorts of people. For instance, a red star may be a cheerful person or a red-headed person, and a black star may be a dark man or a dark girl or an enemy.

"The Pun They Will Have Will Repay You for All Your Trouble"

The second panel has the man in the moon. In reading a boy's fortune, this panel may be read as his own future, while in telling a girl's fortune you must read this as representing her future husband. If the moon is a full one, it may indicate that the man will wed when he is in his prime. If it is a new moon, he will marry young. The expression of his face may indicate his disposition as being studious, serious, jolly, pleasant, cheerful, etc. The number of stars in the upper left-hand corner stands for whether he will have few or many friends, and those in the right-hand corner indicate whether he will be wealthy or not. The stars at the bottom of the panel indicate his business and you may change my rhyme to suit yourself. It is a variation of the old doggerel, "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief." I would say instead:

Artist, lawyer, undertaker,
Student, doctor, aviator,
Preacher, actor, president,
Captain of a regiment.



This Drawing Shows How To Cut the Pattern for the Shade

IN the girl's own panel, a large six-pointed star is used instead of the moon, and tiny pictures or emblems are drawn or pasted in each point to indicate certain things about the girl. One point may indicate something that will occur to-morrow, another may be something that will happen soon, the third may relate to her pet hobby, the fourth her dearest wish, the fifth an accident, and the sixth, a journey, a wedding, a loss, or anything you wish. The center of the star may show the career of the girl in life.

The last panel may relate to length of life, journeys, promises, health, etc. You can plan your own code so that certain marks or arrangements of stars will mean certain things to you. Of course you and your chum will have to do all of the fortune-telling, so it will be good practise to read the panels at the bottom of this page. Try each one as though you were reading a boy's fortune, and then try it as though you were telling a girl's. I will give you a sample reading of the two at the left of the page. If I were reading the star for a girl's fortune I might say: "To-morrow you are going to have a visitor at your house. He seems anxious. See how fast he walks! A letter or telegram is coming soon, and it is very important. Perhaps it relates to money, for I see a lot of coins in the next point of the star. Your dearest wish is concerning music, and if you take care of yourself and avoid an accident, you will succeed. See the trunk! You are surely going on a long journey. Love will be yours all through life, and I think yours is a fine fortune."

If I were reading a boy's fortune from the moon panel I might say: "Oh ho! What a cheery face I see! Evidently you are going to be very happy. I see lots of friends for you, too. You will be loved by old and young alike and have lots of business friends. The three stars mean money. It looks as though you will have plenty of means, but will never be a multi-millionaire. You are going to be an aviator, but I do not know whether flying will be a hobby or a profession with you." Of course if this panel were on a girl's shade, I should tell all these things as being about her future husband.

A little practise will enable you to imagine very romantic and real-sounding fortunes, and when Hallowe'en comes and your guests have done their stunts and have had a contest on guessing the number of stars pinned to the curtains, and have seated themselves around your star-decked table where star-shaped sandwiches and cookies, and grape juice or sweet cider are served, the fun they will have as they hear you tell their fortunes, will repay you for all of your trouble.

Now about Christmas! I do hope you girls are not going to wait till the eleventh hour to begin making your Christmas gifts. You may not have much money to spend, and that is all the more reason why you should put a lot of love and thought into your remembrances. These things are what make them Christmasy! I have seen girls (and women too) rushing around like frenzied lobsters at the last minute and ordering into exactly the worst selections. If you plan to make a pair of slippers for Father, be sure that he has not a lot of left-over ones from other Christmases, for Father is no centipede! If you make a pincushion for Mother, be sure it is the right color to look well in her room. If you make some glove handkerchiefs for your girl friends (those dinky dainty little wisps of handkerchiefs that can be tucked into the palm of a glove), take pains with your stitches. The smaller a thing is, the finer must the stitches be!

Aprons are one of the easiest and most acceptable Christmas gifts for girls. Take a peek at the one pictured on page 73 of the October PICTORIAL REVIEW and instantly you will see the possibilities of a dozen dainty gifts. By using different materials you can get charming effects.

Remember! "Take time by the forelock" and you'll always be ready.

A Little Story

about Corn Flakes and it reads like this:

"Sweet meats of choice white Indian Corn, skilfully cooked, delicately seasoned and toasted to a crisp golden brown—

And eaten with cream or good milk —and fresh fruit in season!"

That kind of corn flakes is

Post Toasties

—not ordinary flakes, such as come when you just ask for "corn flakes"

—but as superior and distinctive in taste, as in name

—as delicious as the name is different.

A try tells why Post Toasties are

Superior Corn Flakes

Sold by Grocers
—everywhere.

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November 9th to 14th

Will Be Devoted To the Selling Of

"*Mérode*"

and

"*Harvard Mills*"

(Hand-Finished)

Underwear

This event scored a great success with fore-handed women last Fall and has been taken up this season in a more thorough fashion by the dealers everywhere.

Look for the same generous values — The same complete range of shapes and fabrics—The same perfection of finish and fit—which delighted ALL who filled their last season's underwear wants during the "*Mérode*" *and* "*Harvard Mills*"

Underwear Selling Week

Prices range from 50c to $3.50 per garment.

Special Extra Sizes for Large People. Splendid Range of Silk and Wool Fabrics. Shapes and Weights adapted to present modes. All Garments Hand-Finished.

PERFECT FITTING
UNION SUITS
A SPECIALTY

Special Offer

We make notable price inducements to attract new customers. Look to your dealer for

The Celebrated Numbers

506 and **806**

"*Mérode*" "*Harvard Mills*"

At these Exceptional Prices—This Week only

Women's Vests	Usual price 50c.	at 35c.
Drawers & Tights		
Same in extra sizes	" " 75c.	at 50c.
Union-suits . .	" " $1.00	at 75c.
Extra sizes . .	" " $1.35	at $1.00

Lord & Taylor

Wholesale Distributors

New York

Attractive Christmas Gift Novelties

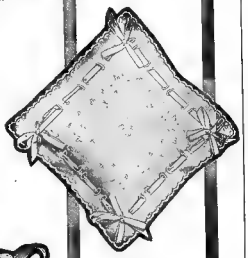
SELECTED BY KATHERYN MUTTERER

No. 12113—A work-bag for the needlewomen makes an acceptable Christmas remembrance. This one may be of white batiste with embroidery in dull red and green. Transfer pattern including three bags and hat-pin holder, price, 15 cents.

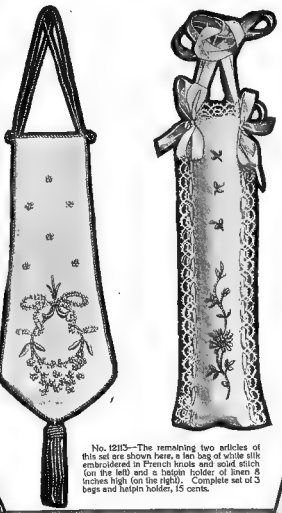
No. 12112—Pincushions are always useful, and it seems as if no housekeeper could have too many, especially when novel in shaping as is this one, which masks itself in the guise of a doll. Small pieces of attractive silk may be used for the dress, which is embroidered in rambler rose and leaf design, and trimmed with a quilling of satin or chiffon. Frills of inexpensive lace add to the charmingly bouffant effect. The design is 3½ inches high, and the transfer pattern includes not alone this but a round and square pincushion as well, which are illustrated below. Eyelet and solid stitch embroidery are employed in working out the second pincushion of this set (on the left) which is round, and is of white linen lawn over any preferred color. Lace insertion and edging with a snappy bow of satin ribbon give it quite a festive appearance. Transfer pattern is 4¼ inches in diameter. Exceptionally pretty is the third pincushion of this set (shown on the right), square in shaping, and worked in solid and outline embroidery on fine linen or nainsook. Very fat buttonhole stitch is required for the tiny scallops that edge the four sides, and for the sleeves through which soft satin ribbon is run to hold front and back together. The pattern is 6¼ inches square, and provides eyelets for both front and back. A pretty idea for a Christmas fair would be to dress a number of these pincushion dolls to represent the various countries. Or to show the development of costumes from the early classic Greek and Roman down through the Medieval, Louis XIV, First and Second Empire, right to our own times. Special emphasis could be laid on the grotesque or freakish features, such as the crinoline, the enormous Marie Antoinette head-dresses, the bustle, the hobble and slashed skirt. Dolls dressed in this way possess an educational value aside from any other feature, which should make them quick sellers. Transfer pattern containing three pincushions, price, 10 cents.

No. 12113—The second bag of this set is a charming heart-shaped work-bag 12 inches high, with an attractive and easily worked design in solid and satin stitches that may be done in teal green and old blue silk floss. Frills of narrow satin ribbon repeating the colors of the embroidery silk make a charming finish. Transfer pattern includes two work-bags, hat-pin holder and tan bag, price, 15 cents.

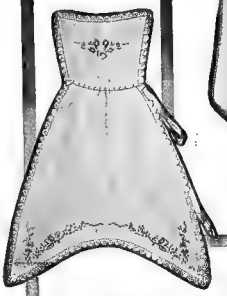
No. 12112—Nothing adds more to the attractiveness of a dresser than a dainty pincushion, and maid and matron both appreciate a gift of this sort. Embroidered by hand, it conveys to the recipient that personal touch of thoughtful fondness no bought present, no matter how beautiful, can give. The cost in both time and money is trifling, compared to the results attained. With the pincushion opposite and the doll pincushion which is illustrated so attractively at the center-top of the page, it forms a set. Transfer pattern, including the three designs, price, 10 cents.



No. 12112—Made of a sheer linen lawn, over colored satin, with ribbon to match, this dainty pincushion contributes a delightful note to the color scheme of the bedroom. It is square in shaping, and with the round cushion opposite, and the doll cushion at the top of the page, it forms a transfer pattern that is exceptionally good value for 10 cents. Voile or any other sheer material may be substituted for the lawn if preferred.



No. 12113—The remaining two articles of this set are shown here, a tan bag of white silk embroidered in French knots and solid stitch (on the left) and a hatpin holder of linen 8 inches high (on the right). Complete set of 3 bags and hatpin holder, 15 cents.



No. 12111—So many uses the housekeeper can find for fancy aprons, it is no wonder she likes to get them at Christmastide. This one of fine white voile, is embroidered in cross-stitch worked in red, pink and green cotton floss, and is edged with narrow linen lace. At the waistline, ribbon is threaded through lace beading to regulate the fulness. Transfer pattern, including apron and embroidery, price, 15 cents.

No. 11920—An old favorite is the Empire wreath combined with bow-knots. It may be applied effectively to this laundry bag of white piqué, with the embroidery worked in blue and brown or red floss. In the center of each rose are four crosses in dark blue. The design would be good on the ends of a buffet or dresser scarf. Transfer pattern, including diagram for working, 10 inches wide, price, 15 cents.

For a complete assortment of Embroidery Designs see The Embroidery Catalog Price, 15 cents, at all agencies, or 20 cents by mail from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

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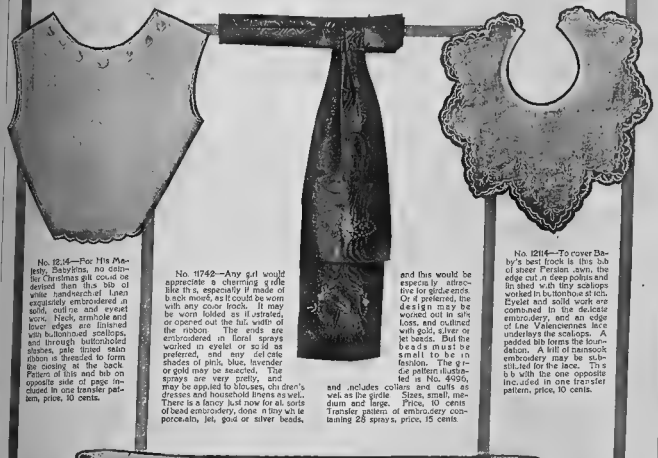
Suggestions for Home-Made Gifts

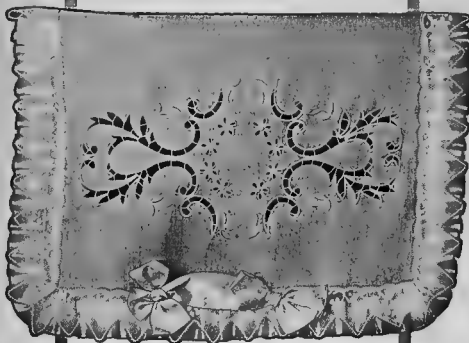
DESIGNS BY JUTTA HOYBERG



No. 12114—For Her Majesty, Babykins, no earlier Christmas gift could be devised than this bib of white handkerchief linen exquisitely embroidered in solid, outline and eyelet work. Neck, armhole and lower edges are finished with buttonhole scallops, and through buttonhole slashes, pale tinted satin ribbon is threaded to form the closing at the back. Pattern of this and bib on opposite side of page included in one transfer pattern, price, 10 cents.

No. 11742—Any girl would appreciate a charming girdle like this, especially if made of batiste muslin, as it could be worn with any color frock. It may be worn folded as illustrated, or opened out the full width of the ribbon. The ends are embroidered in floral sprays worked in eyelet or solid as preferred, and any delicate shades of pink, blue, lavender or gold may be selected. The sprays are very pretty, and may be applied to blouses, children's dresses and household linens as well. There is a fancy list now for all sorts of band embroidery, done in fine or coarse silk, jet, gold or silver beads, and this would be especially attractive for girdle ends. Or if preferred, the design may be worked out in silk floss, and outlined with gold, silver or jet beads. But the beads must be small to be in fashion. The girdle pattern illustrated is No. 4496, and includes collars and cuffs as well as the girdle. Sizes, small, medium and large. Transfer pattern of embroidery containing 28 sprays, price, 15 cents.

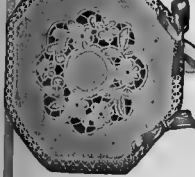
No. 12114—To rover Baby's best frock is this bib of sheer Persian lawn, the edge cut in deep points and finished with tiny scallops worked in buttonhole stitch. Eyelet and solid work are combined in the delicate embroidery, and an edge of fine Valenciennes lace underlays the scallops. A padded bib forms the foundation. A frill of nainsook embroidery may be substituted for the lace. This bib with the one opposite included in one transfer pattern, price, 10 cents.



No. 12110—The most fastidious bride-to-be could not but be pleased at receiving such a charming nightgown case. Transfer pattern, 15x83½ inches, price, 10 cents.

No. 12110—Of sheer linen lawn or handkerchief linen enriched by a charming design in Italian cut-work this nightgown case is dainty enough to hold the robe de nuit of the Fairy Queen. It may be lined if desired, and is finished all around with a full or pulling of satin ribbon, overlaid with fine Valenciennes or Lierre lace in Vandyke points.

The lace is fulled on, and care should be taken in turning the corners that enough fullness is allowed to prevent any puckering. The front edges are held together with satin ribbon matching the frill, and a couple of carelessly tied bows make a charmingly pretty finish. Lining and ribbon could be chosen to carry out the color scheme of the bedroom. Transfer pattern of the embroidery, 15x83½ inches, price, 10 cents.



No. 12109—Every good housekeeper likes pretty accessories for her bedroom. This pattern includes three designs in the fashionable cut-work, of which the glove case is shown above, with handkerchief case and pincushion below. Transfer pattern of the three designs, price, 15 cents.

No. 12109—At the left is a dainty handkerchief case of fine handkerchief linen, done in Italian cut-work, and edged all around with narrow linen or Valenciennes lace to match the glove case above and the pincushion opposite. The pincushion is a pretty oblong shape and is 7½x5 inches. The glove case is 14½x6½ and the novel handkerchief case, 9 inches wide. Transfer pattern of the three designs, price, 15 cents.

For a complete assortment of Embroidery Designs see The Embroidery Catalog. Price, 15 cents, at all Pictorial Review Pattern agencies or 20 cents by mail from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

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Gifts That Never Grow Old

There is added joy in the giving and receiving of gifts that never grow old. A fine ring—a W-W-W guaranteed ring—is a ring of beauty and a joy forever. Day in and day out—year in and year out—it keeps the memory of the giver fresh and constant.

No. 2858—Ladies' solid gold handsome Marquise ring with genuine pearls and cubic zirconia, sapphire, amethyst or topaz center. Price $10.

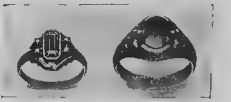
No. 3576—Ladies' solid gold fancy mounting cluster ring. Six genuine whole pearls and genuine garnet or any birthstone in center. Price $8.

W-W-W Guaranteed Rings

Mark this: Every W-W-W ring is of solid gold. No matter how much or how little you pay, every W-W-W ring is guaranteed. These rings are made in the world's most famous ring factory.

All Settings

Beautiful single and cluster settings for girls and women. Fine emblem settings for youths and men. Hundreds of styles to choose from. All the precious and semi-precious stones—all the birthstones. And a wonderful coral cameo ring for Mother—our own original idea, design and patent. Give Mother a ring.



No. 3548—Ladies' solid gold plain cluster ring. Four genuine whole pearls with fancy pierced sapphire, topaz or amethyst center. Price .. $7.50.

No. 2429—Gents' ring in genuine amethyst, topaz or garnet. Heavy solid gold mounting. Price $10.

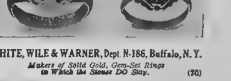
$3 Up

Think of it. A solid gold, guaranteed, gem-set ring for as much or as little as you wish to pay. Some priced as low as $3. Others at $4, $5, $10 and more. See the wonderful W-W-W Special at $5. Here, indeed, is the height of ring value.

Ask your jeweler to show you his large assortment of W-W-W rings. If there is no W-W-W jeweler near you, order direct. Send paper slip showing finger size. Enclose price as listed in this advertisement. We pay shipping charges. For hundreds of other ring styles to choose from, write us for free book that shows them all. You will find it interesting. It helps you buy.

No. 2866—Massive ring for gentlemen. Hand carved solid gold mounting. In genuine amethyst, topaz or garnet. Price .. $15.

No. 3550—Ladies' solid gold cluster ring. Four genuine whole pearls with amethyst, ruby, garnet, sapphire topaz or emerald center. Price $7.



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Makers of Solid Gold, Gem-Set Rings to Which the Stones DO Stay. (70)

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The Eagle will answer as sure as you're born!
He's bringing you Eagle Brand Milk as he flies
To make his boy healthy and happy and wise.

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She will tell you that years ago, when she was bringing up her own children, there was just one infants' food generally recognized as a safe substitute for mothers' milk. It was then, as it is now,

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For generations the absolute purity and cleanliness of Eagle Brand has never been questioned. More babies are fed on it today than on any other food, mothers' milk alone excepted.

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"Leaders of Quality"
New York

Games and Stunts for Boy Scouts

Giving a War Game and Telling About Scout Staffs

By DAN BEARD

PICTORIAL REVIEW boys are the leaders in the revolution which is now upsetting the old ideas of education. When I was a boy, the boys had knowledge forced into their heads through the medium of a rod laid on their backs, or more accurately speaking a ruler laid across the palm of their hands, and my, oh my! I can feel the sting of that ruler yet! Every time the cruel thing would come down "spat!" on a boy's hand, his foot went up behind like the dancers kick in the tango.

Fortunate in those days did not treat boys as if they had any common sense of their own, but took it for granted that we did not want to learn anything; and I must confess to you fellows that quite a number of us accepted the hint and tried not to learn. But this is all changed now, boys, the Boy Pioneers of America inaugurated a new system of treating the boys like intelligent human beings.

One of the best games for this new kind of a boy is the flag game; there is plenty of action in it and action is always popular with real boys. Also it takes some brains to play it successfully.

The Flag Game

DIVIDE your players into two parties, one small party to act as guards for the flag, the other party to act as the enemy. The object of the game is for the small party to protect the flag and win by capturing all of the attacking force; and the object of the large party is, by strategy, to seize the colors and bear them to their camp.

The more rugged and overgrown the play field is, the better it is adapted for the flag contest; the enemy establishes a camp as may be seen in the map of the field; they settle down in their camp while the other party steals away and plants the flag and then establishes a guard to protect it. To do this they are allowed a given time which varies according to circumstances, anywhere from five to twenty minutes. When the time is up, the attacking party hunts the trail of the flag party and cautiously tries to approach, discover and capture the flag. If one of the guards seizes the enemy and holds him long enough to repeat

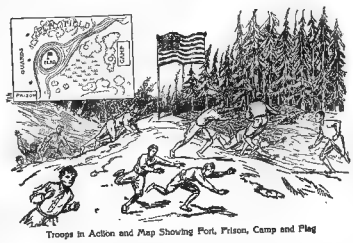
"Boone and Crockett, too,
I've got you."

he may lead his captive to the prison pen where the prisoner must stay until he is released by some of his comrades, which may be done by their tagging him in the same manner, if they can do so without being caught by the guard. The attacking party cannot capture the guards. They may capture only the flag and that must be taken from them by any guard who is lucky enough to catch them and repeat the aforementioned lines. If the attacking party once reaches their own camp with the flag, the victory is theirs, and if at any time the guards have three men in the prison pen, they can pick the best one out and he must join them in defending the flag.

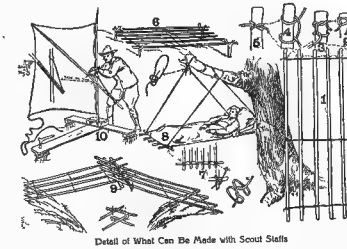
The number of guards depends upon the number of boys in the game. One may easily see that if the boys were equally divided into guards and enemy it would be next to impossible to capture the flag; and also that if the guards were too few, the flag would most assuredly be captured by a sudden rush of all the enemy bunched together and approaching in numbers too great to be tagged before the flag is captured. Three boys should be able to protect the flag in a concerted rush against six of the enemy.

As the enemy's ranks are thinned out it becomes more and more difficult for them to make a capture of the colors, consequently they must resort to strategy and therein lies the charm of this game. One crowd of boys that I know, planted their flag in a pond in the middle of a swamp; when the enemy discovered the flag they were at a loss how to capture it. This put the guards in so genial a mood that while laughing at their foe they neglected to keep a sharp look-out and, all of a sudden, a little runt of a fellow on the other side dashed out of the ranks, splashed through the water, grabbed the colors and disappeared into the thicket. When the colors were next discovered they were floating proudly over the camp of the enemy.

It may be necessary to put a time limit on the game, that is, to allow, a certain time in which to capture the colors. In fact, there are so many possible modifications which may be convenient because of the peculiarities of the play field that the readers will have to use their own common sense and experience to guide them in this matter. The flag game is not like football or basket-ball; the football field is carefully laid out and the gridiron marked with whitewash; but the flag game field is in the swamp, the mountain, the swale, the glade, the grove, the pasture, the park or the playground and consequently the rules must be modified to suit the location. The flag game is not only a game like prisoners' base, but it is a game in which woodcraft counts; a game where the scouts can follow the trail and discover the foe without being discovered themselves; where they can ambush the enemy and make their captures or be ambushed themselves and lose their standard; a game in which they can exercise their ingenuity in finding a place to plant their flag which is easily guarded and difficult to approach; in fact it has all the qualities necessary to make a bully, rip-roaring, healthful, vigorous, outdoor sport and just the kind to suit wide awake, red blooded chaps who read and study the boys' pages of this magazine.



Troops in Action and Map Showing Fort, Prison, Camp and Flag



Detail of What Can Be Made with Scout Staffs

New Uses for Scout Staffs

THE Scout staff carried by the Boy Scouts of England and America, comes from the vaulting pole of the Boy Pioneers of America, a description of which appeared in this magazine a number of years ago; consequently, it is most appropriate that the same magazine should publish some new uses to which these staffs may be put. The Founder of the Boy Pioneers has added to this article the accompanying diagrams showing how, by lashing a number of the staffs together, a swinging cot may be made or, by resting them on forked sticks a camp cot can be made or, by interlocking the ends a bridge may be made, or how two staffs may be used as a mast and sprit for a sail.

Fig. 1 shows the staffs lashed together from which may be made a swinging hammock, a cot or a bridge. Lash the first staff with the timber hitch beginning as shown by Fig. 2, ending as shown by Fig. 3; draw taut and add half hitch as in Fig. 3; draw this taut as in Fig. 1, run your line over to the next staff make two half hitches as in Fig. 4, draw taut as in Fig. 5; do the same with the next, the next and the next, but end the last one with a timber hitch as you began. Put a lashing of this kind at both ends and as many more in between as will be found necessary to knit your frame together properly. To make a cot bed of this, it is only necessary to rest the outside or marginal staffs in the crotches of four forked sticks as shown in Fig. 6. But to make a swinging hammock or cot it will be necessary to lash two cross sticks on to the staffs as shown by Figs. 7 and 8. The cot may be suspended from one branch as in Fig. 8 or it may have two supports like an ordinary hammock; with long ropes this also makes a good swing.

The staffs formerly used by the Boy Scouts were of ash and too smooth to make a bridge supported by the friction of its parts, that is the two rods which answer for the keys of the bridge under the protruding ends in Fig. 9 will slip on smooth rods, although they will hold the place securely on timber which still has the bark on it.

The new rods of the Boy Scouts are made of bamboo and cane which are even more slippery than the smooth ash rods, consequently the key bars must be lashed in place like those shown in Fig. 7 to prevent their slipping and destroying the bridge. The rods may be used in the same manner to make the roof of a shelter or shack, or they may be used as shown in Fig. 10 as a mast and sprit for a canoe, or rowboat or the Tom Thumb ice-boat invented by the writer and published in the "American Boys' Handy Book." If half a dozen of you get busy, you will have the shack or canoe made almost before you know it.

Boys Want To Learn

BY the way, to go back to what I mentioned in the earlier part of this article about treating boys like intelligent human beings—this was a system which was adopted by the Boy Scouts and is now forcing itself upon the schools and colleges of the country. It is democracy versus played-out monarchy, exactly the reverse of the old way. Now, they know that the boys want *to learn* and they help them to do it; then, they laid down a cast-iron plan which they thought necessary for the boys to follow and with birch switch and ferule tried to force them to do their bidding.

They know that live boys like good, husky games that develop brain and muscles. And the flag game is just this kind. It will sometimes take all the ingenuity and quick team work you can muster to keep a sudden rush of the enemy from capturing your colors.

You will have lots of fun making the staff articles. Study the diagrams and see how easily you can lash the staffs together for the hammock, the cot or the bridge.

We know that boys do not want anything that is immoral or wrong; we know that every boy would rather be honorable, square, courteous, brave and manly than to be dishonorable, dishonest and immoral; consequently we try to give them good husky games, good husky work and, God bless them, they like it.

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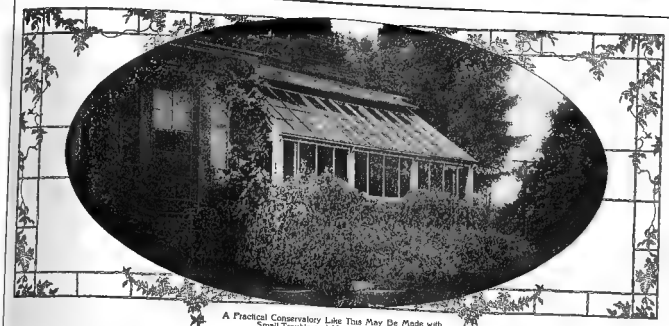
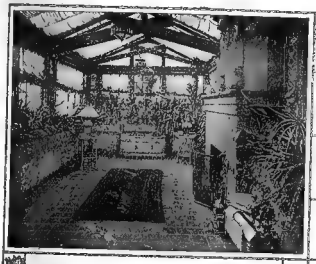


A Practical Conservatory Like This May Be Made with Small Trouble and Very Little Expense

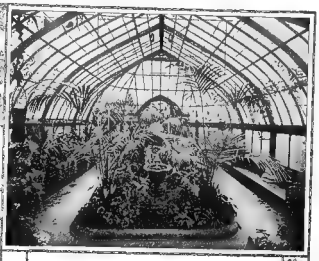
Have Your Garden All The Year Round

Various Styles of Home Conservatories Where Flowers Will Bloom in Spite of Winter's Wind and Snow

Photographs by F. F. Rockwell and Jessie Tarbox Beals



In Too Bright Weather the Curtains of This Glass Enclosed Veranda Give the Desired Shade; and on Dull Days, or Evenings, an Open Fire Is at Hand

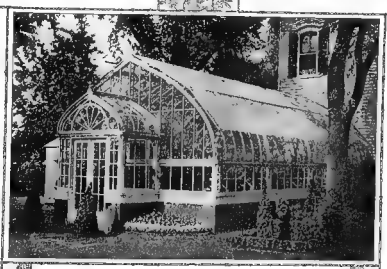


This Somewhat Elaborate Conservatory Gives an Idea of the Remarkable Number of Flowers and Plants Which May Be Grown in a Limited Space

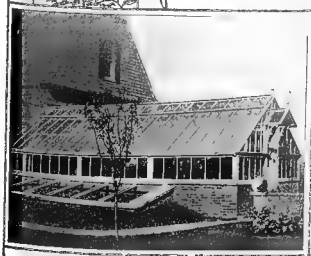
As you walk through your garden on a bright October afternoon, do you ever stop to think how soon Jack Frost will make a dreary ruin of all this beauty, and how much pleasure just a few of these well-loved plants of yours would give you through the long dull winter months, if you could save them?

Have you ever seriously considered the possibility of making a place where you could have them, or a comparatively large number of them, not merely "kept over" but in active healthy growth and bloom? Too many people seem possessed of the idea that a winter garden, a conservatory, is a luxury possible only to wealthy homes. As a matter of fact they may be had at a very reasonable cost, and from the business point of view, any home fitted up with an attractive conservatory is greatly improved in value.

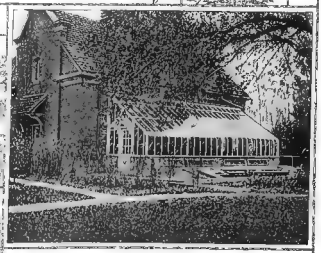
These photographs show different types of year-round gardens that may be added to any home with southern exposure, the cost varying according to the amount you want to spend upon them.



A More Pretentious and Expensive Type of Conservatory. Note Its Graceful Lines and the Neat Outside Entrance



Another Type That Is Not Quite so Ornamental but Every Bit as Satisfactory in Its Results



A "Built-on" Conservatory, Such as May Be Added to Almost Any Home with Southern Exposure

To Play The Game Well

—in sport or business, requires brains, steady nerves and endurance.

Strength of mind and body comes from food, but it must be the right kind—to keep one "fit."

Grape-Nuts
FOOD

Contains all the rich nutritive elements of wheat and barley, and easy to digest.

The experience of thousands has proven that Grape-Nuts supplies the right kind of nourishment, and is unequaled for making men and women strong and efficient.

The power of proper food is almost unlimited.

"There's a Reason"
for
Grape-Nuts

Sold by Grocers
—everywhere.

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Silver Plate that Wears
Time Tried Silver

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This Beautiful Initial Guest
TOWEL

This daring offer costs us a fortune. Yet we find this the quickest way to introduce into thousands of homes our celebrated R. M. C. Floss. This Hemstitched Towel No. 103 is a beauty; made of rich-figured, pure white union Huck, stamped in our latest French and eyelet butterfly design for embroidering. We are going to give thousands of these towels *free* to ladies who will send stamps to pay for postage and the exact materials necessary to start you embroidering it—*only 25 cents* in all. *You get*—
1 Towel as illustrated, size 18 x 27 inches.
1 Diagram Embroidery Lesson, sure guide.
1 Alphabet of Transfer Initials.
2 Skeins of white R. M. C. Floss.
1 Package of Assorted Embroidery Needles.
1 De Luxe Premium Art Book picturing 500 exquisite Embroidery Patterns given free for tags saved from Richardson's Floss.
Your 25 cents in stamps returned promptly unless you are delighted with this outfit.

Richardson's Mercerized Cotton Floss
has no equal for style, lustre and ease in working. Not affected by boiling—launders beautifully—guaranteed.

Write Today sending us your dealer's name and 25 cents. Then the Towel with entire outfit comes postpaid by return mail. Address without fail—
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Makers also of Richardson's Good Polo Spot Silk

Home and Household

Holding the Family Together

Helping the Worthy Poor To Help Themselves

By

RUBY ROSS GOODNOW

MR. BROWN is an average man. He is not able to fight against circumstance when his salary is twelve dollars a week and his family is six children and a wife. He cannot theorize on an undersized stomach. He cannot put away savings for a long old age, and yet from his standpoint he has done his best. He has kept his self-respect and he has held his family together. Yet through no fault of his own, he gradually becomes an economic problem. Unless his children are more fortunate than the average—and we are considering the average—he is "up against it" when he stops work. He is a tragic unit in that large, unconsidered class, the proud poor.

Mr. Brown, the average man, is paralleled by Miss Green, the average woman—the school-teacher or saleswoman or seamstress. Miss Green does her very best, but she is not able to save for a *long* old age, and her old age is apt to be as long as her working age. After the days when she is no longer needed in the workaday world, after her pitiful savings are exhausted, where can she go? To a Home? Not if she can help it! She isn't a pauper—yet—therefore there is no help for her from organized charity. Organized charity prefers the pound of cure to the ounce of prevention.

Perhaps you think this average man and this average woman, especially the woman, should be able to save more. Well, if conditions were ideal, she could. But it is a well-recognized fact that the average working woman has some one dependent on her for support. She may be any one of a thousand younger women with some brother or sister, or some other helpless relation, hanging to her skirts for help. She does well to pay as she goes, and saving is out of the question. Well-paid working women have the buoyancy of good clothes and ambition which keeps them well paid, but this average woman is numb with pride and poverty. She is so busy planning to make both ends meet at home that she considers herself lucky if she can stay in her rut at business. She has little chance for striking out on her impulses.

"Let Well Enough Alone"

SO it is with the man of large family; he cannot take chances when there are six children to feed and clothe, and he hangs on like grim death to the place he has, rather than look for a place which he would better fill.

The average large fund left for charitable purposes is in the hands of a body of trustees who know nothing of the actual needs of the poor. They employ trained social workers who are often cock-sure and condescending, often too young to have any understanding of the tragic troubles of the poor. They administer the fund in a mechanical way.

When organized charity was young there was, of course, much generous and spasmodic experimental work. So many frauds developed that the pendulum swung to the other extreme, and for the past ten years cry has been to investigate, to negative, to carefully consider each case rather than to act on the spur of the moment. The average trustees are now so afraid of pauperizing the poor by too prompt aid that they dole out suspicion instead of brotherly love. But that it is possible to give material aid and at the same time lessons in family loyalty and self-sacrifice is proved by the record of a certain unusual charity that has been notably successful in conception and administration.

It is not possible for me to give you the name and location of this unique charity, because the publication of real names and places would defeat the very purposes of the organization. Let us call the small city Sparta, and call the charity the Ripley Fund. Names are unimportant in this article, which purposes to present this unique charity and its workings as a possible organization for every town.

Five years ago Miss Mary Ripley, a young woman who had been most interested in settlement work and in the problems of the poor, died, leaving her property in trust to a certain church, the income to be used for the average man and woman of Sparta who might need aid and advice. Miss Ripley's earnest desire was to have this income ($10,000 a year) devoted to the relief of worthy families; her great idea was that the family must be conserved. This small property of hers was to be used in an experiment. She believed that by helping this unconsidered class of the poor, the average man and woman, she would help the dignity of the Family, and the spirit of the Community.

There were certain restrictions as to the use of this money: the beneficiaries were to be limited to female residents of Sparta who had reached the age of fifty-five years, and male residents who had reached the age of sixty-five years. These people were to be helped without regard to their religious views. The charity was to be administered as quietly as possible for the relief and encouragement of the silent poor.

A committee was appointed composed of four church members, two outside directors and the pastor, ex officio, as he naturally had his hands full of other people's troubles already. This board of seven members was to be legally responsible for the proper administration of the Fund, that was all.

And now comes the evidence of the strength and wisdom of the Committee: the actual working of the Fund was placed unreservedly into the hands of one woman, whom we will call Mrs. Page.

"I think," said Mrs. Page to me, "there is too little optimism in organized charity, and too much cold theorizing. The applicant for charity is in need of the aid he seeks or he would not be an applicant. It is my business to discover just what he needs and to meet his need." This is her belief after ten years of independent social work and five years in charge of the workings of the Ripley Fund.

Miss Green is an easy case for Mrs. Page, for this is so patently a case of helping her who would help herself. Miss Green is enabled to use her savings for her daily needs, assured that when the time comes the Fund will step in with the help she needs. Her relatives are glad to give her a place in their home for a small amount and her problem is solved happily.

Mr. Brown's case is more difficult. Mr. Brown, after twenty-five years' work in one factory, has a salary of fifteen dollars a week. He has managed to support and educate his children without outside aid, he has managed to fight the battle with high-priced rents and food and heat and light. He has managed to hold his family together—and happily—and life has seemed good. But tragedy knocks at the door: Mr. Brown develops tuberculosis.

When it becomes necessary to give up his position, Mr. Brown and his wife consent to see Mrs. Page, and finally agree to do as she says, and gradually find courage to tell their story.

Mrs. Page began by persuading them to allow her to go to see their minister, a Presbyterian, to see what their church could do for them. In the meantime, at her suggestion, Mrs. Brown read everything she could find on the treatment of tuberculosis and decided she could take care of her invalid at home. Mr. Brown was given a sunny corner room with several windows. The church to which they belonged agreed to furnish two quarts of milk and as many eggs a day. The Fund agreed to pay the rent until the case could be settled, and so the emergency was met.

But Mrs. Page's work had only begun. As soon as she felt that the family was trusting her absolutely and looking to her for every direction, she began quietly to urge it to allow its families to assist. She overcame every objection and interviewed the various relatives. It was not easy to patch up a family feud which had existed for twenty-five years, but it was done. The two families now meet on the common ground of their relatives in trouble and are helping themselves in helping to hold this family together. They were asked to help, if they thought it possible, and they did help. Through ideal cooperation with relatives and church, a definite plan was arranged whereby this average man may be assured a respectable old age with his family, instead of an embittered end in the Poor Hospital which he has so fearfully dreaded.

In her work with relatives, Mrs. Page does not ask for a lump sum; she prefers the weekly or monthly contribution, be it only a few pennies or a dollar, for in that way the various members of the family are kept interested. If a brother agrees to give one dollar a week he feels that he is helping, and his self-respect grows with his broadening social consciousness. If he is not able to give a dollar and promises to give it anyhow, Mrs. Page persuades him that he cannot afford this financial aid, and shows him how he may aid his relatives by other means. He finds that, no matter how poor he may be, he is able to help his own.

This is what Mrs. Page calls developing natural resources. In practically every case which she handles she brings relatives and friends and church into cooperation, and thus helps not only the applicants themselves, but every one whom the ripple of the case touches. Of the three hundred and thirty family problems she has had presented to her in five years, she found only one impossible of solution. She has met with singularly few difficulties in her relations with the community, though her work has often been among people who were so far from normal that endless patience and continued effort were necessary to make any headway. Each year the cases become more difficult to manage, because not only are there new emergencies to be met, but all the cases of the previous years are to be continued. The fund does much dole out food or clothes or money at regular intervals. It furnishes thoughtful planning and help and financial aid for as many years as may be necessary, often for the rest of the lives of the applicants, who are often victims of circumstances or of poverty as a condition rather than through any indiscretion of their own.

Mrs. Page has one aim, first and last and all the time, the conservation of the family. She will work for months on a case in order to bring about this union of relatives. When she feels that she has developed the consciousness of family responsibility, her fight is won—and she begins a new fight.

During the past five years three hundred and eighty applications have been received, and of these three hundred and thirty have been dealt with. Of this number one hundred and sixteen applicants were received during the first year, which shows that the applicants kept the strict secrecy they were asked to keep, instead of taking neighbors and friends into confidence.

A Surprise at Every Turn

IMAGINE the surprise of a family who applied for aid, in fear and trembling, being met with a pleasantly confidential request that they keep the workings of the Fund a secret! They come in fear of their own secrets being betrayed, and are requested to keep the secrets of the Fund. They are at once strengthened and buoyed up; they feel that they are actually helping in the administration of the Fund, as well as being helped thereby. They learn with surprise that there is a dignity in their own method of living and that this dignity must be preserved. They are gradually taught that unless they help themselves no charity can aid them. They are taught to drop the mistaken pride which would conceal hardships from their own blood and they find that the tie of blood is the strongest and most vital thing in life. They are educated while they are being aided. They learn that the woman in charge of the Fund believes in them, and they begin to believe in themselves.

Through this remarkable belief in people, this determined optimism, Mrs. Page has made this charity unique in America. Many social workers have told me they consider it the most helpful charity in the world, when they consider the great relief that has been effected by the work of one woman with so small a fund at her disposal. She has so developed the "unused resources" of the applicants who come to her that all the running expenses and salaries of the Fund are canceled, and she feels that every cent of the yearly ten thousand dollars goes into the work. She has developed cooperation with other societies and churches to a remarkable degree. Her aim is to help people to help themselves, and to help one another, and above all to realize the vital importance of the family relation and to hold the family together at any cost.

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Your Clothes in Order

Wardrobe Helps for Women Who Care

By MAY BELLE BROOKS

UNLESS you have been forehanded enough to carefully inspect, mend and clean last year's garments before consigning them to the safety of cedar and tar, an astonishing number of little imperfections will now confront you. All these demand immediate treatment if you are to retain your reputation as a well-groomed woman.

You hear of so many good ideas these days for renovating old clothes that a knowledge of them will help materially toward reducing the cleaner's bill. It is quite a mistake to send everything to the dry cleaners. Many fabrics besides the regular wash goods will stand tubbing. But of course, the washing must be done carefully and quickly to insure the best results. A woman with much patience and "elbow-grease" can render her cloth skirt like new by simply washing it in a warm lather of pure white soap (never rub the cake of soap directly on the cloth) to which has been added a teaspoonful or two of borax. Without allowing it to stand a moment to let the color run, rinse the skirt in soft water of the same temperature and wring it as dry as possible. Do not hang it out to dry but place at once on the ironing-board, cover with a piece of cheesecloth and press with hot irons until thoroughly dry. In order to keep the skirt from shrinking, before it is washed measure it on the board, marking a line at top and bottom and stretch the skirt to these lines each time it is moved in pressing, pinning it in place at both ends.

If you are loath to trust your cloth to the mercy of soap and water you may with safety substitute soapbark since it does no injury to either texture or color. Ten cents will purchase enough from your druggist to clean one skirt. Simmer the bark in one quart of water until reduced to a pint. After brushing all dust from the skirt, spread it on a table. Saturate a sponge with the liquid and thoroughly wash the garment, brushing from the band downward. Now dip the skirt in clear water several times until the last is unclouded. Without wringing or squeezing, hang on the line by the band and let it drip until nearly dry, then press until perfectly dry.

Perhaps your suit is of velvet. Then rub salt into every fiber of it and brush it out with vigorous strokes. Block magnesia rubbed in and left for several days before being brushed out is excellent for white or very light colored velvets.

SERGE and smooth finished fabrics are apt to show a little shine in the most exposed places, but rubbing hard with a cloth moistened with turpentine will tone down these spots. Another plan is to rub them lightly with sandpaper.

Here is an excellent formula for a cleanser which should be on every bathroom shelf ready to apply to a spot as soon as discovered. To equal parts of ether and alcohol add household ammonia in the proportion of one tablespoonful to a quart of the mixture. For very dirty woolen goods a quarter part of gasoline may be added, but of course the cleaner should then be used out-of-doors to guard against fire. Before applying any cleanser the dust should always be brushed out or a mud spot is apt to result.

It is also a wise plan to keep two salt bags filled with soapbark, one for dark fabrics, the other for light. All you will need for the rapid cleaning of any garment will be a bowl of warm water in which to dip the bag. Rub over any spots and wipe dry with a clean cloth. The soapbark may be used on silk, cotton, wool or felt and is especially useful in cleaning men's suits or the children's school wraps.

Furs demand always the very best of care. A good general cleanser is alcohol. Wet a whisk-broom in the liquid and brush the fur until saturated to the hide. Now sift thickly into it pulverized fullers' earth, cover and set aside for two days when a hard brushing and beating will bring out the powder and all the grime with it. If the furs are white, substitute talcum powder for the fullers' earth. Bran, flour, cornmeal or sawdust, well heated but not scorched, are all tried and true cleansing agents for furs of all kinds. It is best, however, not to use flour on dark furs.

If your coat has collar and cuffs of chinchilla or Persian lamb you may sponge them with equal parts of gasoline, alcohol and ammonia. For a furlined coat, spread on the table and scrub with a hot mixture of one cup of salt to four quarts of flour. Use a complexion brush, working in direction following the nap. Shake, and repeat the process, this time allowing the mixture to remain in the fur for a week before the final brushing and beating.

If your hat is of white felt there is little doubt but that it, too, stands in sore need of renovation. Gasoline and a fine grade of scouring soap have been highly recommended for this purpose. Or, mix magnesia and naphtha to a paste and rub into the hat. When dry, brush off and if not thoroughly clean, repeat the process.

Beaver or other fur hats will respond to hot corn-meal or oatmeal or if very greasy, powdered fullers' earth is about the best.

THERE are several good ways to clean white plumes. One of the simplest is to dip them in a solution of lump starch and cold water. Allow to dry and then shake and brush out the powder. Gasoline and powdered chalk is perhaps better if the plume is unusually grimy. In the case of colored plumes, gasoline alone should be used. To restore the curl, hold over a steaming kettle, afterward shaking over a hot stove to dry it. Avoid using a sharp-edged instrument for curling feathers as it cuts the fibers, but a blunt tool, such as a paper-knife, is safer, if slower. Moistening the fingers with olive-oil and gently rubbing upward will give new life to a bedraggled feather that has been in the rain.

It is scarcely worth while to renovate ribbons for a hat for here is one place where freshness counts; however, an exception may be made of velvet ones since they respond so readily to proper treatment. First, brush out all dust, then steam. To do this quickly and easily use the kitchen range when the fire is burning slowly. Place a wet cloth over the top and rub the velvet, face upward, over it. If the range is not available, heat a flat-iron and suspend it bottom upward between two other irons. Lay on a wet cloth and stretch the velvet back and forth until the pile is well raised.

If you have a black or dark colored gown of taffeta you can give it a new look by sponging on both sides with two quarts of cold black coffee and one tablespoonful of ammonia. Wipe dry with an old black stocking for if much of the solution be left in, the silk will be too stiff. If you are in mourning, constant care must be given to your entire outfit, for dull black shows dirt and dust more quickly than colors. Alcohol will prove your best friend in this case. Dip a black rag in the alcohol and go over your crape trimmings, and they will freshen up wonderfully. Wipe off all the little spots as soon as they appear.

Evening gowns furnish constant revenue for the dry cleaners but in most cases they may be successfully cleaned at home at small cost and little labor. Equal parts of powdered borax, salt and orris root is a fine cleanser for any delicate fabric. Sprinkle well and roll up and lay away for several days then shake and brush out all the mixture. Boric talcum applied with a soft complexion brush and used in the same manner is also good and there is always the essential gasoline for such things that require careful handling. I have been told that corn-meal or salt used with gasoline will leave no ring.

Among the minor articles of the toilet, gloves come first on the list of things requiring frequent cleaning. Chamois, everybody knows, may be washed in pure soap and luke-warm water, but a little olive-oil in the rinsing water will keep it soft. Black kid gloves like a dressing of ink and the white of egg. One forehanded woman keeps a tube of oil-paint the color of her gloves with which to touch up worn places. She also applies it to her leather handbags. Black suede shoes that are rusty looking need merely an application of lamp black to restore their duskiness, while patent leather flourishes on a diet of castor-oil, sweet milk or vaseline.

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There is no alum in Royal Baking Powder

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Ernest Edward Bradley
Madison, Wis.

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"Non-Nettle"

WHITE FLANNELS

Tousled Flannels cause irritation and suffering. Non-Nettle Flannels are made soft, smooth and long wearing without the ruinous teasing process. Therefore, no irritating nettles, no wash-boiling of yarn, nor disappointment after washing (26c to $1.00 a yd.) We sell direct to mother. Beware of substitutes and imitations. "Non-Nettle" is stamped every half yard on selvage. We do not sell to dealers.

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Write for 1915 CATALOG and receive coupon good on Mothers Purchase for baby's first garments that would cost $1.00 if bought separately. Write at once or save this advertisement.

The Lamson Bros. Co., 338 Summit St., Toledo, Ohio

The Mothers' Counsel

For Fresh-Air Babies

Comfy Ways of Living in the Open

By ALICE GRANT

FRESH air and sunshine are Nature's best and cheapest medicines. Give them to your baby. Instead of the out-door hour outing, make sure that the baby is out practically all the time. Let him sleep out day and night. The old-fashioned idea of sleeping with the windows closed "so we won't catch cold" is fast waning. Of course there are still many people who refuse to be convinced of the value of night air but the majority of mothers are waking up to the fact that in order to have healthy, happy children they must have plenty of fresh air at night as well as during the day. Many families are now sleeping outdoors, in tents or on sleeping porches. For the city home where space is limited as well as privacy, sleeping in the open has heretofore been almost impossible for Baby.

The window porch solves the problem of outdoor sleeping for the children. It is practically a portable porch built large enough to accommodate either a single or double bed and can be fastened outside any window. The frame is of steel and is so built that it can be easily screened for summer use. It has a substantial flooring of wood. The sides and top are protected by curtains which are in two parts, one covering the tent-like top and the other skirting the sides at the base.

BOTH of these are adjustable, like awnings, so that they can be raised or lowered to suit the winds. In addition the lower curtain has three ventilators composed of openings which are protected by tiny awnings. These are always open but as the awnings extend below the openings made in the skirting, there is no direct draft although perfect ventilation is provided. The curtains of the porch are made of heavy khaki cloth especially adapted to severe weather tests. Despite the somewhat elaborate structure the window porch is not heavy; usually it weighs from one hundred and forty to three hundred pounds and an ordinary house wall will stand it. The attachment is simple and is made with turnbuckles or bolts according to the structure of the wall to which it is attached. The idea is that you walk out of your window into a screened bedroom in which the air can never grow stale. For day and night sleeping for the baby it is an ideal spot, shaded and guarded and safe.

Another ideal sleeping place is offered by a new kind of hammock. This hammock is made with a strong canvas bottom with sides of an open weave cotton material which lets in the air. It has no bars, no wood and no metal in the hammock proper. It has four stout cords suspended from each end and these fasten to a small metal triangular catch. All that is needed to hang it are two hooks to hold the catches. It is most practical for the young baby as the sides are only eleven inches high and, until he is old enough to climb, it is impossible for the baby to come to harm. The mother who is clever, however, will turn it to use for the child when he is older by hanging it so low that if the exploring youngster decides to climb out he will not have far to fall. This new hammock is so inexpensive and so easily moved that it will accompany many a household on short trips in both Winter and Summer as a temporary crib. It folds almost flat and may be placed in the bottom of a trunk, taking up scarcely any room.

The baby yard is a tried indoor friend. Why not use it outdoors? One of the new yards is circular and is composed of slats set in crisscross pattern, the corners of the slats being rounded to prevent possibility of injury. When outlapsed the slats fold close together and the yard makes a good umbrella stand. When open it covers a circumference of fifteen to twenty-five feet according to the size. For outside use there is sold with it a flooring or a combination lining and hammock bed which converts it into a safe play yard for the lawn or into an outside sleeping crib.

The old-fashioned square yard can also be fitted with a new canvas bottom which makes it safe as an out-of-door pen. The best of these yards are hinged so that they fold perfectly flat when not in use and occupy a very small space.

The mother who has ingenuity enough to save herself labor will fasten the baby's toys about the top of the play yard by means of cords long enough to be handled comfortably. This means they are never lost and when the yard is put away for the night the toys are folded inside and not littered all over the house for the tired mother to stoop and pick up. Both of these yards are moderate in price and the small investment is nothing compared to the relief from worry and care they give to the mother.

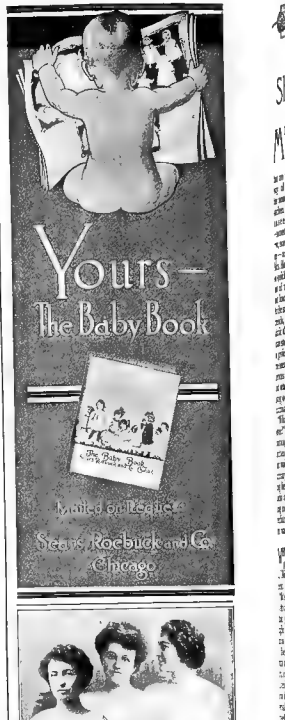
The collapsible porch gate is another valuable friend. After the children graduate from the baby yard and demand more space for play, the porch gate should be brought into service. These gates will fit almost any porch which has an ordinary doorway as they open to a width of six feet. They are easily opened by a grown person and when not in use may be collapsed to fifteen inches and pushed back against the side rail of the porch thus taking up very little space. With a gate of this sort the mother can go about her work and not be obliged to run to the door every minute to see if the children have fallen down the steps. Having a porch gate not only saves the mother many steps during the the day but many a heartache, as it is these little falls which cause serious trouble as the child grows older.

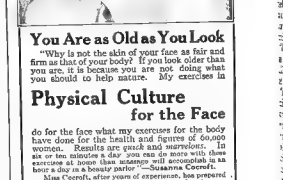
One of the most important features of the baby's daily airing is the outing, but outing times are limited unless a mother has an up-to-date equipment. For all baby authorities will tell us that babies must not be exposed to direct sunlight, nor to sharp winds, nor to rain and few days can be guaranteed not to produce one of these. For very weather the coach may be equipped with windshields. These are made of leather and are easily attached to any coach. The front shield is made with a little celluloid window which is especially nice when Baby is sitting up as he can see everything that is going on and at the same time be protected from Jack Frost's icy tongue. The leather shield also protects Baby from rain and unless the storm be unusually severe keeps him perfectly dry and secure.

When the baby is lying down, the rear wind-shield keeps off the wind from the back. This also has a little window through which the mother may watch the baby and see that he does not become uncovered. With the front hood pulled well forward and the rear shield attached, the baby is very well protected from the slightest wind. There are rear wind-shields also made of corduroy but these have not the little window.

FOR the mother who travels or one who has to take Baby with her when she does her shopping, walking and so forth, there is a new reclining basket which is a great convenience. This basket is made of wicker and leather and has four separate uses—go-cart, high chair, bassinet and jumper. It can be taken into crowded trains, cars, elevators, in fact anywhere his mother goes without taking him out of the basket. Wheel the cart along and instantly to get into the car, pull the cord and the wheels settle into the concealed pockets and the baby is sitting in a comfortable chair. Put your arm through the handle at the top, step on the car and seat the precious bundle beside you. If the "littlest" heir is sleepy, press a button and the back will move far enough to insure a comfortable reclining position and the foot rest will move forward. The basket is constructed with long flexible springs which prevent all jolts and jars. It is also provided with a hamper on the back for carrying the baby's toilet articles and has an extra cover which entirely protects both it and the baby in bad weather. As a supplementary coach for long journeys or for all-day jaunts it meets a long-felt need.

Only mothers who have traveled hundreds of miles with Baby persistently trying to slip from their arms or fall off the car seat, can fully appreciate what a wonderful strength, patience, and yes, *baby* saver, this combination go-cart, high chair, bassinet and jumper really is. Taking Baby a-visiting becomes a real pleasure as the mother has no fear of sending her hostess garretward in search of a long unused high chair.





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Shining Silver and Glass

Many New Ways of Doing an Old Task

By FRANCES C. DAWSON

MRS. MACHIN was a chronic "back-door visitor." She had an uncomfortable way of running into her nearest neighbor's kitchen at all sorts of unseemly hours—sometimes to borrow, sometimes to gossip—and sometimes, Mrs. Howard suspected, because she was so quick with her housework and got it out of the way so early she simply did not know what else to do with herself. At the same time the two women were fast friends, and Mrs. Howard was forced to admit that Mrs. Machin generally knew what she was talking about when it came to giving advice on household matters. She seemed to keep abreast of the newest devices and preparations for doing work, and when she commented on what was going on her criticism was pertinent and illuminating.

"What on earth are you doing to your silver?" Mrs. Machin exclaimed one morning as she burst into Mrs. Howard's kitchen in her characteristic way, without waiting for a response to her preliminary knock. Mrs. Howard was sitting before a table with her entire silver outfit assembled about her, busily rubbing each piece with a powder, and immediately plunging it into a dish-pan of hot water.

"WHY, what is wrong about this polish? My mother always used it," Mrs. Howard exclaimed in astonishment.

"It's a good enough polish, if you like to do all that work," said Mrs. Machin, "but you're not doing it right. You ought to let the powder dry on—every bit is dissolved in that dish-pan before it does its work. Put it on the silver with a moistened cloth, and when it is dry, rub it with a soft cloth. And you haven't any brush. A soft tooth-brush or a discarded typewriter brush is indispensable to get the powder out of the raised work. Then when it's all polished, dip it in your scalding hot water to clean it for table use, rub it again, and it will remain bright twice as long."

"Well," Mrs. Howard said, "I suppose I was in a hurry and thought I could leave out one rubbing. My cook used to do it this way."

"Yes, I know, servants always do. But if you are in a hurry there are quicker ways to clean the silver. One way is to get one of those chemically treated cloths for twenty-five cents—the kind that have jewelers' rouge impregnated in the fabric—and simply take it wherever your different pieces are kept, and give them a good rubbing. You don't use water or powder or anything else; but I advise you to wear a pair of old cotton gloves while you are using any preparation that cleans silver—just look at your hands this minute! Of course after any kind of cleaning, silver should always be rinsed in hot water before it is used for food, but this cloth leaves no trail of dust or white powder in its wake and you can do the washing part of the work later on when it is convenient——"

"I have a friend who used a silver soap of a reddish color," reflected Mrs. Howard. "I suppose that has jewelers' rouge in it, too."

"I know about that preparation," Mrs. Machin returned. "I have used it, and it gives very good results."

A day or two later, Mrs. Machin was again at Mrs. Howard's back door, with something in each hand. "Here, my dear," she said breathlessly, "I've been looking up silver cleaners for you. If you still want to rub something on and off your silver, I have a silver paste which works splendidly with less elbow effort than soap or powder. It is not new, for my aunt used it years ago. But it's just as well to know the value of all kinds of household assistants, for every store seems to carry a different line of these preparations, and in one city you often find it impossible to get what is sold in another. I don't know of anything in the whole range of housekeeping on which women differ so much in their methods as in this silver polishing work, unless it is in cleaning glass of all sorts."

"What is that pan in your other hand for?"

"Oh, I wanted you to see this particularly. It is a pan for brightening and cleaning the silver. It's one of the hurry-up methods—and it's fine, too. The pan has been treated in some way to respond to the baking-soda you drop into it—yes, just common bi-carbonate of soda—and when you put your silver on this rack and cover it with the hot water in which the soda is dissolved, it does its own cleaning. All you have to do is to take the silver out and dry it, no fussing or brushing or anything."

Mrs. Howard was very much interested. "How do you clean your windows?" she suddenly asked, after examining the pan carefully. "I have always used a special scouring soap which would not scratch, for windows and mirrors—one that had to be rubbed on, allowed to dry, and then rubbed off. My mother always said there was nothing else equal to it—and the glass certainly does shine. Come up to see an old mirror I've just cleaned with it. My husband picked it up at an auction because it has such a cute oval shape. The glass was so dirty you couldn't see in it, but it's clear as can be now, and Fred is going to regild the frame."

"Isn't it a dear! You certainly did get a bargain. I love those old-fashioned mirrors."

"So do I. I've wanted one for a long time, but the antique shops charged so much for them that I've just waited until Fred could get one at auction," laughed Mrs. Howard, as they went down-stairs.

"By the way," put in Mrs. Machin, "Did you know that that scouring soap you mean also comes in powder form now? It's much easier to use a powder in the bathroom, or for any large porcelain surfaces."

"No, I didn't. I must get some. But I have come across a new way of cleaning windows and wondered if you knew about it. You're always so up to date."

"Is it ammonia? That's all I ever use—cloudy ammonia, the old-fashioned kind. It does the work well, leaves no traces of itself in the corners of the glass and seems to purify the whole room where it has been used. And for cut glass there's nothing equal to it. I put a tablespoonful into a dish-pan of fairly hot water, plunge in my vases and other pieces, scrub them with a little stiff nail-brush, and they almost dry themselves—the cutting glistening like diamonds. The water must not be too hot or the glass will crack. I think ammonia is just as good for the mirrors, the glass shades on the lights, and for all the miscellany of household glassware outside of the ordinary dishes. I shake up pure ammonia with a small amount of shot to clean my cruets and decanters."

"No," said Mrs. Howard, "it's a cloth. No doubt it's a cousin of your silver cleaning cloth—only treated for glass. My husband brought it home the other night. He was talking to some one down at the garage about your silver polishing cloth, and they wanted him to try this for the wind-shield on his automobile. It's so troublesome to him to fuss with water and rags and cleansers, and the shield is always getting too spattered and specked to see through. He can keep this little cloth in his tool-box and just rub off the shield whenever he wants to."

"THAT sounds fine," agreed Mrs. Machin. "How much is it? A quarter? I believe Mr. Machin would like something of the sort to keep his show-cases and plate glass windows clean." (Mr. Machin was a prominent druggist on the main street of the town.) "I just now he says the most satisfactory thing he has ever used is a paste made by boiling one part of pure white soap to ten parts of water, and adding a tablespoonful of coal oil for each quart, also a pinch of bluing. He says the boys that help around the store get the best results with it. But he keeps my rag bag devastated all the time, and if he had one of these cloths he wouldn't have to."

"Every one to his taste," laughed Mrs. Howard as she went to the door with her friend. "I certainly ought to shine this week. I've heard about powder and jewelers' soap and silver cream and polishing cloths and cleaning pans for my silver—ammonia, soap paste, scouring cakes and a special cloth for my glassware."

"I believe there are still more ways of doing the work easily if we only knew about them. I'll let you know if I find any," answered Mrs. Machin.

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Home and Household

When Coffee Is Best

How To Prepare This Modern Nectar

By SARAH LEYBURN COE

IF attractiveness of service has anything to do with it, then it really seems as if there is no longer any excuse for poor coffee. The breakfast table, the breakfast tray and the after-dinner coffee tray are provided with entire sets, separate servers, percolators and coffee-making machines of all sorts, in such a variety of attractive forms that you fairly yearn to become a coffee fiend if only for the sake of using some of them.

Unfortunately, however, the appearance of the pot has nothing to do with the quality of the contents, and a silver and cut glass percolator may turn out coffee that a battered old tin pot would be ashamed to own. The three essentials of good coffee are freshly boiled water, freshly ground coffee, and a perfectly clean receptacle in which to make it.

While the first and last are simply a question of a little care and attention, the second requires the constant use of a coffee-grinder. Before investing in an expensive percolator or coffee set therefore, one should invest in a grinder and not depend on coffee that is ground at the grocer's and is certain to lose its strength. The most satisfactory grinder is one that can be screwed to the wall and has an air-tight compartment for a pound or more of coffee, which can be ground as needed.

GIVEN the three requisites for making good coffee, the method is largely a matter of preference. There are some housekeepers who still keep to the old way of boiling coffee and clearing it with egg, and for a delicious beverage this is hard to improve upon. Drip coffee seems to be used more extensively than ever, doubtless because it is easy to make, and the results are more certain. There are consequently drip coffee-pots and percolators in the greatest variety of different styles. With the ever increasing use of electricity in the household the electric percolator seems to be rather to the front just now, and it is made in the French model with the glass globe and faucet arrangement for drawing off the coffee, or in the American model that is shaped more like the regulation coffee-pot, with a small glass dome at the top into which the boiling liquid is sprayed.

Where electricity is not to be had the alcohol percolator is quite as practical, and the American model is also made in a form that can be used on any gas or coal stove. While the general design and the method of using the different percolators is much the same, whether with electric current or alcohol lamp, there are various distinctive features that serve to make the newer models more attractive and rather more useful. Some of the more expensive ones have cut glass globes that can be bought separately and replaced if broken; while quite the newest percolator has a receptacle made of white porcelain ornamented with a design in copper deposit, put on in much the same way that silver deposit is applied on glass. Still another novelty is an octagon-shaped Colonial model that is tall and slender and quite suggestive in its graceful lines of the old-fashioned coffee urn.

Then there are various devices for regulating the length of boiling time and preventing accidents. The electric percolator can be fitted with a plug that shuts off the current automatically if the coffee has by any oversight boiled away. Another style is so arranged that when the coffee has boiled sufficiently the steam escaped and makes a curious whistling noise that acts as a warning.

The individual percolator is a French utensil that is not extensively used in this country, despite the fact that a single cup of delicious coffee can be made without waste or trouble. It can be had in either silver plate or copper, and consists of a metal receptacle fitting over the top of a glass that in turn fits into a metal holder. The receptacle is a miniature percolator, with perforated bottom and a separate piece also perforated, that insures the even distribution of the hot water over the ground coffee. In making the coffee, a little measure that fits in the top is filled with finely-ground coffee which is put into the metal receptacle with the separate piece over it. Freshly boiled water is poured on, and as soon as it has percolated into the glass the coffee is ready, or if unusual strength is desired it can be poured through three or four times.

Coffee servers and sets for the breakfast tray or the single cup of breakfast coffee are to be had in prettily decorated china, silver, copper and Sheffield plate, and in a seemingly endless number of attractive designs and shapes. Probably the most useful of these sets, certainly the most ingenious, is the little three-in-one service that is especially designed to occupy small space on the breakfast tray. The little cream pitcher fits into the top of the coffee-pot and a receptacle for sugar fits into the top of the cream pitcher, so that when in place the whole thing appears to be only a coffee-pot with a rather complicated top, but when separated the pieces form a complete coffee service for one person. These sets come in inexpensive china, as well as in plain or elaborately engraved silver.

One of these individual sets would make a most delightful gift for an invalid—provided she be allowed coffee, or for a bachelor girl doing light housekeeping. The addition of an initial or monogram would, of course, give an even more individual touch. In fact, there are all sorts of gift possibilities in these various sets. Any bride would be delighted with one, while the woman who is beginning to plan her Christmas gifts will discover among them some one that will just suit her pocketbook and taste.

For serving *café au lait* there are pairs of Sheffield plate pots, one for coffee, the other for the hot milk. They are alike, except that the handles are on different sides, one intended for the right hand, the other for the left, so that the coffee and milk can be poured into the pot together, a necessity for the proper serving of this Continental beverage.

It is for the after-dinner coffee service however, that the most fascinating sets of all are made. The custom of serving the coffee in the drawing-room after dinner instead of at the table is one that has come into general favor, and deservedly so, for it savors of informality, and provides a leisurely conclusion to a good dinner, whether elaborate or otherwise. These sets are to be had in every imaginable form, from the mahogany or wicker stand that has several shelves fitted out not only with coffee things, but liqueur glasses and a complete smoking outfit, to the little tête-à-tête set with its tiny pot and pair of inexpensive porcelain cups.

In spite of the fact that most persons prefer their after-dinner coffee black, sugar bowls and cream pitchers are included in practically all of the sets, the single exception being some new sets of French china that have besides a large circular tray of china, only the coffee server and half a dozen cups and saucers. French percolators in copper or silver are used in place of servers in some of the sets, and these have trays to match, with little metal holders for the cups, the whole forming a most attractive service either for after-dinner coffee or for use at an afternoon function.

ONE of the newer forms of the after-dinner coffee service has a tray made of a perfectly flat piece of thick glass or highly polished wood with handles at each end, and with metal trimmed sunken places for the coffee set which is of exquisitely decorated china in a Dresden pattern. The smaller of these sets have no saucers, only places for the cups, coffee server, sugar bowl and cream pitcher, and the handles of the tray are little bars of the china in metal holders. The larger sets have trays set one above the other on a brass stand, and there are holders for saucers as well as for the other pieces.

There is no reason why coffee should not be served in the living-room or drawing-room as a usual thing and not on special occasions only. It is really less trouble and much more comfortable, for the table can be cleared sooner and there is no hurried drinking of hot coffee in order to get through dinner on time. Nor is an elaborate or expensive set at all necessary. If you have a tray of brass or copper, a coffee server and some pretty, inexpensive cups, the coffee will taste just as good and the effect will be just the same as when a handsome set of silver and the finest porcelain is used.

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Before Furnace Time

Practical Heating Devices for the Home

By MAY DENTON

THIS is the most tantalizing season of the year," remarked a busy housekeeper in the early Fall. "Yesterday morning it was so cold and wet that I persuaded John to light the furnace fire. Then to-day it has turned warm and sunny again, and the house is hot."

"Well, I wouldn't shiver and shake in the chilly mornings, or roast with a furnace fire at midday if I lived here," returned her friend. "You have electric current so why don't you buy an electric radiator? They are wonderfully convenient for both Winter and Summer."

"But they are so expensive, both to buy and to operate," objected the other.

There are plenty of women just like this one who do not keep abreast of the times, who keep house in the hard, old-fashioned way. They do not realize that all household inventions are being improved upon from year to year, and devices which once sold for exorbitant prices are now well within the purse possibilities of the average home keeper.

"You are mistaken, my dear," her friend contradicted. "They cost little more in the first place than gas or oil-stoves, and do not consume an excessive amount of current if used with care."

Investigation proved she was right, and now John turns on the switch and warms the room, instead of shoveling coal for a furnace fire which was needed for only a few hours. The radiator they selected was one of the luminous type, with two large frosted lamps placed before a polished copper reflector to radiate the heat. The lamps were mounted on an ornamental base, and were primarily designed to give off heat, burning with only a soft ruddy light.

THERE is another style of electric radiator which has metal heating coils, all the current being converted into heat without any illumination. It is a trifle less expensive and lighter in weight than the luminous kind, but not so ornamental in its finish. All electric radiators have certain good qualities in common, for electric current will not vitiate the air and burns without flame, smoke or ashes. Either of these radiators can be used with the current provided by an ordinary lamp socket.

Homes which depend upon gas instead of electricity for lighting have even a wider choice of heating appliances for temporary use. Gas-logs are popular, and some of them such excellent imitations that it takes several glances to convince yourself that it is not a real old-fashioned wood fire crackling on the hearth. There is no denying the fact, however, that they consume gas in considerable quantity, and that a certain amount of heat escapes up the chimney. A flat asbestos heater is to be had, which entirely fills the fireplace opening, and is more economical to use. It burns with a steady glow without any leaping flames, and all the heat is reflected into the room without any loss.

In the dining-room of a friend's new home, I saw recently a very practical and attractive fireplace heater. It looked exactly like a neat, well-designed stove placed in the fireplace opening, with the cheery gleam of coals shining through the grate. Back of this grate was the gas burner, lighting up the irregular bits of glass which represented the coals and giving out a fine heat. A warming closet just over the flame furnished a handy place to warm the dinner plates. Not a particle of odor was noticeable, as the white or illuminating flame of the burner was of the same odorless quality as the gas-jet of the chandelier. Though in this instance the heater was in the fireplace opening, it does not require a flue, but may be set against a wall in a mantel designed for ornament only, or in a "dead" chimney.

Any fireplace heater naturally calls for special piping and mounting, and is stationary. You cannot move it from the dining-room when that is not occupied and the family is shivering in the library. You may put up a gas-stove anywhere that there is a gas-jet, and live in comfort.

Gas-stoves have been on the market a long time. The newer stoves are specially planned with the object of giving out the greatest amount of heat with the least proportionate consumption of gas, and to eliminate, as far as possible, all insanitary gases.

One model has a flue and air chamber to give free air circulation. All odors and gases from combustion escape, and only pure, freshly heated air is discharged into the room. Then there is reflector of bright copper at the back, that both light and heat are reflected in a cheerful fashion throughout the room. One variation of this model has oval ends providing a larger flue to draw the cold air from the floor, thus increasing its efficiency. A wire dress-guard is a wise addition to the open front heaters, as it removes all the risk of dress or draperies catching fire from the flame.

Gas-radiators, constructed from groups of cylinders in the form of steam-radiators are also good heaters. They come in different heights to fit in certain spaces; and some have a pleasing bronze finish.

Perhaps the most recent thing in gas-stove lore is the use of a perforated metal cone, set over a blue flame burner to generate the heat. Stoves fitted with this heating cone are made in many designs; some round, some square, and some broad and shallow to set against the wall or fireplace. The fronts and sides are open, or they are perforated to allow the heat to escape.

The housewife who hesitates at the price of a good gas or electric heater, can well afford the small cost of a simple heating device which is powerful enough to warm any room of moderate size. This little article is made of a globe of sheet brass, and is to be fitted directly above the gas-burner by a small tripod. It consists of an inner and an outer dome, the outer one perforated to admit the cold air. The inner dome becomes hot, warms the air drawn through the perforations, and forces it out into the room. Where there is a shade or a mantle burner over the gas-jet, it need not be removed as it is possible to adjust the heater with them.

This device can be placed over the chimney of an oil lamp with a round or duplex burner, and will work equally well. A single flat wick, however, is scarcely large enough to give satisfactory results. Great care should also be given to trimming the wick evenly when this little heater is used as this precaution means a more even distribution of the heat.

OTHER small heaters of this sort are equally inexpensive. One very simple affair is umbrella-shaped and rests on a tripod over the flame, concentrating and radiating the heat. Still another fits closely to the burner, using the flow of gas entirely for heating, without giving any light. This is conical instead of round in shape.

Oil-stoves are known to almost every one, but not all are familiar with the improved kind which burn with a clear blue flame. These have oil-tank and burner so carefully constructed that they will not smoke, nor give off unpleasant odors if properly cared for. Nor need you feel any fear of fire with a reputable make of stove. A good oil-heater, used with ordinary precaution, is just as safe as any other kind.

With any of the oil or gas-heaters in a room, care should be taken to insure ventilation. The flame, consuming the oxygen, soon makes the air unhealthful if there is not free circulation. It is an easy matter, however, to keep the atmosphere pure as a very small opening will admit fresh air without causing a draft.

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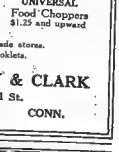

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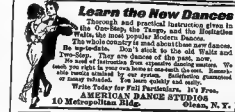

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The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(687)

The Cookery Department

Keeping Down Expenses

Tempting Recipes That Nourish and Satisfy

By ELLA NEWTON

THE stay-at-home woman has opportunities of making money, but she can often save money in her household management, which amounts to the same thing. In the kitchen, perhaps, is found the greatest waste, because of the excessive price of many foodstuffs. It's really surprising how a little daily economy counts up during the year. Here are some recipes well worth trying, all of them appetizing, savory and very inexpensive.

Meat, of course, is always the big problem, but you will find that Stuffed Onions or a savory salmon dish will make an excellent substitute.

Stuffed Onions

6 Large Onions
½ Cupful of Milk
1 Egg Yolk
1 Cupful of Cooked Ham

BOIL the onions in salted water until tender but not broken. Remove the centers and chop these with the ham, seasoning the mixture to taste. Add the beaten yolk of the egg and enough of the milk to moisten. Fill the onions with these ingredients, put a piece of butter on top of each onion, pouring the remainder of milk over it, and place in the fireless roaster or oven. Bake for about forty minutes.

Salmon with Rice

1 Cupful of Rice
1 Can of Salmon
Milk
Drawn Butter
Seasoning

COOK until flaky and tender one cupful of rice; season with salt, milk and butter and put into baking dish; remove the skin from the salmon and put in the rice. Cover all with a drawn butter sauce, place in the oven for a few minutes and serve.

EVERY wife and mother knows the wonderful food value contained in lentils, and the reason they are not seen oftener on the average family table is that few American women know how to cook them properly. Try any of these three recipes, reduce your butcher bill and at the same time improve the nerves and strength of your family.

Stewed Lentils

1½ Cupful Lentils
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1½ Teaspoonful Salt
Teaspoonful Pepper
1 Teaspoonful Sugar

SOAK lentils overnight, drain, rinse, cover with boiling water and cook slowly for one and one-half hours. Drain again, return to kettle, add seasoning, let become very hot and serve.

Lentil Purée Soup

1½ Cupful Lentils
6 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1 Small Onion
½ Bunch Celery
2 Teaspoonfuls Sugar
1 Cupful Milk
6 Tablespoonfuls Flour
Salt
Pepper

THE lentils should be soaked overnight in cold water. Wash, drain and simmer till soft in three pints water, adding water as it evaporates to keep it always the same quantity. Cut celery and onion fine, sauté slowly until tender in one-half the butter, and add to soup. When all are perfectly soft, rub through purée sieve, add seasonings, the butter and flour rubbed together and the cream. Let boil up once and serve with buttered toast. It is a great mistake to serve such a soup as this for anything but a main course, for a family cannot eat any more proteid than this contains without producing nausea. It should be followed by a fruit or green vegetable salad, and with corn-starch or other light pudding for dessert.

Lentil Croquettes

1 Cupful German Lentils
1 Cupful Cooked Rice
1 Egg Yolk
1 Teaspoonful Minced Parsley
1 Teaspoonful Salt
¼ Teaspoonful Pepper
Celery Salt
Onion Juice
Nutmeg

AFTER soaking the lentils overnight, wash thoroughly; drain, add the celery, cover with boiling water and cook until the centers are tender. Drain, and rub through a colander. Add the rice, egg and the seasonings, cool and form into balls. As the mixture should be soft, the shaping of the croquettes calls for a delicate touch. Dip in dried bread-crums, egg and crums and fry in fat hot enough to brown a bit of bread in forty seconds. Serve with celery or tomato sauce. The housewife who is fond of fried foods will find these lentil croquettes unusual and delicious. They should be used as the main course, preceded by a clear meat soup and followed by a salad and starchy food.

RICE and beans, perhaps, come second in food value and cheapness and there are many delicious ways of utilizing them.

Rice Au Gratin

2 Cupfuls of Boiled Rice
½ Cupful of Cheese
1 Cupful of Milk
1 Tablespoonful Butter
1 Tablespoonful Flour
2 Small Onion
½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Cupful Bread-Crums

PUT the milk in the double boiler. As soon as it is hot add the flour, butter, salt and onion, well mixed. Slowly stir in the boiled rice. After boiling for six minutes, turn into a buttered baking dish. Sprinkle the grated cheese and bread-crums over the top. Set in the oven to brown.

Tomato and Rice on Toast

1 Small Cupful Rice
1 Teaspoonful Butter
3 Tomatoes
8 Slices of Toast
1 Bay Leaf
Salt
Pepper

BOIL the rice and when cold, add the sliced tomatoes. Add the bay leaf, pepper and salt. Let it cook for twelve minutes. Remove the bay leaf and serve on slices of buttered toast.

Rice Muffins

1 Cupful Cold Rice
1 Cupful Corn-Meal
1 Cupful Milk
½ Teaspoonful of Salt
2 Teaspoonfuls Baking-Powder
1 Tablespoonful Butter
2 Eggs

STIR the salt and baking-powder into the corn-meal, then add the cold rice. Mix well together for two minutes. Then add the well-beaten eggs, milk and butter. Beat all for five minutes. Bake in a quick oven for half an hour.

Curried Baked Beans

2 Cupfuls Cold Baked Beans
2 Tablespoonfuls Pork Fat
½ Cupful Tomato Soup
1 Onion
1 Teaspoonful Curry Powder
Salt

PUT the pork fat in a saucepan. Slice in the onion and cook until brown. Stir the curry powder into the cold tomato soup and let simmer for twelve minutes. Add the beans and let in the oven at once. Cook for five minutes. This is an especially economical dish for the Sunday tea as it utilizes left-overs.

OF course the children will never be happy without their sweets and if care is taken in selecting inexpensive recipes there is no reason why they should not have some "goodies." This chocolate cake is a splendid stand-by, and the apricot cake is quite fancy enough for "company" dinner parties.

A One-Egg Chocolate Loaf

1 Cupful Sugar
2 Heaping Tablespoonfuls Butter
1 Egg
½ Cake Chocolate
1 Cupful Milk
½ Cupful Flour
Pinch of Salt
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla
1 Teaspoonful Soda

COOK chocolate in half the milk and cool. Cream sugar and butter thoroughly, add egg, beat well, then chocolate mixture, quarter of the milk, flour and salt sifted three times, vanilla and soda dissolved in rest of milk. Bake in angel cake tins in moderate oven about three-quarters of an hour until cake shrinks from sides of pan. This also makes delicious small cakes.

An Economical Apricot Cake

½ Cake Chocolate (Grated)
1 Cupful Milk
1 Egg
1 Tablespoonful Melted Butter
1 Cupful Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla
½ Cupful Flour
1 Teaspoonful Baking-Soda

COOK chocolate, one-half the milk and yolk of egg together until thick. Let cool, then stir in the butter, sugar, rest of milk, vanilla and flour sifted together with soda three times. Bake in two layers in moderate oven.

Apricot Filling

COOK dried apricots until tender, sweeten to taste, when cool spread as much as you like between layers and on top. Beat white of egg very stiff, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, beat until smooth and spread on top of cake. Brown slightly in quick oven.

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The Cookery Department

Brown Sugar Recipes

Back Again to the Old-Time Sweet

By

LILY H. WALLACE

WE HAVE become so accustomed to the common use of fine, granulated sugar, not only for table service but also for practically all ordinary cooking, that the good brown sugar with which our grandmothers cooked seems to have gone out of style. There are still some of us, however, who are sufficiently old-fashioned to use it for part of our needs, so that, fortunately, it can still be obtained at most grocery stores.

True, for some of the finer forms of cooking as, for instance, the making of jellies, fine cakes and desserts, granulated sugar gives better results. There are many dishes which are not only as good but really better, for the use of this old-time sugar, such as pickles, candies, dark, plain cakes and many fruit dishes; while served with boiled rice or other breakfast cereals, it imparts what appears to be an entirely new flavor although, in reality, it is only an old fashion brought to the front again.

Apple Chutney

5 Lbs. of Ripe Apples
2 Qts. of Cider Vinegar
2 Lbs. of Brown Sugar
2 Lbs. of Seeded Raisins
1 Onion
3 Red Peppers, or ½ Teaspoonful of Cayenne
1 Oz. of Ground Mustard-Seed
1 Oz. of Ginger
1 Tablespoonful of Salt

COOK together the apples, vinegar and sugar, weighing the apples after they have been pared and cored. When they are perfectly soft, add all of the other ingredients, boil for ten minutes and set aside in a granite or earthen dish until cold. Bottle and seal.

Chutney Sauce

1 Doz. Apples
1 Cupful of Raisins
2 Green Peppers
3 Onions
2 Qt. of Vinegar
3 Cupfuls of Brown Sugar
1 Tablespoonful of Salt
1 Tablespoonful of Dry Mustard
1 Teaspoonful of Ginger

CHOP the apples, onions and peppers very fine—if liked, they may be passed through a food-chopper. Seed the raisins and cut them into two or three pieces, but do not chop them. Put the vinegar, sugar, mustard, salt and ginger together in a preserving kettle and when they boil add the chopped mixture. Cook very slowly for an hour and a half, being careful not to scorch the sauce. Seal in small jars or tumblers.

If the oven is being used for other baking, this whole mixture can be placed in a deep, fire-proof vessel and baked, instead of being simmered. The flavor will be richer, and there will be less likelihood of scorching.

Devil's Cake

½ Cupful of Butter
1½ Cupful of Brown Sugar
2 Eggs
1 Cupful of Milk
2 Tablespoonfuls of Cocoa
½ Cupful of Water
1 Teaspoonful of Vanilla Extract
2½ Cupfuls of Flour
1½ Teaspoonful of Baking-Powder
½ Teaspoonful of Salt

BEAT the butter until light and creamy; add the sugar gradually, then the eggs, lightly beaten. Cook the cocoa and milk and water together; when cool, mix these alternately with the flour, salt and baking-powder, which have been passed through a sieve. Beat thoroughly, add vanilla last; bake in layer cake pans and put together with white filling.

Brown Sugar Sandwiches

Slices of Buttered Bread
Finely-Chopped Peanuts or Almonds
Brown Sugar

TO a cup of sugar add half a cup of peanuts or almonds, blanched and very finely chopped. Use as a sandwich filling for sandwiches for the school lunch bag. They will be considered an especial treat.

Fruit Sandwich Cookies

1 Cupful of Butter
1½ Cupful of Brown Sugar
1 Egg
1 Cupful of Milk
2½ Cupfuls of Flour
1½ Teaspoonful of Baking-Powder
1 Teaspoonful of Salt
1 Cupful of Nuts
1 Cupful of Dates or Figs
Lemon-Juice

WORK the butter and sugar together to a cream. Add the egg, the milk, then the flour, salt and baking-powder sifted together, adding more flour if necessary, so as to make a dough which will roll out easily. Divide this dough into two portions. Roll one portion out, being careful to keep it of even shape and form. Pass the nuts through the food-chopper with the dates or figs, whichever are being used. Moisten with a little lemon-juice and spread over the rolled-out dough. Cover with the reserved portion of dough, also rolled out. Cut into squares with a sharp knife and bake from twelve to fifteen minutes.

Banana Puff Pudding

1 Cupful of Flour
A Pinch of Salt
1 Cupful of Milk
1 Cupful of Brown Sugar
1 Teaspoonful of Baking-Powder
2 Eggs
3 Bananas
Juice of Half a Lemon

SIFT the flour, salt and baking-powder into a bowl, beat and add the eggs, then add the milk so as to form a light batter. Peel, scrape and cut the bananas into slices, squeeze the lemon-juice over them and let them stand for ten minutes. Grease a baking dish, pour the batter into it, then put in the fruit and sprinkle with sugar. Bake in a moderate oven for half an hour and serve with a hot, sweet sauce.

Pinwheels

2 Cupfuls of Flour
½ Teaspoonful of Salt
1 Cupful of Milk
2 Teaspoonfuls of Baking-Powder
1 Cupful of Raisins
3 Tablespoonfuls of Lard or Butter
1 Cupful of Brown Sugar

PASS the flour, salt and baking-powder through a sieve, rub in the lard or butter lightly with the tips of the fingers, then mix to a little stiffer than biscuit dough with the milk. Roll out into an even sheet, spread with the sugar and raisins, then roll the dough up over these like a jelly roll. With a sharp knife, cut into slices about three-quarters of an inch thick, lay cut side up on a greased baking pan; bake quickly. Serve hot.

Brown Sugar Sauce

1 Cupful of Brown Sugar
Juice of One Lemon
1 Cupful of Water
1 Egg

COOK the sugar and water together until they form a heavy syrup, pour this over the egg which has previously been well beaten, then return to a double boiler and cook over hot water for a moment.

Just before serving add the lemon-juice, pouring this in slowly and beating all the time it is being added.

Carameled Apples

6 Green Apples
1 Cupful of Brown Sugar
2 Tablespoonfuls of Butter
½ Cupful of Water

CORE and halve the apples. Lay them, cut side down, in a stew-pan or frying-pan, sprinkle the sugar over them; then add the butter and the water. Cover and cook over a slow fire until the apples are tender and the sugar and butter have formed a caramel sauce. Serve hot, by themselves, or as an accompaniment to plain boiled rice.

Prune Brown Betty

2 Cupfuls of Rather Wheaten Bread-Crums
1 Lb. of Prunes
1 Cupful of Brown Sugar
Ground Cinnamon and Nutmeg
3 Tablespoonfuls of Butter
1 Cupful of Hot Milk

GREASE a baking dish and sprinkle it thickly with bread-crums. Add a layer of prunes, which have been either steamed until tender or soaked in warm water until soft enough to remove the pits. Next add a little sugar, then butter and spices. Proceed in this way until all of the ingredients are used, having bread-crums dotted with butter for the last layer. Pour the milk over these dry crums; set aside for half an hour, so that the crums may absorb it; then bake until the top is crisp and brown.

Brown Sugar Candy

2 Cupfuls of Brown Sugar
½ Cupful of Milk
1 Cupful of Nuts
Butter Size of a Walnut

LET the sugar dissolve in the milk slowly; then drop the butter into the saucepan and let the mixture boil until it forms a ball when dropped into cold water. Remove from the stove, add the chopped nuts and beat well. Turn into a buttered pan and, when cool, cut into squares.

It seems hardly necessary to give recipes for gingersnaps, gingerbread, spice pudding et cetera, but these, as well as the rich mincemeat and plum pudding will have both a richer color and flavor if brown sugar is used when making them.

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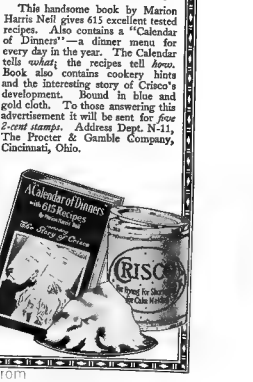

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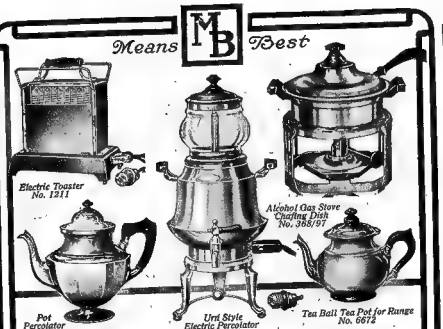
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Likewise in chafing dishes, tea pots and dozens of other articles, the Manning-Bowman name distinguishes the best designs and soundest methods of construction for use with electric and alcohol heaters or on range.

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Every curler electrified—imparting strength to the hair. Fifty million in daily use. Guaranteed unbreakable. Ask your dealer or send us his name with money, or stamps. Money willingly refunded.
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Whether your home is large or small, a **Kroehler Bed Davenport** will be a great convenience. It has the exact appearance of a handsome parlor davenport. At night it serves as a regular or extra bed.

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The Cookery Department

For Thanksgiving Day

Saving Recipes From a Famous Dixie Cook

By

ELISE W. MORRIS

WE all remember the familiar little ditty beginning, "Thanksgiving is coming and the goose is getting fat," and many of us are singing it again this year. If by any chance, however, we can't get the fattened goose, or his first cousin, the turkey, we can have just as delicious a dinner by following the menu of the southern housewife who prepares feasts to suit the most fastidious epicure. These recipes come direct from a famous "down-south" cook and can be carried out in any corner of the country. Try them on Thanksgiving Day and see how far a little money will go.

In the preparation of the Thanksgiving feast of first importance comes the stuffed ham. To begin with it must be a southern ham, sugar-cured and smoked with hickory chips and sawdust. Select a moderate sized one so that the flavor of the dressing will penetrate well into the meat.

Stuffed Ham

POUR boiling water over the ham and set it aside until cool enough to handle. With a coarse bristled brush clean thoroughly, rinse in cold water and put on to boil. Use a clothes-boiler with sufficient water to cover the ham. Bring to the boiling-point then remove to the back of the stove to simmer steadily, one-half hour for each pound of ham. Be careful to keep the water just at the boiling-point and not above that. Turn the ham over once or twice and when done take out and put in a large baking pan. Dip the hands in cold water and pull off the skin as you would peel an orange, then put the lean side down and set in a moderate oven to bake for an hour. This brings out all superfluous grease. When removed from the stove set aside until the ham is cold, then it is ready to stuff. Prepare the stuffing in the following manner:

- 1 Pint Bread Crumbs
- 2 Hard-Boiled Eggs
- A Little Mace or Thyme
- 1 Tablespoonful Butter
- ½ Cupful Fat Meat
- Black and Red Pepper
- Salt to Taste

With a sharp knife make incisions as deep as possible and fill with the stuffing, of course chopping the eggs and fat meat as finely as possible. Into each incision pour a few drops of brandy. Over the whole surface spread a paste made with the yolk of one egg, a little sugar, a dash of pepper, prepared mustard, and breadcrums. Put in the oven until thoroughly browned.

Southern Cooked Rice

THANKSGIVING dinner is not complete in the South unless rice is served. Wash a half cupful of rice until the water runs clear. Into a double boiler put three cupfuls of water and have it boiling violently before adding the rice. Keep the rice well covered and when the water has boiled out the grains will be sufficiently soft to mash in the fingers. Let the rice remain in the boiler until it has steamed sufficiently for each grain to stand by itself. For real holiday occasions a cupful of raisins may be added when the rice is half done. The children, especially, will enjoy the addition of the raisins.

Salsify with Cream Dressing

SALSIFY is one of the vegetables most popular in the South and while it is simple to prepare, this vegetable always holds about it a "company dish" aspect. That is one reason the Thanksgiving table always bears a dish of salsify, or "oyster plant" as it is perhaps better known in the East.

Choose a dozen moderate sized stalks and scrape them until they are white. Cut each stalk up into inch length pieces and put in cold water. Allow it to boil until the water takes on a dark tint, then drain. Put the salsify back in fresh boiling water and cook until tender. Drain and crumble crackers into the dish and cover with a cream dressing or white sauce.

If serving either raw oysters or oyster soup save out several and chop them in with the salsify as it lends a very rich flavor to the vegetable.

Caramel or Candied Sweet Potatoes

SELECT two or three large sweet potatoes and boil them until a fork can be stuck into them with ease. Remove from the water and peel. It may be necessary to hold the potatoes on a fork to be able to handle, for few objects in the world are hotter than a hot sweet potato. Slice in lengthwise slices, lay in a baking dish and dot with butter. Melt a heaping cupful of brown sugar in a cupful of water and boil to a sirup. Pour the sirup over the sliced potatoes in the baking dish, sprinkle the top layer with sugar and bits of butter. Set in the oven and let bake for an hour. When done there should be a thick sirup in the bottom of the baking dish and a candied, brown crust over the top slices. The addition of small bits of dried orange-peel lends a flavor liked by many, or a stick or two of cinnamon may be laid in the bottom of the dish. Another old and tried way of making candied potatoes is as follows:

- 9 Sweet Potatoes
- 2 Large Cupfuls Brown Sugar
- 2 Large Cupfuls Cold Water
- ½ Lemon Sliced Thin
- ½ Lb. Beef Fat

Peel and cut up the potatoes and put them in a kettle or large saucepan with the fat, the sugar, water and lemon; have the heat very slow and cook from two and one-half to three hours, when the sirup should be quite thick and the potatoes brown and soft.

Cole-Slaw

THE fancy and garnished salads of modern cooking school menus had no place on the old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner table, but a dish of cole-slaw always accompanied the meat course.

Cut the white stalks of the cabbage into shreds and let them lie in cold salt water for an hour. Drain and add white mustard-seeds and celery seed in a reasonable quantity. Put the cabbage in a glass bowl and pour over it the following dressing:

- 4 Tablespoonfuls of Butter
- 1 Tablespoonful of Sugar
- 1 Tablespoonful of Flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of Mustard
- Cayenne Pepper
- 2 Eggs
- 1 Cupful Milk
- ½ Cupful Vinegar
- ½ Teaspoonful of Salt

Set the butter to melt in a saucepan then stir in the flour. Beat until smooth then add the milk. Let it come to a boil. Beat the eggs and mix into them the other ingredients, adding the vinegar last. Stir the eggs into the boiling mixture and stir till of the consistency of thick custard.

CORN bread in some form is rarely missing from the southern dinner table, and egg bread is one of its most popular forms.

Egg Bread

- 1 Pint Meal
- 1 Teaspoonful Salt
- 1 Pint Buttermilk
- 1 Tablespoonful Lard
- ½ Teaspoonful Soda
- 2 Eggs

Pour over the meal sufficient boiling water to thoroughly scald, then add the lard and salt. Thin with the buttermilk into which has been dissolved the soda. When having no buttermilk, cream soda and use one teacupful of sweet milk, with three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Beat the eggs separately and add them the last thing. Have an iron skillet hot and slightly greased, pour the batter in and bake inside the oven till nicely browned. Serve piping hot.

PUMPKIN pie, on which New England makes first claim, is also a characteristic part of the southern housewife's Thanksgiving feast.

Southern Pumpkin Pie

- ½ Cupful of Pumpkin
- Sugar to Taste
- ½ Cupful Butter
- 2 Eggs
- Small Glassful of Brandy
- Ginger and Cinnamon

Because some pumpkins contain much more natural sugar than others, no set amount of sugar or spices can be relied upon. Mash the cooked pumpkin through a colander until it meets the required amount, then add the creamed butter and sugar, the beaten yolks of the eggs and lastly the spices (ground finely) and the brandy. Line pie pans with pastry and after it has hardened in the stove a few minutes fill with the pumpkin mixture. This should bake before the well-beaten and sweetened egg whites are spread over the top and allowed to brown.

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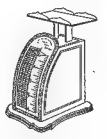
Home and Household

To Save Time and Money

Editor's Note—Manufacturers of household articles are invited to send samples of their products to the Household Editor. They will be tested, and if found of practical value will be described in these columns.



NOW that Uncle Sam has agreed to let us send so many things by the United States mail, no home is complete without an accurate postal scale. They are made in several styles and the dial will clearly show not only the cost of postage in cents on all classes of mail matter, but will also give the exact weight by half ounces. The one illustrated is a very reliable make, which carries a guarantee of accuracy with it and has a white enameled dial that is easily read. They come in different sizes weighing from one to sixteen pounds, and one will soon pay for itself in the amount of excess stamps we are prone to put upon heavy letters and packages. These scales are to be purchased in either brass or bronze finish and are quite ornamental among desk appointments. Such an implement is an incentive to mailing the package at the right time.

Handy Window Pole

MANY a strained back can be saved if you will have a home-made window pole in each room for lowering the top sash. Paint an old broom handle the color of the woodwork. At one end insert a screw hook. Into the upper sash of each window insert a ring screw in which the hook in the pole will fit, and it is ready for use. This handy little device means that lowering the windows from the top is no longer a nuisance. And the pole occupies so little space that it may be hung behind a door or in some convenient corner and be always at hand.

MUCH time and fuel is often wasted when you want boiling water for just one or two cups of tea. This tiny little brown enameled kettle will solve that problem for it holds just two cups of water. It will boil in a very few minutes over either a coal, oil or gas flame. It is lined with white enamel and is one of the most convenient little housekeeping novelties lately imported from Germany. Indeed, Germany has sent us many a charming bit of ware that is approved by the thrifty German *hausfrau* and this is a most attractive kitchen utensil.

Ornamental Glass Trimmings

A VERY old fashion has lately been revived in the use of glass trimmings about the house. It is now possible to buy glass knobs for fastening back curtains, such as they had in our grandmothers' time. Glass is used for making door-knobs which are attractive and easily cleaned. An old bureau can be made to look like new by taking off the battered old brass handles and putting on new ones of glass. Covers for electric light bulbs are made of strings of glass beads and the prismatic colors that are cast through the beads shed a wonderful light over a room.

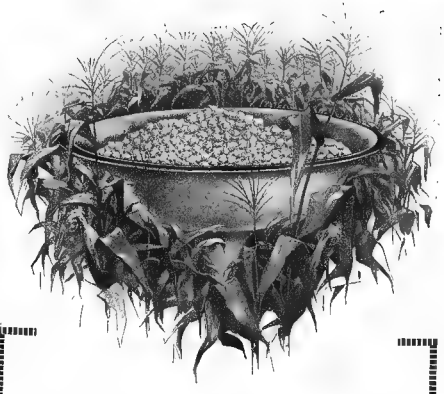
THIS little device is a combination of three graters of various sizes: one with very large openings for scraping vegetables, a second size for such foodstuffs as cheese and bread, and a third very fine grater for nutmeg. Not only is it a space saver, but it is one of the most convenient little articles that you could hang up in your kitchen. It is made of heavy tin, with strong hinges and a handle, and is well worth the few cents that it sells for. When left-over bread becomes stale it can be put to many uses if grated. First dry it, then with such a convenient coarse grater it can be quickly made ready for breaded cutlets or to cover the tops of various baked dishes.

Patent Window-Boxes

THOSE of you who are interested in growing plants will be glad to hear of a new kind of patented and galvanized steel box that can be set either inside or outside the window. These are so constructed that they will not leak and yet have a ventilating and drainage bottom. They are finished in green enamel, are six inches deep, seven and a half inches wide and made in any length desired. This should appeal to the woman who wants to grow plants indoors as these window-boxes are ornamental and when filled with foliage or blooming plants are a constant delight.

EVEN the best cooks in the world have trouble baking a large cake so that it is cooked evenly all through—not raw in the middle and burned on the outside. This is the latest thing in pans for making a good cake. The inserted cone-like center raises the pan from the bottom of the oven, and allows the heat to get into the center of the dough. When the cake is done, the pan can be inverted until it is cool—the center portion of the pan raising it above the table edge and allowing the air to get under and cool the cake, without "sweating" it. As the pan comes apart it is easily cleaned. This is another imported kitchen novelty and it would seem that our German cousins are running us a great race in these time and money savers. Every experienced cook warns the young housewife that making the cake strictly by rule is not enough; it's just half the battle for the supreme test is in the baking.

Any information as to prices of these articles and places where they may be obtained will be gladly furnished to readers upon receipt of a letter addressed to our New York office, enclosing a stamped and self-addressed envelope for reply.



From 1914 Corn Fields

Comes a New Table Dainty Bubbles of Toasted Corn

This year, for the first time, corn is made into airy, toasted globules, called Corn Puffs.

Just the sweet centers of the corn. They are made into tiny pellets, toasted in fearful heat, then puffed by steam explosion to flaky, porous morsels about raindrop size.

Prof. A. P. Anderson has created these Puffs—the man who invented Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. So we now have corn in this fascinating form, with every food granule exploded.

You who know Puffed Grains can imagine Corn Puffs. Think of corn hearts made into similar bubbles, with a myriad thin, toasted walls.

No toasted corn flavor that you know can compare with the flavor you'll find in Corn Puffs. For these pellets are toasted for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees. Then a million explosions inside of each pellet give this flaky, fragile texture.

You will have a new respect for corn when you discover the dainty we've made of it.

CORN PUFFS

"The Witching Food"

15c per Package

Don't tell your folks what these bubbles are. Let them guess. Serve with cream and sugar. Float in bowls of milk. Douse with melted butter, and let the children when at play eat them like confections.

Prof. Anderson has worked for eight years to give you corn hearts in this form. Get a package now—while the product is new—and see the result of his effort.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(681)

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"WEAREVER" HOT WATER BOTTLES have a PATENTED Oval Neck that makes them stronger where the strain comes, prevents leaking in the neck and protects your hands while filling. The rubber is specifically treated to give long wear. These Bottles have no seams to leak; no bindings to come loose; have a maximum heating surface and are comfortable in use.

"WEAREVER" FOUNTAIN SYRINGES are companion pieces to the Water Bottles. They match exactly in style, color, finish and quality and have improvements and refinements that will appeal to you.

"WEAREVER" COMBINATION HOT WATER BOTTLES and FOUNTAIN SYRINGES combine all the advantages of "Wearever" Hot Water Bottles and "Wearever" Fountain Syringes. Many prefer a Combination, because it is a convenient two-use outfit.

These are some of many Faultless "WEAREVER" Rubber Goods for Household, Toilet and Sick Room use. Go to the Faultless dealer for your rubber goods and you will be sure of satisfaction.

If you cannot locate the Faultless dealer in your locality, write and tell us what articles you wish to purchase and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

THE FAULTLESS RUBBER COMPANY

Makers of a Complete, High Grade Line of Rubber Goods for the Household, Toilet and Sick Room

ASHLAND, OHIO, U. S. A.

Comment and Compliment

Another "Wife Who Waited"

AS a starter I wish to say that I never saw a magazine forge ahead as rapidly as PICTORIAL REVIEW is doing; you are almost exceeding the speed limit.

I am deeply interested in your September editorial. It is the best thing of the kind that I ever saw in print. I long have contended (and been credited with disloyalty to my sex by so doing) that this earth was not destined to be populated by men and women but by individuals; that neither sex was in any way inferior or superior to the other; that the sole difference is physical.

Women in politics never have and never will help politics; it will advance feminism and this will eventually better the condition of the individuals comprising the population of the world.

Some very radical changes are to occur on account of this feminism. Woman has discovered herself; she no longer subsists entirely upon canned thought.

We do much that is ridiculous, and we accuse man of much for which our only grounds are our suspicions; but there is going to be a great upheaval before we settle down. When we do settle down it will prove for the betterment of the better man as well as freedom for the better woman. Each sex holds the good and the bad and the indifferent.

"The Wife Who Waited" is a *great* story. It is the history of my own life. In this state no married person can will away from the other more than a half, but they can sell all and the other can do nothing to prevent it.

Financial catastrophe was complete when I stepped into the "signal tower"—such as you have along the New York Central—and grasped all of the switch levers that controlled myself. No, I've not quarreled with him at all, and he has braced up. However, unhappiness has simply given place to absence of happiness—I despise the man, and am a victim of our present social conditions.

The woman who claims to love a man of this stamp, after enduring his indecency twenty years is a liar. I differ from this story in that I never gave up my club life until the financial crash came, and I never neglected my home or four children. Membership on hospital boards and charitable work of various kinds took me everywhere. I know what is and what is not, and I did not read it in books.

COLORADO.

A Woman Registrar's Views

I WANT to say so many nice things about PICTORIAL REVIEW that I hardly know where to begin. It certainly is the very best magazine we have ever had in the house and I believe we buy nearly all of them.

PICTORIAL REVIEW makes a woman want to be something. It gives her new life and ambitions, anxious to do her share toward making the world better.

I was especially interested in the letters on divorce. The men's letters were the best, because they were more practical. I actually believe all the troubles of married life are caused by women being selfishly sentimental.

Some women love to be martyrs, especially where a man is concerned. Many of them think they put up with a man's faults for their children's sakes, but they don't. *No, they don't.* In the majority of cases it is because they are afraid if they divorce him some other woman will marry him, and so they cling to him with a death-like grip, and by so doing sacrifice the whole family.

I wish I could tell you all that suffrage has done for the women of California. It has made them more reliant and capable in every respect. I have served as Registrar of Voters, also as clerk at the primary and presidential elections. At the last election I was the only woman on the board with five men.

The polling place was a large, busy office. There was no discord, no bad language, and none of the contaminating influences that the antis love to rave about. The men removed their hats as they entered and spoke in low tones. Some came with their wives, some with their daughters, sisters or—sweethearts.

The widows and old maids came too. Some of them own a great deal of property here and have no men to represent them, so it's only fair that they should help make the laws that govern them and their property. Woman suffrage will be a blessing everywhere when women realize what a blessing, a power for good it can be when rightly used.

CALIFORNIA.

Can "Man" Be Understood?

IN the May number of PICTORIAL REVIEW we read the article "It All Depends on the Point of View," when the writer treats of the inconsistencies of woman. We will not say that the writer has drawn upon his imagination, because we feel that his criticism is based on facts, but taking him at his word, that "woman is not meant to be understood," we beg permission to put a few "whys" to the *man* side of the house.

Pray, tell us why a man will wish to arrest another man for using profane language in the presence of a woman, a stranger to him, then go home and for some trivial offense air his entire vocabulary of profanity before his wife and innocent children? Would he spare a strange woman the blasphemy that grates on every good woman's nerves and pour it unrestrained into the ears of his wife and children? I can think of no act that pleases a woman more than the courtesy shown her by the opposite sex, but, if after marriage she must look to strange men for such, do not blame her for doing so.

Why will a man create a scene at home, about the high cost of living and tell his wife she must cut her expenses—extravagances, he may be pleased to call it, then hand out ten-cent cigars to his friends and smilingly give twenty-five-cent tips to a waitress?

Why will a man place a number of bank-notes of large denomination in a long bill book and put it in his back trouser pocket, with only his coat tail (so easily brushed aside), to hide it from view, then board a street-car and stand on the crowded platform and be surprised that some one has relieved him of his money—and censure his wife because she carries five or ten dollars in a hand-bag upon which she seldom relaxes her hold.

MISSOURI.

Here's to "Mrs. Mahoney!"

ONCE in a while a magazine story seems to me out of the ordinary and I am moved to congratulate the editor. Tears and laughter mingle so cleverly in this month's "Mrs. Mahoney" story, which I have just finished reading in your enjoyable magazine that the reader is left charmed. I do not pose as a critic—but when I have so thoroughly enjoyed a story or an article I believe in adding my little word of praise for it.

MARYLAND.

Earns Her Own Allowance

I HAVE read your article on "The Money Question in the Home." I have read similar articles in other magazines until I resolved to write you a little of the other side of the question. How is a wife to get an allowance from her husband if there is not enough to go around?

There are thousands of people who live as we do—on a salary of sixty-five dollars a month. There are husband and wife and four children ranging in age from twelve to five years in our family. The way prices are we get nothing but the plainest food, and it costs us at least thirty dollars per month for that and the little extras we dare afford. It costs us five dollars per month to insure our little flock—we think that a necessity. It costs about three dollars a month, on an average, for gas; one dollar and twenty-five cents for water; two dollars church dues; there are always some of the growing boys needing shoes or clothes. We generally have five dollars to pay the shoe man each month, and five dollars to pay the clothier. Then think of the clothes for the little girl and for myself!

Now in the name of goodness—tell me where there is any allowance from that salary for a wife? I do fine dressmaking all the time I can take from my housework and I also keep a set of books for a salary of fifty dollars per year.

We have perfect love and confidence in our family. I know where every penny goes. I do not have time to sit out all afternoon or go calling and gossip; I do not have time to coddle my nerves, but I do find time to belong to my church and Sunday School, I belong to the Equal Suffrage Club, and a fraternal order and am an officer in most of the organizations to which I belong. Lastly, I do not have to worry over my husband granting *me* an allowance and maybe cheating the grocer or some one else. I hustle and earn an allowance and try to be contented and *live within our income.*

PENNSYLVANIA.

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The Book Lovers' Page

PERHAPS the best description of THE SALAMANDER, which has taken the country by storm, is to quote the author's own words. Owen Johnson says it is the story of "A girl of the present day in revolt—adventurous, eager and unafraid; without standards, home ties or religion; with a passion to explore but not to experience, and a curiosity fed by the zest of life." The whole story is worth while—entirely new in its treatment and makes a direct plea to give a girl a chance to have her fling before she marries, just as custom has long ago given it to young men. Certainly this heroine plays with fire and many times comes dangerously near being burned, but the point is that she always just escapes. Mr. Johnson has written one of the most striking books of the year. (Bobbs-Merrill Company, New York. Price $1.35.)

AMONG the important late publications will be found THE PRICE OF LOVE, by Arnold Bennett—a story of youth and mystery. The book is another of Mr. Bennett's tales of Five Towns, all of which will live long in worth-while fiction. The character of Rachel is wonderfully strong and shows that there is still a love strong enough to endure. In the hands of a lesser artist than Arnold Bennett, Rachel would undoubtedly have left her worthless husband, but the scene wherein, knowing his perfidy, she says: "He's mine. If anything goes wrong, well, let it go wrong! I'm his wife. I'm his!" will ring in the ears of the reader long after the book is closed. In these days of books and plays and essays and tirades about the so-called marital unrest, such a story is like a spring of cool water in a desert. (Harper & Brothers, New York. Price $1.35.)

A TALE of old-time pirates and of modern love, hate and adventure will be found in THE PIRATE OF PANAMA, by William MacLeod Raine. Most of the action takes place on a ship running from San Francisco to Panama and on which a man named Bothwell hides himself until the vessel is well under way; then he starts a mutiny. He eventually kidnaps the heroine, a deed which leads to his death. But of course the successful lover saves the day and incidentally the girl. (G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. Price $1.25.)

THE LAST SHOT, by Frederick Palmer, is a story of war, written long before the present European war broke out. In it, Mr. Palmer almost prophesies exactly what is happening in Europe to-day. Mr. Palmer has drawn on his world-wide experience in war correspondence, and the result is a thrilling description of real battle which corresponds remarkably well with what we read every day in the newspapers. The scene is laid in a European frontier and depicts a contest of wits as well as of modern engines of destruction. Machine guns do their work so well that in one attack nearly a million men fall dead or wounded. It is a big story, full of real blood and bloodshed. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price $1.35.)

DORIS EGERTON JONES has given us a really delightful piece of fiction in THE PIPER PIPER, the story of a girl who has been brought up in Australia, dressed as a boy until nearly twenty years of age. Then along comes a lover who soon pierces her disguise. From there on the story is told with great charm and is so pictorial in its setting that the "Movies" will surely be flashing it on the screen. Poor little Peter shows herself to be a fascinating little creature made up of the boy, the girl and the woman. It is a good book to read and to recommend. (George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. Price $1.25.)

IT is a pretty thin plot around which John Reed Scott has woven THE RED EMERALD, but for a lazy afternoon it will entertain. The great fault of the story lies in the fact that the mystery remains unsolved when you have closed the book. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa. Price $1.25.)

A WONDERFUL story of musical life has been translated from the German. FLORIAN MAYR is the name of the book which is considered among the classics in its original, and of which over two hundred thousand copies have been sold. Ernst Von Wolzogen is the author. While the book is calculated to make a strong general appeal it is of special interest to women because of its picture of artists' life in Europe. On its musical side it is particularly interesting and should impress itself upon those who have been abroad or care to go there to study. European musical life is described with great brilliancy and humor. (B. W. Huebsch, New York. Price $1.35.)

WHEN Mr. Fergus Hume set out to write THE LOST PARCHMENT he might have done a great deal better but, on the other hand, he might have done a bit worse. So we must accept this story of mystery and crime with that thought in mind. It is all about a rather stupid Englishman and his fiancée, a certain blue sapphire, the murder of an old clergyman for the sake of an ancient will written on parchment which he had found. (G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. Price $1.25.)

THERE seems to be a fad just now among authors to write books of their own lives, no matter how sordid those lives may have been. Will Levington Comfort has set down certain events in his career as a child called MIDSTREAM, meaning his middle thirties. He has been very long and tedious in the telling of this story, which is evidently a plea to men to reform before it is too late; yet the story is not wholly without merit. Mr. Comfort has a very forceful way of portraying even the most ordinary events, and his style and his philosophy make this book one that he may write well worth the reading. (George H. Doran Co., New York. Price $1.25.)

YOU cannot go wrong when you pick up a book by Irving Bacheller, and his latest story, THE MARRYERS, is no exception to that rule. Some one has said that it is "a nickleodeon kind of a book." If you read his success of last year called "Keeping Up With Lizzie," you will know what kind of a book that is. Gwendoline, the heroine, is taken to Italy where she is pursued by numberless professional "marryers." It is all told with most delicious satire and when she does "Me for the United States!" and finally gets to that good old land, you are sorry that the story must come to an end. (Harper & Brothers, New York. Price $1.00.)

AN autobiographical romance has been given us by Demetra Waka, which she calls A CHILD OF THE ORIENT. The author is now Mrs. Kenneth-Brown and she has written this latest and most exquisitely poetic story from the midst of our own American civilization, as she looks back across the years she spent among her Turkish playmates and friends. The author's ancestors have lived in Constantinople for centuries so she knows whereof she writes. The story is told with a great love and great sympathy for the Turkish women and children, and because of that you could perhaps find no truer and more interesting picture of these people. The whole book is delightfully human. (Houghton Mifflin Co., New York. Price $1.25.)

THE Princess Troubetzkoy, whom the world perhaps knows better as Amélie Rives, has written her first long story under the title of WORLD'S END. It is a love story full of wonderful charm, much pathos and a generous amount of humor. The background of the story is furnished in a beautiful old Virginia estate, supposedly the Princess's own southern home. The author has written a book that will live a long time and her delineation of the character of Richard is nothing short of masterly. The story is unusual in that it gives us a new view-point on a woman who has once gone wrong—that she is not irreparably stained by that one misdeed. (Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. Price $1.35.)

THE loss of a fortune is the pivotal point in the life history of John Valiera, a love story entitled THE VALIENTS OF VIRGINIA. John finds himself suddenly fallen from the estate of a New York millionaire to the owner of a fine old southern mansion and just enough money to live on. Incidentally he learns for the first time that the Valients are one of the first families of Virginia. He determines to renew the family prestige and succeeds in doing so, as well as in marrying the one girl who seemed most unattainable. It is a beautiful story and excellently handled. (Bobbs-Merrill Co., New York. Price $1.35.)

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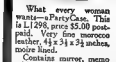

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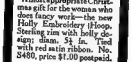

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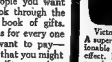

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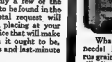

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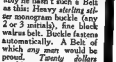

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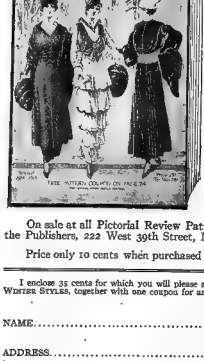

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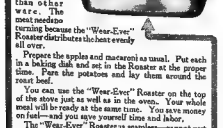

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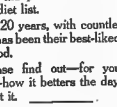

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Rosalind

(*Continued from Page 21*)

you off—why I was one of those who saw you into your train for Monte Carlo.

MRS. P: You thought you did. That made it the easier for me to deceive you here. But I got out of that train at the next station, Charles.

CHARLES: And came here?

MRS. P: Yes, stole here instead.

CHARLES: Even now I can scarcely —you look so staid—you who were always so young and gay.

MRS. P: I was a twenty-nine. Don't look so solemn. It is not confined to the stage. The stalls are full of twenty-nines! Do you remember what fun it was, Charles, to help me on with my cloak! Remember why I had to put more powder on my chin one evening? Remember that night I made you dance, dance, dance?

CHARLES: It was only a few weeks ago.

MRS. P: Yes! There might be occasions when it was Mr. Time that I saw in the mirror, but the wretch only winked at me and went his way.

CHARLES: But your whole appearance—so girlish, compared to——

MRS. P: To this? I'm coming to "this," Charles. You see, never having been more than twenty-nine—not even in my sleep—and having to keep it up even in our sleep—I began to wonder what it was like, middle age! I wanted to feel the sensation. A woman's curiosity, Charles!

CHARLES: Still, you couldn't——

MRS. P: Couldn't I? Listen! Two Summers ago instead of going to Biarritz —see pictures of me in the illustrated papers stepping into my motor car— or going a round of country houses—see photograph of us all on the steps—the names, Charles, read from left to right—instead of doing any of these things, I pretended I went there, and in reality I came down here determined for a whole calendar month to be a middle-aged lady. I had to get some new clothes—real cozy, sloppy, very middle-aged clothes—and that was why I invented my mother. I got them for her, you see —I said she was about my height and figure, but stouter—as you see she is!

CHARLES: I can't make out——

MRS. P: No, you are too nice a boy to make it out. You don't understand the difference that a sober way of doing one's hair, and the letting out of a few laces and sundry other trifles, that are no trifles, make, but you see I reveled that if the inside of me was to get a novel sort of rest my figure should get it also—*voilà!* And thus, all cozy within and without, I took lodgings in the most out-of-the-world spot I knew of, in the hope that here I might find the lady of whom I was in search.

CHARLES: Meaning?

MRS. P: Meaning myself. Until two years ago she and I had never met.

CHARLES: And how do you like her?

MRS. P: Better than you do, Charles. She's really rather nice. I don't suppose I could do with her all the year round, but for a month or so—I'm just wallowing in her, Charles. You remember my high-heeled shoes—(*Shows feet in soft slippers.*) At local dances I sit out deliciously as a wallflower! (*Pretending pathos.*) Think of me, Charles, as a wallflower! I know all the locals—and the dowdy ones and I play cards, and the engaged ladies give me their confidences, as a nice old thing—and never—or at least seldom—do I remember that if I were so minded I am still quite capable of whisking away their swains!

CHARLES: How strange! You, who, when you liked, could——

MRS. P: Yes, couldn't I, Charles!

CHARLES: It was just the wild gaiety of you.

MRS. P: It was the devilry of me.

CHARLES: Whatever it was it entranced us.

MRS. P: It oughtn't to!

CHARLES: If you weren't bubbling over with gladness you were the saddest thing on earth.

MRS. P: But I shouldn't have been sad on your shoulders, Charles!

CHARLES (*suddenly suspicious*): You weren't sad on all our shoulders, were you, Beatrice?

MRS. P. (*demurely*): No, not all.

"Oh the gladness of her gladness when she's glad,
And the sadness of her sadness when she's sad,
But the gladness of her gladness,
And the sadness of her sadness,
Are as nothing,
To the badness of her badness when she's bad."

CHARLES: Not a word against yourself.

MRS. P: Myself! I suppose even now I am only playing a part.

CHARLES: No, no, this is your real self.

MRS. P: Is it? I wonder!

CHARLES: I never knew any one who had deeper feelings.

MRS. P: I am always ready with whatever feeling is called for—I have a wardrobe of them! (*Tense.*) Charles, don't blame me—blame the public of whom you are one! The pitiless public that has made me what I am! I am their slave, their plaything, and when I please them they fling me nuts. I could have been a darling of a wife—don't you think so, Charles—but they wouldn't let me. I'm only a bundle of emotions. I have two characters for each day of the week. Home became a less thing to me than a new part. Charles, if I only could have been a nobody. Can't you picture me, such a happy *unknown* woman, dancing along some sandy shore with half a dozen little boys and girls hanging onto my skirts? When my son was old enough—wouldn't he and I have made a rather pretty picture for the King the day he joined his ship? *And* I think most of all I should have loved to deck out my—my real daughter, Charles, in her wedding gown!

"When her mother tends her before the laughing mirror
Tying up her laces, looping up her hair——"

But the public won't have it.

CHARLES: Beatrice!

MRS. P: I became a harum-scarum, Charles. Sometimes—very foolish—chiefly through good nature, I think. There were moments when there was *nothing* I wouldn't do—so long as I was all right for the play at night. Nothing else seemed to matter. I've kicked over all the traces, my friend. You remember the Scottish poet who—

"Keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame,
But thoughtless follies laid him low
And stained his name."

(*Sorrowfully.*) Thoughtless follies laid her low, Charles, and stained her name.

CHARLES: I don't believe it. No—no. Beatrice—Mrs. Page—I——

MRS. P: Ah, it's Mrs. Page now.

CHARLES: You are crying——

MRS. P: Yes, I am crying.

CHARLES: This is terrible to me. I never dreamt your life was such a tragedy.

MRS. P: Don't be so concerned. I'm crying—but all the time I am looking at you through the corner of my eye to see whether I am doing it well.

CHARLES (*hurt*): Don't—don't.

MRS. P. (*grimly*): Soon I'll be laughing again. When I have cried, Charles, then it's time for me to laugh.

CHARLES: Please — I wish you wouldn't.

MRS. P. (*out of a sudden mischief and "cursivity—pretending gratefulness*): And from all this, Charles, you have so nobly offered to save me—you are prepared to take me away from this dreadful life—and let me be my real self.

(*He is troubled.*)

Charles, it's dear and kind of you, and I accept your offer.

(*He is still perturbed—she laughs with a touch of bitterness.*)

You see the time for laughing has come already! You really thought I wanted you, you conceited boy! (*Laughs.*) (*Becomes rather casual.*) I who have lived among great thoughts till at my best they are part of me—I who have wandered through immortal pages, with the right of entry—I who have played hide-and-seek with Will Shakespeare—I am not for the likes of you!

CHARLES: Don't mock me, I'm very unhappy.

MRS. P: There, there—it's just a game—all life's a game. I thought I heard a knock.

(DAME Q. *enters.*)

DAME: A telegram, ma'am. The girl is waiting.

(MRS. PAGE *opens, puts on spectacles, reads, is quiet.*)

Is there any answer?

MRS. P: No answer, thank you.

DAME: I'll tell her to go.

MRS. P: Yes.

(DAME *goes out.*)

CHARLES: Not bad news, I hope.

(*She gives him telegram.*)

(*Continued on Page 45*)

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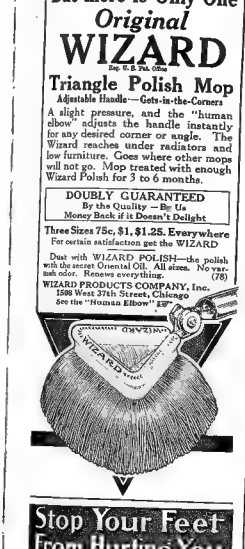

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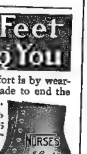

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Rosalind

(*Continued from Page 44*)

MRS. P: It's from my manager.

CHARLES: It's in cypher.

MRS. P: Yes, what it means is, that the summer play is not drawing, and that they have decided to revive "As You Like It" quickly. They want me back to rehearse to-morrow at eleven. (*Calls.*) Dame!

CHARLES (*indignant*): They can't even let you have a few weeks?

MRS. P. (*quiet*): Heigh-ho, it's sad, but I had been warned that this might happen——

CHARLES: Surely, if you——

(*Enter* DAME.)

MRS. P: Oh, Dame, I find our pleasant gossips have ended for this year—I am called back to London hurriedly.

DAME: Oh dear, I *am* sorry. Your girl? She's gone back and she wants you? Is it that?

MRS. P: That's about it. I've *got* to go. Have I time to catch the Express?

CHARLES: It leaves at seven.

MRS. P: I think I can do it. Is that the train you are to take?

CHARLES: Yes, but only to the next station.

MRS. P: Even for that amount of your company I shall be grateful. Dame, this gentleman turns out to be a friend of—of Beatrice's.

DAME: So he said, but I suspicioned him.

MRS. P: Well, he is. Mr. Roche, this is my kind Dame. I must put a few things together.

DAME: If I can help?

MRS. P: You can send on my luggage to-morrow. I'll tell you what you might do now. Run down to the rectory and tell them I can't be there to-night for the mother's meeting. Explain that I have to go to London, worse luck.

DAME: I will.

MRS. P: I haven't many minutes. Good-by, you dear, for I'll be gone before you get back. I'll write and settle everything. Cozy room, isn't it? I've had a lovely time. Good-by.

(*She goes off into bedroom.*)

DAME: Dearie dear—what a pity!

CHARLES: It *is* a pity.

DAME: Mark my words, this is the daughter's doing—begging your pardon.

CHARLES: That's all right.

DAME: It's queer to think of a lady like Mrs. Page having a daughter that jumps about for a living.

(MRS. PAGE *opens door silently.*)

MRS. P. (*unseen*): Have you gone, Dame?

DAME: I'm just starting.

MRS. P: Thanks, all right.

(*Shuts door.*)

DAME: What I sometimes fear is that the daughter doesn't take much care of her, she's fond of her, I daresay—but I doubt whether there's any one in London as does the little kind things for her that a lady come Mrs. Page's age needs.

CHARLES: She's not so old.

DAME: No, but at our age we're fond of—of quiet, and I doubt she doesn't get it.

CHARLES: I'm sure she doesn't.

DAME: She has said to me that it's her right to be out of the hurly-burly, and into what she calls the delightful twilight of middle age. There are times when you would think it was as if she had missed something out of her life, and found it down here.

CHARLES: If she is so fond of it, isn't it a damnable shame that she should have to give it up?

DAME: The living here?

CHARLES: Not so much that as being middle aged.

DAME: Give up being middle aged! How could she do that?

CHARLES: Oh — ah — I — mean — it doesn't matter.

DAME: What does matter is that she has to go back to that London she loathes.

CHARLES: Yes, I know.

DAME: I don't suppose you could do anything to prevent it?

CHARLES: Me?

DAME: You looked as if you were partial to the daughter—it might make you willing to help the mother.

CHARLES: Help her, I wish I could.

DAME: Into the quiet waters, as she calls them. It would be a fine thing to do.

CHARLES (*hesitating*): Yes—yes.

(MRS. PAGE *again opens door slightly.*)

MRS. P. (*unseen*): Dame, I hear you talking—and you were going!

DAME: I—I—excuse me, ma'am, just listen—and you'll hear the door slam this instant.

(*We see* DAME *put on a shawl in porch and go off slamming door.*)

(CHARLES *paces up and down like one bringing himself to a fine sacrifice, goes to bedroom door, almost speaks, turns, hesitates—lifts photograph and evidently compares the two women in his mind.* MRS. PAGE *has not reclosed door.*)

CHARLES (*his mind made up and feeling that he is a fine fellow*): Beatrice, I want to speak to you at once.

MRS. P. (*unseen*): As soon as I've packed my bag.

CHARLES: Don't pack it.

MRS. P: I must.

CHARLES: I have something to say.

MRS. P: I can hear you.

CHARLES: Beatrice, until now I hadn't really known you at all. The girl I knew and was so fond of—there wasn't any such girl.

MRS. P: Oh, yes, indeed there was.

CHARLES (*now in full and for a hero's crown*): There was the dear woman who was Rosalind, but she had tired of it. Rosalind herself grew old and she gave up the forest of Arden, but there was one man who never forgot the magic of her being there—and I shall never forget yours, dear, and I want to be your Orlando to the end. (*Pause.*) Do you hear me?

(*He is a little indignant with her for not being more impressed by the grandeur of his conduct.*)

MRS. P: Yes.

CHARLES: I will take you out of that horrible hurly-burly and live with you, dear, in the delightful twilight of middle age—I shall be staid in manner so that I sha'n't look too young, and I'll make life easy for you in your declining years.

(*Even this does not make her cry "You noble boy!"*)

Beatrice, do come out.

MRS. P: I'm coming now.

(MRS. P. *comes out garbed for conquest. A gay young fashionable creature, full of life and sparkle. She wears a Rosalind cap, carries bag, et cetera, and is as much changed within as without.*)

MRS. P. (*speaking as she comes*): You naughty Charles—I heard you proposing to Mama!

(*He is speechless.*)

Do I surprise you as much as that, Charles?

CHARLES (*rather tragic*): Good God! Is there nothing real in life?

MRS. P: Heaps of things. Rosalind's real, and I am Rosalind, and the forest of Arden's real, and I am going back to it, and cakes and ale are real and I am to eat them and drink them again. Everything's real—except middle age.

CHARLES: But you said——

MRS. P: What does it matter what I said—I'm Rosalind, I'm going back—I'm going back! Hold me down, Charles, unless you want me to go mad with glee!

CHARLES: I feel as if—as if in the room you have come out of, you have left the woman who went into it five minutes ago.

MRS. P: I have, Charles, I have! I've left the floppy-sloppy grudging old thing in a trunk to be carted to the nearest place where they store furniture; and if I'd had a husband and children I'd have crammed them on top of the cart, for I'm going back to Arden.

CHARLES: Beatrice!

MRS. P: The stage is waiting! The audience is calling—and up goes the curtain again. Oh, my public—my little dears, come with me and foot it again in the forest of Arden and brush aside your wrinkles and put away your double chins!

CHARLES: You said you hated the public.

MRS. P: It was Mama said that! The darling public, they are all I want! They are my slave, and my plaything and I fling them nuts and they fight for them! (*With exaggerated pout.*) Every one forgives Rosalind but you, Charles, —every one but you.

CHARLES (*carried away*): Beatrice, you unutterable delight——

MRS. P: Don't forgive me if you would rather not.

"Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate!"

CHARLES: There's no one like you on earth, Beatrice. Marry me—marry me.

MRS. P: As a staff for my declining years!

CHARLES: Forget that rubbish and marry me—you darling girl!

MRS. P: I can't and I won't—but I'm glad I'm your darling girl! Charles, I'm trusting to you not to let me miss the train.

CHARLES: We had better be off.

MRS. P: Am I to lose you at the first station?

CHARLES: Do you think it likely?

(*Continued on Page 70*)

Three Astounding Hat Offers

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$2.49
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70x9000—Charming, youthful style is shown in this model. Made of Black silk velvet. Has the new soft crown so popular for both street and dress wear. Large silk poppies in white and yellow combination, encircle crown, affording a stunning contrast. Skillfully made. Correctly styled. An exceptional value.

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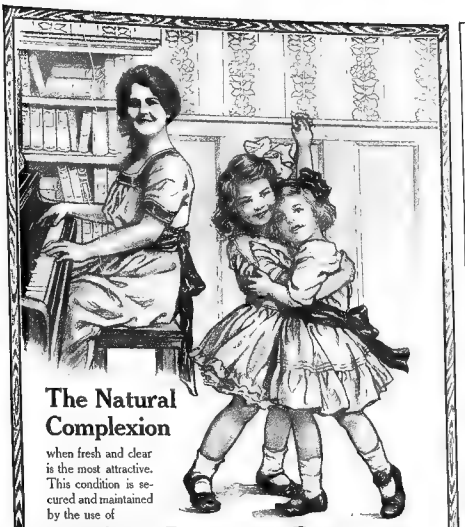

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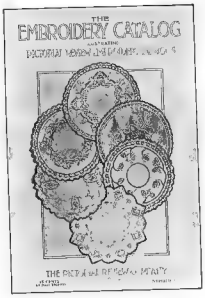

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Daughters of the Golden Treasure

To Bring Money and Good Things to the Women of America

YOU'RE a perfect darling to send me such a lovely ring" wrote one of the girls last month.

What *will* she say when she sees our new wrist watch; our beautiful new wrist watch that's the very newest and prettiest fashion in the world? Distinctive, simple, sterling silver, the small dainty watch is fastened to a graceful, linked sterling silver chain bracelet. And you should see the way that watch keeps time! Every Daughter simply must have one! Can you see yourself wearing it shopping or playing tennis or driving the car or rowing, or at your work? If you're not a Daughter already, write me a note to-day so that we can get that watch into the Christmas stocking. And remember that every single Daughter, with her bracelet watch, also gets six dollars and twenty-five cents to tuck into her hand-bag for something else that's nice.

I have the watch on this minute and it's pointing its delicate, gold hands to exactly twelve o'clock, ending a morning that has been filled every minute with something coming or something going to the girls. Checks, pearl rings, lavalieres, sterling silver toilet wares, silver tableware, silk stockings, gold brooches, money, checks in their crisp white envelopes, all pouring out to the girls all morning. And back from other girls has come a rich mail—a mail filled with glad messages. If ever there was a reward for labor I had it when I got this letter to-day from Mrs. Perry—not the add to my pleasure while on a trip I am to take soon, and I thank you very much for sending the gifts so promptly.

Thank you once more for my dainty jewel from that wonderful Chest.

FRANCES L. NORTON."

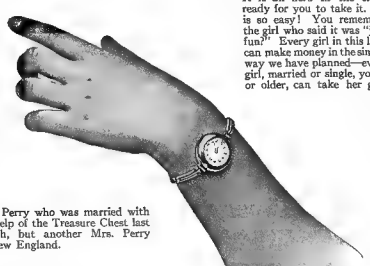
I could fill the whole magazine with letters, but I have so many other things to tell you that I must be careful of my little space.

Christmas Gifts from the Chest

FIRST I want to tell you that you can still have the silk stockings—and they make beautiful Christmas gifts either for yourself or your friends. Won't it be comfortable this Christmas to get all the money for your Christmas presents through the Daughters and get beautiful gifts from the Treasure Chest for yourself, besides? For a specially lovely gift, you might give somebody "real" important our new bracelet watch. Still—I'm sure you won't want to give it away. You will have to keep it for yourself. It's such a dainty bit of jewelry, you just must keep it, yourself.

We never forget for a moment in our excitement over our many gifts that the purpose of the Golden Treasure is to help you make money—just as much or as little money as you want. Money for Christmas presents, money for new curtains, money for a college course, or a new set of furs, or a bank account, or just money to spend for nothing at all.

It is all here in the chest ready for you to take it. It is so easy! You remember the girl who said it was "just fun?" Every girl in this land can make money in the simple way we have planned—every girl, married or single, young or older, can take her gifts from the Treasure Chest. You need no experience, no training, no special knowledge—there's room for you all.



The New Bracelet Watch is a Little Beauty

Mrs. Perry who was married with the help of the Treasure Chest last March, but another Mrs. Perry in New England.

The First Money I Ever Earned

"DEAR PEGGY KEY SCOTT:

The rug came this morning while I was in the midst of my Saturday baking. It is so beautiful! No one can imagine *how* very beautiful, until they have seen it.

It is the first money I ever earned in my life, but I do not intend it to be the last. Perhaps you might be interested to know a bit about me. I am twenty-four years old and have been married only since last October. I have a dear little home and love to keep house. My husband is almost as pleased over the rug as I am.

Sincerely,

MRS. E. S. PERRY."

CAN'T you see her taking her hands out of the firm, white dough and risking all that delicious bread just to look at the gleaming pearl and gold of that ring? And wouldn't you have done the same yourself if you were in her place?

Wouldn't you love to be surprised as this western girl was surprised? You can be if you'll hurry and write me right away. You'll be delighted when you discover how easy it is.

"DEAR MISS PEGGY:

I received my ring yesterday morning. I had been so anxious to get it that when it did come my brother would not let me know anything about it till dinner; then he had it unwrapped and put under my plate. You don't know how surprised I was!

I certainly am proud of it and I want to thank you for it. All my friends are just crazy about it.

Yours,

VERNA F. HOOPER."

And here is a girl in the Middle West, too, whose vacation was a better and happier one this Summer because she joined the Daughters.

"DEAR PEGGY:

The lavaliere came last evening. I think it is lovely. The ring, lavaliere and money will

No Spaniard of old ever discovered in the New World so rich a Treasure Chest as you will find in the Daughters of the Golden Treasure. Our Chest is stored with gold, silver and precious stones—diamonds and pearls, with fine linen, and with money, and always more money.

And every one of you girls can reach our Treasure Chest and take out what you want most. And whatever you take—gold or silver or precious stones, or fine linen—you will take with it money—whatever money you happen to need at this time.

Just sit right down and send me a card or a little letter. Tell me your troubles, if you wish. Maybe I can help you. Or, if you prefer, put your name and address on a card or a slip of paper and say, "Peggy Key Scott, tell me at once how to make money." And first thing you know you'll be sending me such a happy little letter as these I've shown you to-day.

Yours for a wealthy Christmas through the Golden Treasure.

Peggy Key Scott

President, Daughters of the Golden Treasure.

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Gifts for the Baby

DESIGNS BY ELSA BARSALOUX

Baby's Christmas gift, while practical, should have a certain daintiness as well. The designs illustrated on this page combine both qualities admirably, and can be gotten up quite inexpensively as well. The crocheted cap is useful for cool weather, and may be worked out in white silk combined with rambler rose embroidery to give a delicate velour. Rosettes and loops of narrow white satin ribbon, and ties of wide satin ribbon are all the trimming necessary. A lining of delicate pink China silk would add to its attractiveness.

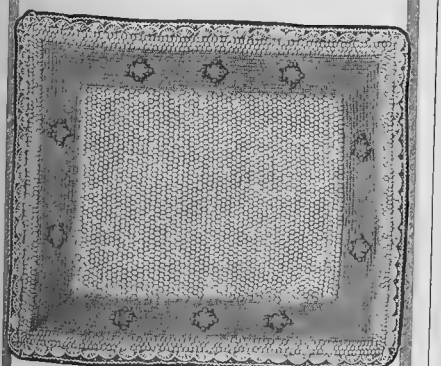
Another useful gift that means a lot of comfort for the tiny wearer, is a pair of crocheted sandal-bootees. The rambler rose embroidery is effectively combined in these, too, and they are lined with pink silk. A gift of cap, bootees and the carriage robe for the new baby would be much appreciated by the young mother, and would not represent an extravagant outlay of time or money. The fastening may be effected with crochet buttons.

The roses may be embroidered in shaded pink silk floss, with the ribbon harmonizing in tone

Baby cannot have too many pairs of bootees, for the little restless feet soon kick them out at the toes. Then, too, they become soiled, and the wise mother provides several pairs, so that these are always one or two fresh pairs in readiness for any of the various emergencies that always seem to arise when there is a baby in question.

Much better for cold or stormy days is a crocheted carriage robe like the one pictured, than the ingenue or pique robes so much used. Crocheted in silk, there is quite a bit of warmth in such a robe, especially if it is lined, as the lining prevents the admission of cold air through the open spaces. Rambler rose embroidery is combined attractively with the crochet, the roses in wreath effect embroidered at intervals on the border. All around the robe there is a daintiness of crocheted scallops, under and with narrow Valenciennes or linen Cluny lace, which though it shows no fulness, should be eased gently to the robe so there is no tendency to draw or pucker. China silk or sateen may be used for the lining, in the same shade as the floss with which the roses are embroidered.

Crochet work is not hard to learn, and once the stitches are mastered, it is surprising how quickly it can be done. There is nothing quite so satisfactory for "pick-up" work, to be done in odd moments. When resting after dinner, before getting luncheon, or even a half-hour in the evening devoted to this simple fancy work shows appreciable results. In the afghan or carriage robe illustrated at the foot of the page, several different stitches are employed, but on receipt of 10 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelope, complete instructions will be mailed to you by the Embroidery Editor. The rambler rose embroidery is not exactly essential, but it certainly adds to the attractiveness of the various articles to which it is applied. There is a quality of exquisite daintiness to rose embroidery, that seems to fit it especially for gifts, and for baby gifts most particularly.



A perforated pattern of the rambler rose design will be mailed on receipt of 25 cents. Complete instructions for the crochet work on cap, bootees and carriage robe will be sent by the Embroidery Editor on receipt of 10 cents, and a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

For a complete assortment of Embroidery Designs see The Embroidery Catalog. Price, 15 cents at all agencies, or 20 cents by mail from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

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The Millinery Lesson

Piquantly Tilted Are the New Fall Hats

By MAUDE ANDERSON

WEAR your hat at a piquant angle if you wish to be in fashion, for all the smartest hats of the season show an exaggerated slant or tilt, and the feathers, wings, quills or bows with which they are trimmed, are most coquettishly poised on brim or crown.

Both hats illustrated are made on the same foundation frame.

For the more elaborate hat, white faille was selected, with a band of beautiful black and white ostrich around the crown, and a stick-up of ostrich.

While the other hat pictured was designed for informal wear, it is a stunning model. Black velvet forms the covering, with a pair of pheasant wings for trimming that give a lot of style.

The materials required for making either hat are: one piece black frame wire, two yards heavy satin wire, one spool tie-wire, one pair wire cutters and nippers combined, and one yard crinoline to cover the frame. For the feather trimmed hat, one and one-half yard of white faille with one end cut bias, a piece of feather banding twenty-six inches long, and one fancy feather will be needed, while for the other hat, one yard and one-half of black velvet with one end on the bias, one yard and one-half of black moiré ribbon six inches wide, and a pair of pheasant wings are essential.

Begin with the head wire in making the frame. Cut a piece of wire thirty-two inches long, form into a circle by lapping the ends until it measures twenty-five and three-quarter inches, and fasten the overlapping ends with tie-wire. Then cut another piece thirty-two inches long, and form this into a circle measuring twenty-five and one-half inches. This circle is the top crown wire, which with the head wire forms the crown band, the upstanding portion of the wire brim over which the separate wire crown is attached. See Illustration No. 4.

Next cut eight pieces of wire, six inches long for the brim wires (Illustration No. 4). On each, measure off an inch and one-half from one end for the height of the crown band. With the nippers join these wires to the top crown wire by bending one end once around the crown wire. Then join each to the head wire in the same way, just where you have marked off the inch and a half. The half-inch is allowed for turning, as the crown band should be just one inch high. Be careful to place each pair of brim wires exactly opposite and at equal distances apart. For instance, attach the center-front wire first, then the center-back. Next place the wire at the left side, then the wire directly opposite on the right side, et cetera.

On wire "A" at the center-front, measure from the head wire and mark off two and one-half inches for the brim, bending out straight, and at right angles to the crown band. On the opposite wire, "G," at center-back, measure and mark off two inches and three-quarters, bending straight out. On the wire at the left side, "D," measure and mark off three inches, curving this wire a trifle upward. At the opposite wire, "E," measure and mark off two and one-eighth inches, bending it straight out.

On the wire at the left side-front, "B," measure and mark off two and three-quarter inches and curve it upward. Again at the opposite wire at the right side-back, "F," measure and mark off two and one-quarter inches and this must be bent straight out at right angles to the crown band.

On the wire at the right side-front, "C," measure and mark off two and one-quarter inches bending it straight out. At the wire opposite at the left side-back, "H," measure and mark off three inches, curving this wire upward.

Next attach the edge wire to the brim. For this take a piece of satin wire forty-eight inches long, form it into a circle by lapping the ends until it measures forty and one-half inches around, fastening the overlapping ends with tie-wire. With the lapped ends at the back, using the nippers, bend the free end of each of the brim wires over the edge wire once, at the point marked off. Clip off the superfluous wire and pinch the ends down flat.

It is only necessary to put two brace wires around the brim between the edge wire and head wire, placing them an equal distance apart. As the frame is already shaped it is easy to attach these intermediate wires by laying them on top of the brim wires, and tying to each wire with tie-wire, keeping the lapped ends at the back.

To make the crown, cut four pieces of wire each seventeen inches long and another piece thirty-four inches long. Join the last in a circle, lapping the ends until it measures twenty-seven inches around, and secure the overlapping ends with tie-wire. This forms the base wire of the crown and to it the four crown wires are attached, by bending with the nippers both ends of each wire once around the base wire at opposite points.

For wire No. 1 measure three and one-half inches for the height in front—across the top of crown eight and three-quarter inches; and for height at back three and one-half inches. No. 2 requires for the height in front four and one-half inches, across the top of crown seven and one-half inches, and for the height at back two and three-quarter inches. No. 3 requires for the height in front two and one-half inches, across top of crown eight inches and for the height at back four and one-half inches. No. 4, for the height in front on the left side four and three-quarter inches, across the top of crown seven inches and on the right side two and one-half inches for the height. Fasten the crown wires together on top at the point where they all cross, with tie-wire. Now cut a piece of wire thirty inches long, join in a circle and lap the ends until it measures twenty-four inches around. At the height of the crown join this to the crown wires with tie-wire. Then put a brace wire between this and the base wire of crown.

Having completed the frame, it must be covered with crinoline. Fit the crinoline to the underside of the brim, smoothing and pinning to position. Cut out the head size and make slits up to the head wire; cut around the edge wire, but allow enough to turn over. Transfer this facing to the upper brim and sew around the head wire. Turn the outer edge over the edge wire and sew to position. Repeat for underfacing the brim. Cover the top of the crown smoothly with crinoline and sew to the top crown wire, then fit a bias strip of crinoline around the side. Do not attach the crown to the brim until after the top facing of velvet or silk is on.

Take the straight end of the velvet or faille and pin the square corner to the front wire, "A," having the wrong side facing out as this is the top brim. Pin to position all around the edge wire, allowing enough to turn over the edge one-quarter inch, cut out the head size and make slits up to the head wire. Now take this off and put it on the top brim, but be sure to mark the fabric on front wire, "A," so you will know where it belongs on the top brim. Turn over the edge wire one-quarter inch and sew to position on the underbrim to crinoline and around the head-band.

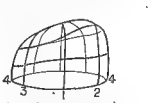
The underfacing is fitted in the same manner, only the right side is out. The two edges are then slipstitched together and sewed to position on the inside of the head wire. Cover the top of the crown smoothly with velvet or silk.

The hat is then ready for the trimming. For the hat at top take the moiré ribbon, start at the back wire, "G," and sew one end. Draw around the crown in plaits and make a small flat bow to cover the joining. Sew the wings in front.

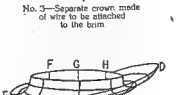
For the second hat, sew the feather band around the base of the crown allowing it to fall flat on the upper brim, or if more becoming, stand the feather band up against the side of the crown.

No. 1—Two illustrations of a stunning hat that may be worn for dress or general wear according to the material and trimming selected

No. 2—The shape covered smoothly before the trimming is put on



No. 3—Separate crown made of wire to be attached to the brim



No. 4—Brim and upstanding crown band ready for attaching to the wire crown

No. 5—Getting the velvet or silk facing ready for covering the brim

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In Vogue Are Redingotes, Tunics and Cape Waists

5926–5882—A delightful chic is given to the waist of this dress of Burgundy chiffon broadcloth by the cape that swings with such an audacious, military air from the shoulders at the back. Equally attractive is the sash which is an extension of the waist fronts, crossing in surplice style and carried around to the back where it fastens. Mounted on a lining with high, round, square or V-neck, the waist turns back to form revers, which, combined with the Directoire collar, form a charming frame for the face. Long or short sleeves may be worn. Though but one tunic is pictured, two are provided for the three-piece skirt which is lengthened by a straight flounce section about 1¼ yard wide. A band of chiffon plush weights the tunic and cape, and the same lovely material forms the collar and cuffs. Waist No. 5926, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5882, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. In medium size, the costume requires 6¾ yards 54-inch broadcloth, with 1 yard 36-inch plush, and ½ yard lining.

5919–5825—Long straight lines, Directoire collar, long close sleeves, and low-placed sash merely suggesting a waistline, proclaim this redingote one of Fashion's favorites. It is hung over an underbody with high or open neck, into the armholes of which the sleeves, long or short, are sewed. A contrasting fabric is to be preferred for the sleeves, repeating it in the flounce of the two-piece underskirt.

Plaid serge and black satin combine well in this model. Redingote No. 5919, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5825, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. The costume requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch plaid, 2 yards 45-inch black satin, and 2½ yards lining.

(Descriptions continued on Page 64)

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Four Smart Afternoon Gowns

5907—With this street costume of blue serge, the batiste collar and cuffs, embroidered revers and the white suède girdle are pleasing accessories. The unlined waist has long, one-piece sleeves that may be shortened and the neck may be either high or open. The four-piece skirt has side and back gores lengthened by a two-piece lower section, and is about 2 yards wide. Costume No. 5907, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Girdle No. 5880 is in small, medium and large sizes, the medium size requiring 1 yard 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery design No. 12078, price, 15 cents.

5930-5813—Soft white taffeta sleeves like the skirt and in contrast with the black velvet basque distinguish this smart costume. Mounted on an underbody, the gathered basque has full-length sleeves which may be shortened, Directoire collar and adjustable shield. The plain center-back section has short extensions at the lower edge which are brought forward and tied in front. Four one-piece circular ruffles with narrow satin bands are mounted on the two-piece skirt which is 1¾ yard wide. Basque No. 5930, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5813, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist. Price, 15 cents. The costume requires 5¼ yards 44-inch taffeta and 2 yards 45-inch black satin. Dame Fashion is indulging in an economical fit this season, for she is giving the heartiest endorsement to all sorts of material and color combinations. This is a decided boon to the woman of small dress allowance, who is able to make over old frocks with a little new material.

(*Descriptions continued on Page 64*)

Costume 5907
Girdle 5880

Costume 5900 with Russian Tunic
Girdle 5880

Redingote 5881
Russian Tunic Skirt 5882

5930

5813

5907

5882

5882

5881

5881

5900

For a complete assortment of Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, FALL NUMBER, for sale at all agencies at 25 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

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For Autumn Outdoor Wear

5925-4983—There is a jaunty, youthful style to this costume of blue serge with white revers and Directoire collar, the edges of which are bound with black silk braid. The skirt section of the jacket is joined to the waist under the graceful sash which is tied at the back. The four-piece skirt has a plaited section at each side seam and is about 2¼ yards wide at the lower edge. Redingote No. 5925, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 4983, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 4 yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

Velvet could be employed in the development of this smart jacket, but it should be warmly interlined, for cold-weather wear.

5919-5825—Gendarme blue cloth with black satin composes this strikingly smart redingote costume. The marked simplicity of the redingote is relieved by the sleeves and Directoire collar of black satin and the cloth sash that passes twice about the body. The black satin two-piece skirt has a plait front and back and is about 1¾ yard wide, though the pattern also includes a plaited flounce. Redingote No. 5919, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards serge 45 inches wide. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5825, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch satin with 1⅛ yard 32-inch foundation lining. Price, 15 cents.

Plaid in dark rich colors might be substituted for the plain cloth in this redingote, retaining the black satin for sleeves and underskirt. A binding of black silk braid may finish both edges of the sash, and the front and lower edges of the redingote.

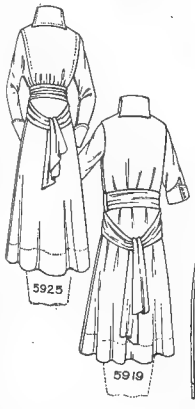
(*Descriptions continued on Page 64*)

Redingote 5925
Skirt 4983

Redingote 5919
Skirt 5825

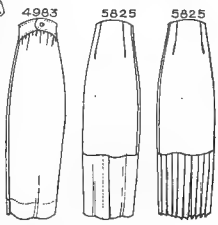
Cape 5928
Russian Tunic
Skirt 5915

Cape Coat 5856
Plaited Skirt 4774



5925

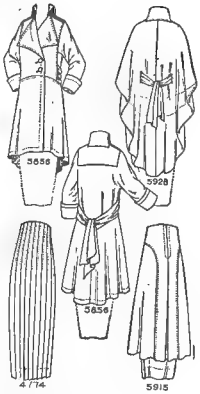
5919



4983

5825

5825



5856

5928

5856

4774

5915

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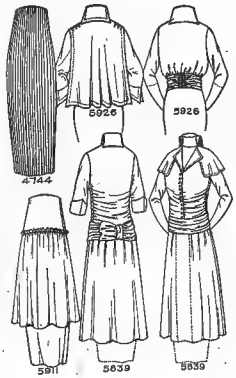
Expressive of the Latest Style Tendencies

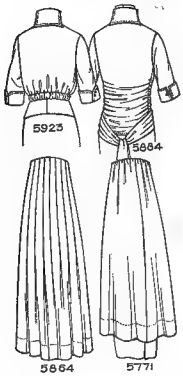
5923–5864—Becoming fulness of skirt and a long-waisted effect, produced by the smart girdle (5880) are features of this white dotted rose-color costume trimmed with black satin. The blouse is mounted on a lining, has a Directoire collar and full-length, one-piece sleeves which may be shortened if desired. Plaits are stitched in the top of the skirt, keeping the hip line slender. The waistline is high and 2 yards is the width of the skirt at the lower edge. Waist No. 5923, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5864, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. The costume requires 4⅞ yards 44-inch material with 3¾ yards 44-inch satin for revers, band and girdle, and ¾ yard 18-inch lace for vest. Girdle No. 5880 is in small, medium and large sizes. Price, 10 cents.

5839–4744—Narcissus red charmeuse is the fabric of this costume which consists of a basque, tunic and accordion-plaited skirt. The basque is mounted on a lining, and a becoming Directoire collar of black velvet and a short rippling cape that falls over the shoulders, add charm and distinction. Gathers at the side seams and along the closing edges lend softness to the lines of the figure. Closely set bullet buttons fasten the basque. The tunic closes at the left side, or it may be left open in front if preferred. A high waistline and straight lower edge measuring 2¾ yards characterize the accordion-plaited skirt. Basque and tunic No. 5839, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 4744, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. The costume requires 8 yards material 44 inches wide, or 3½ yards with cape. Made of dark brown broadcloth, and with fur neckpiece, this may be worn as a street costume until really cold weather sets in. Another attractive development would be a redingote of taupe velvet, with skirt of matching satin. The sash may be fastened front or back as preferred.

(*Descriptions continued on Page 64*)



Waist 5923
Plaited Skirt 5864
Girdle 5880



Redingote Basque 5839
Accordion-Plaited Skirt 4744

Basque 5884
Collar 5828
Russian Tunic Skirt 5771

Cape
Waist 5926
Russian Tunic Skirt 5911

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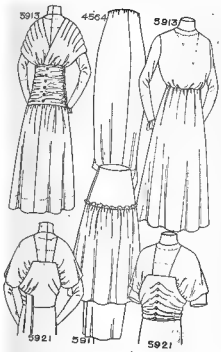
Fashion's Decrees for Social Functions



5913-4564—Black satin and black lace compose this dainty evening gown to which a crimson rose on the shoulder adds a touch of contrast. The waist is mounted on an underbody which may have high, round, square or V-shaped neck, and long or short sleeves. Plaits are laid in the lace down the shoulder of the waist, and the straight tunic, banded with satin is gathered under the shirred, deep satin girdle. The skirt is circular in shape, has a high waistline, is slightly gathered at the top, and measures 1¼ yard in regulation length. Waist and tunic No. 5913, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 4564 is in sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. The costume requires 4 yards of satin 36 inches wide, 4 yards of lace 44 inches wide and 1 yard of 27-inch white allover lace for underbody front and back. It is wonderful what a vogue the black or black and white costume has attained for evening wear! Black Chantrilly is the favored lace, sometimes over black, sometimes over white chiffon or silk net. The deep slightly fitted girdle is a new fashion note.

5921-5911—In this evening gown are combined ivory satin and flower-printed chiffon. The waist is mounted on a lining which provides for high, round or square neck and for long or short sleeves. Sleeve drapery in one with the side sections of the waist is of chiffon, the satin forming the center-back and front; or the waist may be worn décolleté as illustrated. Over the two-piece foundation skirt fall two straight gathered flounces, the lower edge banded with satin, the upper edge finished with a self frill where it is attached at yoke depth. The skirt may be either regulation or shorter length. Waist No. 5921, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5911 is in sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 waist. Price, 15 cents. The costume as illustrated requires 3¾ yards of satin 36 inches wide and 5¾ yards of 28-inch bordered chiffon for waist and tunics. Very attractive are the new tunics put on with a narrow frilled heading, and they are especially pretty in soft chiffons and nets.

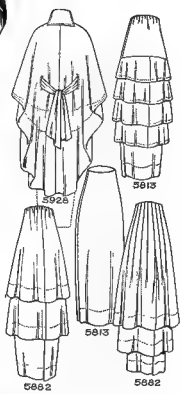
(*Descriptions continued on Page 64*)

Waist 5921
Russian Tunic Skirt
5882

Waist 3913
with Russian Tunic
Circular Skirt 4564

Waist 5921
Russian Tunic Skirt 5911

Cape 5928
Skirt 5813



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New Phases of the Redingote and Basque

Basque 5930
Russian Tunic Skirt 5744

Costume 5885

Waist 5909 with
Russian Tunic
Skirt 5279

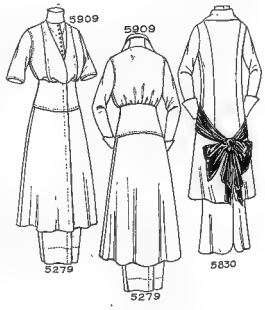
Basque Costume 5830

5930-5744—A very delightful new phase of the basque is the introduction of contrasting sleeves which harmonize with the tunic. In this instance the sleeves and the two-piece Russian tunic are of sage green chiffon cloth and the basque and skirt are of black satin. If preferred, the sleeves may be in short length. The basque is provided with an underbody, a becoming Directoire collar and a short sash that ties in front. The two-piece skirt has a plaited section inserted at each side seam at flounce depth, and is about 1⅛ yard wide. Basque No. 5930, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5744, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. The costume requires 4½ yards satin 45 inches wide, and 3 yards chiffon 36 inches wide.

5885—Cream white serge and satin are combined in this pleasing variation of the sash bodice costume. The full-length satin sleeves are set into the lining armholes, and the shawl collar of satin outlines a V-neck. An unusually graceful feature is the serge sash, an extension of the waist front, decorated with braid motifs. Over the four-piece foundation skirt is the long two-piece tunic, set on at the edge of the skirt yoke. 1⅛ yard is the width of skirt. Costume No. 5885, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. The costume requires 3¼ yards 44-inch serge; 3¼ yards 36-inch satin. Braiding design No. 11626, transfer pattern, 15 cents.

5909-5279—In this combination, sleeves and skirt are of black satin and waist, yoke and tunic of black and white checked serge. The waist is mounted on an underbody with high or open neck and to which is attached the batiste vest with flaring collar. The skirt is a four-piece model. Waist No. 5909 sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 bust. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5279 sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 waist. Price, 15 cents. The costume requires 2½ yards 54-inch check, 3¼ yards 36-inch satin.

(*Descriptions continued on Page 65*)



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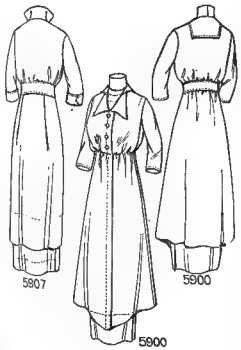
Good-Style Costumes for the Mature Woman

Costume 5907

Costume 5900 with Russian Tunic

Costume 5898

Costume 5902



5907

5900

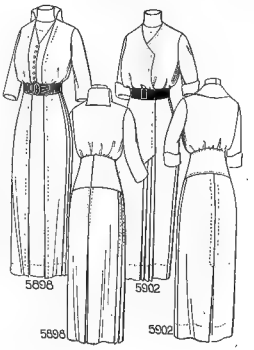
5900

5907—Cleverly cut to simulate the fashionable Russian tunic is the skirt of this smart costume of sage green and white check serge, quite simple and practical, but with a distinct note of style in the smartly shaped collar of white organdy, and vest, belt and cuffs of white bengaline. High and open neck, as well as long and short sleeves are provided for, and the four-piece skirt which may be in regulation or shorter length is about 2 yards wide at foot and is attached at high waistline. The tunic effect is gained by the addition of a two-piece lower section which lengthens the side and back gores. Costume No. 5907, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 44-inch material, ⅜ yard organdy, and ⅛ yard bengaline. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery No. 12008, transfer pattern, 10 cents.

5900—Maid and matron alike can wear this good-looking frock of wool poplin, its simple straight lines adapting it to women of every type of figure. An adjustable shield provides the practical high neck, while perforations permit of round and square neck outlines, and short sleeves. Of many possibilities is the three-piece skirt with two-piece flounce section in regulation or shorter length, on which is mounted a three-piece tunic with lower front edge in either of two outlines. Costume No. 5900, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5898—Becoming length of line is given by this costume of black and white striped cheviot, which emphasizes the return of plaits to popular favor. Directoire collar, vest and small revers of white piqué relieve the waist from severity, and a smart yoke tops the seven-gored plaited skirt, which is in regulation or shorter length. A lower-edge width of 2¾ yards provides ample walking room. Costume No. 5898, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5902—An inset plaited section at the front of the skirt, as well as a smart yoke girdle give decided chic to this otherwise simple costume of white-dotted green challis. Unlined, the waist is a model of simplicity, with the fashionable long sleeves, and open neck with dainty embroidered collar of white mull. Perforations permit of shortening the sleeves, and high neck is provided for in the adjustable shield. The four-piece skirt is in regulation or shorter length. Costume No. 5902, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 6 yards 36-inch material, ½ yard mull. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery No. 11500, transfer pattern, 10 cents.



5898

5902

5898

5902

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Charming Dancing Frocks for Misses

New Modes Show Basque and Tunic Established And a Novelty in the Cavalier Cape Waist

Basque Costume 5918

Cape Waist 5917
Tunic Skirt 5785

Waist 5890 with
Russian Tunic
Accordion-Plaited
Skirt 5460

Cape Waist 5917
Russian Tunic Skirt 5785

Costume 5905 with
Russian Tunic
Girdle 5880

Costume 5897
Girdle 5880

Basque Costume 5801

(*For Descriptions and Back Views see Page 65*)

For a complete assortment of Misses' Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, FALL NUMBER; for sale at all agencies at 25 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.
Price of each Pattern on this page, 15 cents, including Cutting and Construction Guide; except Girdle No. 5880, 10 cents.

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Ladies' Lingerie	Underwear	Lace Curtains
Kimonos	Baby Clothes	Toys
Millinery	Jewelry	
Corsets	Silverware	
Sweaters	Leather Goods	

Descriptions of the Smart Styles Pictured on This Page

One of the New Redingote Suits

1P65—A Smart Tailored Suit made of a fine quality all wool Diagonal Cheviot. Coat is designed in Redingote style, being cut away in front to reveal the skirt, and having a broad stitched belt of self material fastening with velvet buttons and trimmed with two rows of velvet buttons in back. The cuffs and the stylish roll Medici collar are of rich velvet. The model is gathered at the belt in pretty folds and measures 42 inches in length. It is lined to the waist with good quality, guaranteed satin. The skirt is made with a yoke extending to the hip line and has a double panel box pleat down center of front as pictured. COLORS: Black, navy blue, brown or Russian green. Sizes 32 to 44 bust, 23 to 32 waist, 37 to 45 length. Also to fit misses and small women, 32 to 38 bust, 23 to 28 waist, and 37 to 40 skirt length. Special low price, ALL MAIL OR EX- PRESS CHARGES PAID BY US.... **$10.98**

A Hat of Distinctive Style

6P626—Stylish Dress Hat, made of fine lustrous Silk Plush. The round crown is encircled with folds of satin messaline finished with tailored bow effect at side and caught by two plush buttons. Brim droops at right side and turns up smartly on the left, where the underbrim is trimmed with two single pieces of Ostrich in plume effect. Comes in all black, black with white Ostrich trimming, brown with natural brownish gray Ostrich trimming. Price, ALL MAIL OR EXPRESS CHARGES PAID BY US. **$3.98**

This Stylish Coat is a Bargain!

5P67—A Modish Winter Coat, made of a fine imported Astrachan Cloth. Coat is one of the new Redingote models and is cut to conform slightly to the lines of the figure; it has a wide stitched belt of self material. The lower part is made with a graceful rippling fulness and flares at the lower edge as pictured. The collar (which may be rolled up or turned down) and the turn back cuffs are of rich silk Seal Plush. Coat has very wide revers and fastens with two large plush buttons. It is lined with good quality Venetian and measures 48 inches in length. COLORS: Black, navy blue, brown or Russian green. Sizes 32 to 44 bust, also proportioned to fit misses and small women, 32 to 38 bust. Special low price ALL MAIL OR EXPRESS CHARGES PAID BY US. **$9.98**

A Smart Hat at Modest Cost

6P618—A Chic Dress Hat, that everyone admires who sees it. Its lines are becoming, it is comfortable to wear, and makes a splendid appearance. This model is a medium size roll brim sailor, made of fine quality lustrous Silk Plush. The oval crown is draped with graceful folds of messaline to match color of hat, and at the back is a large stick up ear effect of messaline used to hold it in place. Close-fitting brim is rolled up at edge and is trimmed with a wreath of small roses in assorted artistic colors combined with moss and velvet foliage. Comes in black, French blue or Russian green, all with variegated floral trimming. Price, ALL MAIL OR EXPRESS CHARGES PAID BY US. **$2.98**

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No. 6P618 Hat $2.98

No. 1P65 Suit $10.98

No. 5P67 Coat $9.98

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5904-5915—Vest, revers and flare collar in one, pointed cuffs and the back extended forward to suggest a shoulder yoke are charming features of this soft taffeta waist. The serge skirt is a three-piece model with plaited tunic overlapped by a novel and becoming yoke. Waist No. 5904, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5915, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 26, 1¼ yard wide, requires 4⅜ yards 44-inch material, 1⅜ yard lining. Price, 15 cents.

5927-5889—A vest and girdle in one is a feature of this modish waist, the sleeves fashionably long and with quaint flaring cuff. The skirt of blue and white plaid serge is a two-piece design with a three-piece tunic, open in cutaway style or lapped in front. Waist No. 5927, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5889, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 4⅜ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Lower-edge width 1¾ yard.

5802-5891—Raglan sleeves tucked on the shoulder and a vest-like front with deep revers are noteworthy attractions of this waist. The pattern also includes a shield and standing collar. With it is shown a four-piece plaited skirt with two-piece hip yoke. Width around lower edge about 2½ yards. Waist No. 5802, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5891, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

Waist 5886
Tunic Skirt 5889
Girdle 5880

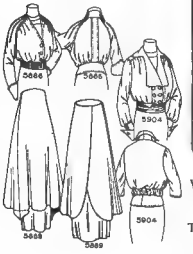
Waist 5904
Russian Tunic Skirt 5915

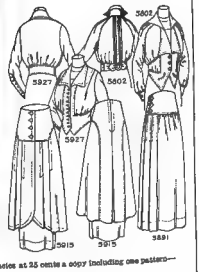
Waistcoat Blouse 5927 Russian Tunic Skirt 5889

Waistcoat Blouse 5802 Plaited Skirt 5891

5886—Good features of this crêpe de Chine waist are the group of tucks on the shoulder of each raglan sleeve, the gathered fronts, the becoming flare collar and deep cuffs. Waist No. 5886, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery No. 18008, transfer pattern, 10 cents.

5889—This taffeta skirt illustrated with Waist No. 5886, is a two-piece model with high waistline and long three-piece tunic with front in straight or rounded outline, and straight or pointed at sides. Skirt No. 5889, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 4¼ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Girdle No. 5880, 10 cents.





For a complete assortment of Waist and Skirt Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, FALL NUMBER; for sale at all agencies at 25 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

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Chic Street Clothes for Young Girls

5892—Novelty serge in blue and white plaid with threads of black is attractively combined with black satin in this young girl's street costume. Three-piece tunic and four-piece underskirt are attached to the waist. Costume No. 5892, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 7¼ yard 54-inch novelty cloth, 1¾ yard 36-inch satin and 1¼ yard lining. Price, 15 cents.

5910–5785—A swagger coat is this of black and white tweed, made with raglan sleeves and jaunty cape. It has patch pockets and a belt passing under the center-back plait, though belt, pockets and cape may be omitted. The skirt consists of a three-piece foundation and a one-piece tunic. Coat No. 5910, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5785, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 44-inch fabric. Price, 15 cents.

Costume 5892 with Russian Tunic

Basque Costume 5918

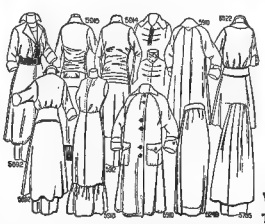
Cape Coat 5910 Russian Tunic Skirt 5785

Jacket in Basque Effect 5914 Yoke Skirt 5912

Cape Coat 5910 Skirt 5249

5914–5912—A smart military effect is attained in this brown cloth costume through the high standing collar, and the straight dart plaits taken up each side of the front. Skunk fur down the front of the basque and on the collar adds richness. The pattern includes a lining and provides for open neck. The two-piece sleeves are full length and the tunic in three pieces. The four-piece skirt is attached to a two-piece yoke. Jacket No. 5914, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5912, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. The costume requires 5 yards of 54-inch fabric. Lower-edge width 3 yards.

(*Descriptions continued on Page 65*)



Cossack Waist 5922 Russian Tunic Skirt 5785

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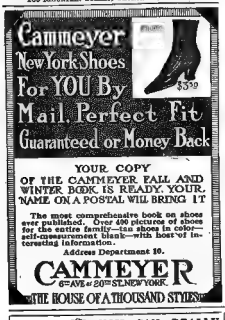
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Evening Frocks and a Graceful Cape

5905-5880—Just as necessary to the young girl's wardrobe as smart street suits and dresses, is the dance frock, and this may be charmingly pretty and dainty as youth itself, without representing a great outlay of money. Fine nets and tulle and lace are to be had at reasonable prices, and over a foundation of inexpensive satin, what an adorable frock for evening wear is evolved! This model features a double tunic with straight lower edge, hung over a three-piece foundation skirt lengthened by a straight flounce section about 1⅛ yard wide. To the skirt is joined at high waistline an underbody with high or round neck in either of two depths and long sleeves perforated for shorter lengths. Nothing could be more effective for draping than the waist, cut in one with short sleeves. Misses' Costume No. 5905, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 5⅛ yards 36-inch net, 2 yards 36-inch satin including girdle, 2½ yards lining. Price, 15 cents. Girdle No. 5880, price, 10 cents.

5897-5880—Combinations of net or lace with satin or charmeuse could be worked out attractively in this charming evening frock. The kimono waist is girlishly simple with surplice crossing, and tucks on the shoulder. Allowance is made for long and short sleeves, high and low neck, and the gathered skirt is 1½ yard wide. Misses' Costume No. 5897, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 4½ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Girdle 5880, 10 cents.

Costume 5905 with Double Tunic Girdle 5880

Costume 5897 Girdle 5880

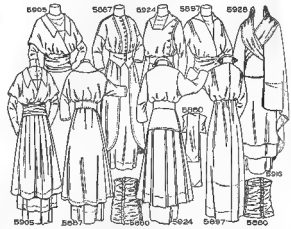
Costume 5887 with Russian Tunic

Costume 5924 with Yoke Tunic

5928-5916—Such a swagger air these capes have especially when fashioned of black chiffon velvet, an audacious note of color given by a gay lining of black and white or rose and white striped satin. Surplice sections cross in front and are carried around girdle fashion to the back. Perforations permit of shortening the cape. The skirt shown is a three-piece model lengthened by a flounce, with circular tunic and a gathered ruffle. Ladies' and Misses' Cape No. 5928, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years for misses. Size 16 requires for long cape, 3⅜ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5916, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

(*Descriptions continued on Page 65*)

Cape 5928 Russian Tunic Skirt with Yoke 5916



Back View of 5928 and 5916

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What the Young Folks Are Wearing

Coat 5899

Dress 5858

Coat 5814

Coat 5899

Cape Coat 5851

Boys' Suit 5846

Dress 5816

Child's Coat 5799

5858 5899 5814 5858 5816 5851 5846 5799

5899—This coat design for little girls is shown in blue chiffon broadcloth with black velvet collar, cuffs and sash. The sleeves are cut in one with the yoke, and the lower edge may be in straight or rounded outline; both of which are shown on this page. Coat No. 5899, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 2 yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5858—Blue and white checked serge with white collar, cuffs, belt and vest, and black satin skirt compose this unlined dress for a little girl. Skirt and waist are joined. If preferred the dress may be of one material, with belt and collar of contrasting material. Long or short sleeves and high or open neck may be worn. Dress No. 5858, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5814—This coat for a little girl consists of a body with raglan sleeves, and two-piece circular skirt sections which are joined under a soft belt. It is shown in white velours de laine. Coat No. 5814, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch fabric. Price, 15 cents.

5816—A one-piece dress with long shoulders and long one-piece sleeves with or without turn-back cuffs, or with short sleeves. It is illustrated in blue and white striped serge with white collar, cuffs and belt, and blue cord loops and buttons. Dress No. 5816, sizes 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

(*Descriptions continued on Page 65*)

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Autumn Frocks for Little Maids

Dress 5901

Dress 5629

Dress 5632

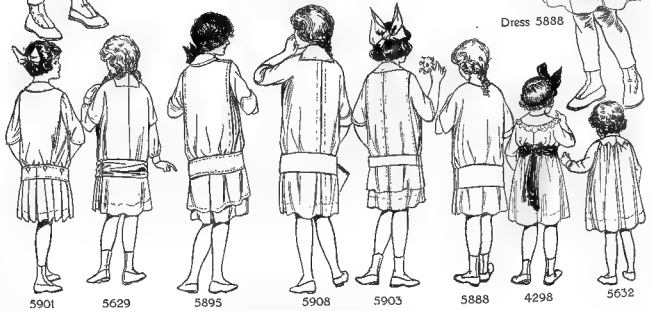
Girl's Tunic Dress 5903

Dress 5895

Dress 4298

Dress 5908

Dress 5888



5901 5629 5895 5908 5903 5888 4298 5632

5901—Kindergarten and play needs are provided for in this frock of blue and white striped galatea, with straight side-plaited skirt. Child's Dress No. 5901, sizes 2, 3, 4, 6 and 8 years. The 8-year size requires 3¼ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5629—Cut with front, back and cap sleeve in one, nothing could be simpler to make or launder. It may be worn as pictured, or with a guimpe having high or square neck, and long or short sleeves. Dress No. 5629, sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8 years. The 8-year size requires 1¾ yard 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5632—Soft white batiste or mull with smocked yoke would be dainty for the wee maid's best frock with long or short sleeves. Dress No. 5632, sizes ½, 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. The 2-year size requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Smocking 19032, transfer pattern, 10 cents.

5903—Just like Mother's Moyen Age dress is this dear little tunic frock of rose cashmere, with tunic of black velvet. The sleeves, which may be long or short, are in one with the underarm facing. Dress No. 5903, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 1¾ yard 44-inch material, with 1¼ yard 36-inch contrasting. Price, 15 cents.

5895—Very serviceable for school would be a dress like this of blue and brown plaid. Round collar and shaped tunic give style, and long or short sleeves may be worn. Dress No. 5895, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

(*Descriptions continued on Page 65*)

For a complete assortment of Children's Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, FALL NUMBER; for sale at all agencies at 25 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

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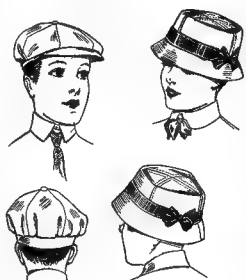
Designs to Fit Many Needs

Negligée 5929

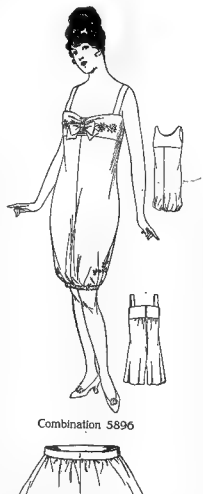
5929—Comfort, serviceability and style unite in this charming negligée or lounging robe of pale rose color albatross, with flare collar of satin and frills of self-color chiffon, hemstitched. The closing is at the side, low down, and is effected with a heavy cord frog, which may be of satin or albatross. The lower-edge width is about 1 yard. Cut with long shoulder falling over the arm, the need of sleeves is obviated, which means quite a saving of time and trouble. Ruffles of chiffon attached to the armhole add length and give the effect of a sleeve. The flare collar may be of fine lace, net or chiffon. If wide material is used, the center-back may be laid on a fold, thus eliminating the seam at this point. All edges may be faced with self-material or silk. Negligée No. 5929, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 7¾ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5906—So much more genuine comfort is assured boys by wearing one of these soft caps or hats, that it is small wonder they all, large and small, prefer them to the stiff ones. All sorts of fabrics may be employed in fashioning them—linen, chambray, and galatea for warm weather wear, while the fall and winter ones are of warmer, sturdier stuff. Black and white check serge and cheviot are favored quite a little for both hats and caps. For the hats, plain colors such as dark grays, browns and blues have the greatest vogue, with a band of ribbon in self-color around the crown. Being intended for informal service, more latitude is allowed for the cap. Tweeds, plaids, and mixtures in cheviot and heavy woolen fabrics are all good. Pattern No. 5906, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. The 8-year size requires ½ yard 27-inch material for hat or cap. Canvas may be used to stiffen the peak of the cap, but the material doubled will serve for the hat brim. Price, 10 cents.



Boys' Hat and Cap 5906

5896—Little superfluous fulness is allowed in up-to-date underwear, as this charming example plainly shows. What trimming there is must be applied flat, so as not to disturb the *ligne*. The corset cover of this combination is little more than a yoke, with straps of ribbon over the shoulders so that it is well adapted for wearing under the transparent blouses in style. Instead of innumerable frills and ruffles, we have a little hand embroidery which gives real distinction. The drawers are open and may hang loose, or they may be gathered in at the bottom in knickerbocker effect. Pale pink crêpe de Chine is the most fashionable material just now for lingerie, though white batiste and nainsook are always in good taste. Combination No. 5896, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery No. 11741, transfer pattern of 28 sprays, 15 cents.



Combination 5896

Child's Drawers 5893

5893—Drawers made at home, sensible mothers realize, are much more satisfactory than those purchased ready-made. Unless quite a high price is paid, the material is sleazy and will not stand the strain of frequent washing, and the trimming is coarse. Made at home, of good sturdy material, fitted carefully so as to stand any amount of dragging when the small wearer is playing, the results more than justify the trouble. These drawers are gathered to a band finished with narrow linen lace, and for best wear may have a spray of embroidery. Drawers No. 5893, sizes 1, 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. The 6-year size requires 1 yard 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery No. 11741, transfer pattern of 28 sprays, 15 cents.

Kimono 5894

5894—Such a comfort a kimono is to slip into when tired, or simply resting! And when it is pretty, the satisfaction is much greater. Here is a very attractive model, yet it is quite easy to make. The cleverly-shaped yoke is cut in one with the sleeves, and either full-length or shorter ones may be selected, a separate pattern being provided for each. Two styles of collars are also given, a flare one which may be of organdy, and a simple turn-down collar forming a point at the back. Perforations permit of cutting the kimono in dressing-sacque length. Dotted swiss, albatross, cashmere, challis, lawn, China silk and flannelet are all suitable materials for its development. Kimono No. 5894, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires for long kimono, 5 yards 36-inch material, with 1 yard 27-inch contrasting for collar and cuffs. Price, 15 cents.

5920—Included in this set for dolls are a boy and a girl doll's clothes in Dutch style. For the girl doll there is a dress having body and sleeves in one attached to a skirt closing at left side-front under a plait. The waist buttons in front, and is finished with a cunning round collar. A smart little hat to be made of the same material as the dress is also provided. A side-closing blouse with round collar, and joined to side-closing trousers forms the boy doll's costume, to which is added a dear little hat. Silk, gingham, lawn or dimity may be used for the girl doll's clothes; linen, gingham, chambray or galateen for the boy doll's. No. 5920, sizes for dolls 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches high. Girl doll's set requires for the 18-inch size 1¾ yard 27-inch material. Boy doll's set, 1 yard 27-inch. Price, 10 cents. It is a wise mother who fosters the maternal instinct in her little daughter by giving her dolls with clothes that may be put on and taken off at will.

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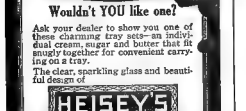

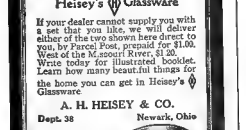

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The Newest Fashions

(*Descriptions continued from Page 49*)

5923-5891—The Directoire collar no less than the smartly-shaped skirt yoke gives distinction to this otherwise simple frock of terra-cotta wool poplin. A lining provides the possibility of high or round neck, the latter in two depths, and while the long sleeves illustrated are very fashionable, there are perforations for shortening. Below the skirt yoke, which fastens at the side in straight or scalloped outline, falls the graceful skirt, with the fulness at front and back varied by plaits at the side, providing a comfortable walking width of 2¾ yards. Waist No. 5923, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 44-inch material, ⅜ yard lace. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5891, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 3¼ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5926-5882—In a different development this costume is shown and described on page 49. Black satin and net are employed in this view, the cape braided in soutache, bought the same design could be worked out in tiny beads if preferred. Waist No. 5926, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Braiding No. 11665, transfer pattern, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5882, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 6 yards 36-inch satin, 2¾ yards 36-inch net for tunic.

5909-5882—Deep armholes, sleeves of contrasting fabric, soutache braiding, and the fashionable Russian tunic hung from a yoke are featured in this smart waist. Combined with a two-piece underskirt lengthened by a plain or plaited flounce of black satin to match the sleeves, a stunning costume is gained. An underbody is provided, into the armholes of which the sleeves are sewed. High and open neck are allowed for, and the sleeves are perforated for shorter length. There are perforations also for shortening the tunic and for open front. Waist No. 5909, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5882, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Braiding border No. 11693, transfer pattern 1¼ inch wide, price, 15 cents. Costume requires 2¾ yards 54-inch gabardine, 3¾ yards 36-inch satin and 2½ yards lining for underbody and upper part of underskirt. Width of plaited flounce, 2¾ yards.

(*Descriptions continued from Page 50*)

5881-5882—Distinctive style characterizes this costume of white serge and black velvet the redingote of which is cut for ladies and misses. From beneath the Directoire collar at the back the short rippling cape falls to the waistline. The sleeves are set in dropped kimono armholes, and may be long or short. The skirt of the redingote is in three sections, and falling over the Russian tunic skirt gives the effect of a double tunic. The three-piece skirt is about 1½ yard wide. Redingote No. 5881, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, and in 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5882, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. The costume requires 5¾ yards 54-inch serge and 4 yards 36-inch velvet.

5900—A redingote effect is attained in this blue and green plaid serge costume through the front closing, the revers and the long Russian tunic. The unlined waist is attached to the tunic skirt at high waistline. Either the smart full-length sleeves or shorter ones may be used, and the Directoire collar may frame the V-neck outlined with velvet revers. The three-piece foundation skirt is 1¾ yard wide at the lower edge. Costume No. 5900, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Girdle No. 5880 is in small, medium and large sizes. Price, 10 cents. The costume requires 4¾ yards of 44-inch material with 1¼ yard of 44-inch velvet for girdle.

(*Descriptions continued from Page 51*)

5856-4774—Scotch plaid cheviot is the fabric of which this cape coat is composed. The sleeves are in one with the back of the coat and the removable cape is fastened on under the Directoire collar and down the sleeves. A sash from the side seams may be tied at the back above the two-piece circular skirt section. With this coat is worn a straight, side-plaited skirt about 3¾ yards wide. Coat No. 5856, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 4774, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5928-5915—Black chiffon velvet and white satin compose the cape for ladies and misses which is here shown in 32-inch length, but the pattern provides also for a 50-inch and a 26-inch length. Sash ends continuing from the fronts pass through side slashes and tie at the back. The white serge skirt consists of a three-piece foundation and a six-gored tunic with yoke in one with the back gore. Cape No. 5928, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, and 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5915, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch material. Lower-edge width, 1¾ yard. Price, 15 cents.

(*Descriptions continued from Page 52*)

5884-5771—Mahogany satin and chiffon cloth are combined in this costume which consists of an up-to-date, long-waisted satin basque with chiffon sleeves and a Russian tunic skirt. Mounted on a lining the basque has a slightly fitted effect, becomingly softened by the gathers at the underarm and shoulder seams. The pattern includes a Directoire collar; though this may be replaced by a flaring collar of lace (No. 5828) as illustrated. A short back is provided for in the basque pattern as well as shorter sleeves. The skirt consists of a three-piece foundation with high waistline and a straight tunic. Basque No. 5884, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5771, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 5¾ yards satin 36 inches wide, 3¾ yards chiffon, with ⅝ yard 27-inch lace. Collar No. 5828 is in small, medium and large sizes. Price, 10 cents.

5926-5911—Variations of the slightly gathered waist and tunic skirt are shown in the costume of Burgundy color and ivory satin with fine shadow lace. The lining provides possibilities for high, round, square, or V-neck and for short or full-length sleeves. The Cavalier cape that falls from beneath the Directoire collar, may be omitted when preferred. On the two-piece skirt are mounted two straight flounces of lace at hip depth. Waist No. 5926, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5911, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. The costume requires 5¾ yards 36-inch satin for basque and trimming bands; 2¾ yards 36-inch white satin and 2¾ yards lace 40 inches wide. Width of skirt at lower edge about 2¾ yard.

(*Descriptions continued from Page 53*)

5928-5819—An unusually picturesque cape for ladies and misses, is shown in black velvet with ivory satin lining, satin revers and Directoire collar. Extending from the shoulders in front are wide bands which cross and lengthen into sash ends, passing through slashes at the sides to tie at the back. The skirt of the costume is a two-piece foundation on which are mounted four one-piece circular ruffles. Cape No. 5928, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, and in 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5819, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 4¾ yards 44-inch material. Width of lower edge about 2¾ yard. Price, 15 cents.

5921-5882—Wisteria chiffon and satin compose this graceful evening gown. A line of beads edges the chiffon at the décolletage below which the draped front and back section of satin encircles the figure in girdle effect, lapping at one side. The waist is mounted on a lining with provision for high, round or square neck and for long or short sleeves. Two deep tunics edged with satin bands drape the three-piece lower skirt which is 1¾ yard wide. Waist No. 5921, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5882, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. The costume requires 4 yards satin 36 inches wide, 5¾ yards chiffon 40 inches wide and ⅞ yard 18-inch lace.

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Styles That Are Popular

(*Descriptions continued from Page 54*)

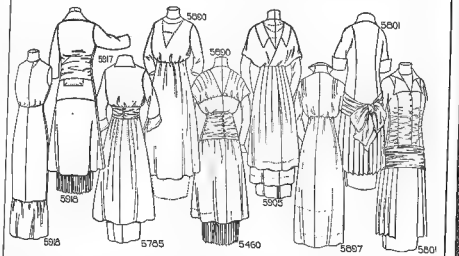
5880—This basque costume of Russian green serge is mounted on a sleeveless lining with open neck, and attached two-piece flare skirt about two yards wide at the lower edge. The basque is semi-fitted, and the elongated waist is defined by a soft silk sash. Costume No. 5880 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 36-inch lining for body and foundation gores, 4 yards of 54-inch serge, and ¾ yard of 27-inch silk for vest. Price, 15 cents.

(*Describing models illustrated on Page 56*)

5918—The gathered basque of this frock is slightly fitted over a sleeveless underbody, and may have long or short sleeves, and high or V-neck. Costume No. 5918, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 4¾ yards 44-inch charmeuse and 2½ yards 27-inch lining. Width at lower edge, 2¾ yards. Price, 15 cents.

5917 5783—Biscuit color satin and chiffon, with terra-cotta velvet compose this charming costume, of which the satin cape at the back is a novel feature. The waist has a lining, long sleeves which may be shortened, and Directoire collar. The three-piece foundation skirt is about 1¾ yard wide, and has a long, one-piece tunic. Waist No. 5917, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5783, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. The costume requires 4¾ yards 36-inch satin, 3 yards 40-inch chiffon and 1 yard velvet. Two developments of this are shown.

5890-5460—A draped waist joined to a tunic, deep shirred girdle and accordion-plaited skirt, compose this charming costume. There is a waist lining which provides long or short sleeves and several different neck outlines. Waist and tunic No. 5890, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5460, about 2¼ yards wide, flouncing, 4 yards 45-inch satin and 1 yard lining.



5905-5880—Mounted on a lining, lace drapes the waist and arms, though long or short sleeves are provided for. The skirt consists of a three-piece foundation about 1¾ yard wide, and two one-piece tunics. Costume No. 5905, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch flouncing, 2¾ yards 44-inch satin for skirt and girdle. Price, 15 cents. Girdle No. 5880, price, 10 cents.

5897-5880—The waist and long or short sleeves are cut in one. The straight skirt is gathered and trimmed with a taffeta quilling and is about 1¾ yard wide. Costume No. 5897, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Girdle No. 5880, price, 10 cents.

5801—This shirred basque is mounted on a sleeveless lining and to it is attached the two-piece skirt with side-plaited tunic. Costume No. 5801, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years, the 16-year size requiring 6 yards 44-inch material. Width about 1¾ yard. Price, 15 cents.

(*Descriptions continued from Page 59*)

5918—This basque is joined to a three-piece tunic with yoke, over a three-piece skirt with plaited or gathered flounce. Costume No. 5918, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5910-5249—A short circular cape crosses the back and shoulders of this smart coat and ends in the front seam of the raglan sleeves. The skirt is a two-piece model with a plaited section inserted at the left side and is about 1¾ yard wide. Coat No. 5910, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch material including cape. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5249, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5922-5785—Long, close-fitting satin sleeves are set in large armholes and an adjustable shield with organdy collar, fills the deep neck opening. The three-piece tunic is attached to the slightly bloused waist. The skirt is a three-piece model with a one-piece tunic and is 1¾ yard wide. Cossack Waist No. 5922, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5785, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. The costume requires 4¾ yards 54-inch serge and 2¾ yards of 36-inch satin. Braiding Design No. 11290, transfer pattern, 1 inch wide, price, 10 cents.

(*Descriptions continued from Page 60*)

5887—Smart features of this attractive frock of white taffeta are the drop-shoulder, the prettily-shaped collar and revers of the waist, and the tunic in cutaway outline, over a three-piece skirt about 1¾ yard wide. Misses' Costume No. 5887, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 6¾ yards 36-inch taffeta. Price, 15 cents.

5924—An adjustable shield allows for high and two low neck outlines in this costume, and there are perforations for shortening the sleeves. Topped by a three-piece yoke is the double box-plaited tunic, the foundation for which is a three-piece model with straight flounce, about 1¾ yard wide. Misses' Costume No. 5924, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 5¼ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

(*Descriptions continued from Page 61*)

5851—The back of the coat is cut in one with the cape sleeves which are seamed at the front in raglan style. Cape Coat No. 5851, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5846—This boys' suit consists of a belted yoke jacket with four patch pockets, and knickerbockers as well as plain trousers. Suit No. 5846, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5799—This model consists of a sack coat having one-piece sleeves with turn-back cuffs, and a circular cape. A bonnet is included. Coat No. 5799, sizes ½, 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. The 4-year size requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

(*Descriptions continued from Page 62*)

4898—All in one is this pretty frock, with high or round neck, and skirt short as pictured, or long in Kate Greenaway style. Dress No. 4898, sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. The 4-year size requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

5908—Very smart little girls look in these one-piece frocks with high, round or square neck, and long or short sleeves. Dress No. 5908, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 2¾ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5888—This dress slips on over the head, and is cut with sleeve in one with the back. Dress No. 5888, sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 2 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery No. 12090, transfer pattern, price, 15 cents.

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Pooh-Bah Bartlett

(*Continued from Page 8*)

any one else in the Golden Spiders we passed a motion putting the whole business in your hands until we get the piano back. Get after them!"

Mr. Bartlett opened the third letter with extreme reluctance. He glanced first at the signature. The name was that of Harry P. Rogers, and he wrote as temporary secretary of the Hospitallers.

"Dear Mr. Secretary,
I am instructed to tell you that the Hospitallers have made you a Committee of One to correspond with the Golden Spiders and the Hospital Board and to answer their letters about the Dimmock piano. Mr. Dillingham suggested this because the piano was given to you as Secretary and because you are Secretary. Don't let Rolf or Carstairs imagine for a minute that we will give up the piano. The meeting was all for lighting into them hot foot, and I was to tell you to write a letter that would make their hair curl."

Mr. Bartlett arranged the three letters on his desk in a row and read them again, his chaped hands working nervously. In his pocket he had copies of the letters he had written to Mr. Rolf and Mr. Carstairs at the request of Mr. Dillingham, and he spread these out and read them again. His face flushed as he read the letter he had written Mr. Rolf. For the moment Mr. Bartlett was heart and soul a Golden Spider.

"Impudence!" he said pounding his fist on the letter he had written Mr. Rolf. "'The property of the Hospitallers'—it will remain where it is! I'll see whether it remains where it is. Miss Murphy! Take this letter.

"Mr. Augustus Bartlett, Secretary,
44 Tenth Street, Riverbank.
Dear Sir,
Your letter to Mr. Rolf has been referred to me for answer. The piano in question does not, and never did, belong to your organization. It was given to me as secretary, and as secretary of the Golden Spiders I will be my duty and pleasure to testify in any court of law that I am secretary of the Golden Spiders and was secretary of the Golden Spiders at the time the piano was given. I advise you to secure the delivery of the piano to the secretary of the Golden Spiders at once and thus avoid trouble.
Yours truly,
Augustus Bartlett, Secretary."

The blue-eyed stenographer looked at her notes doubtfully.

"The signature and the address of this letter would be the same, the way you have dictated it——" she began, but Mr. Bartlett interrupted her.

"Well, what of it?" he asked crossly. "You can write what you are told to write, can't you? Take this—" and he dictated:

"Mr. Augustus Bartlett, Secretary,
44 Tenth Street, Riverbank.
Dear Sir:
Replying to your letter to Mr. Carstairs, I would say you are utterly wrong about the piano. It was given to me as secretary, and as secretary of the Hospital Board it is my duty to swear, and I will swear in any court, that the piano was given to me as secretary of the Hospital Board. To avoid trouble, send the piano at once to the Nurses' Home.
Yours truly,
Augustus Bartlett, Secretary."

"But you just said in the other letter —" the stenographer began, a slightly dazed look in her big blue eyes. Mr. Bartlett snapped her words off short.

"No matter what I said. You're hired to write what I dictate, aren't you? Then write it! Take this letter—" and Mr. Bartlett dictated:

"Mr. Augustus Bartlett, Secretary,
44 Tenth Street, Riverbank.
Dear Sir:
I understand you have been appointed a committee to take up the matter of the Dimmock piano with me. I beg to inform you that any effort in the direction of taking the piano from us will be wasted. The piano is our piano. It was given to me as secretary, and as secretary of the Riverbank Hospitallers I am ready to swear that it was given to me as secretary of the Riverbank Hospitallers.
Yours truly,
Augustus Bartlett, Secretary.

"Got that? Well, make two copies of that. Two, do you understand?"

The stenographer looked at Mr. Bartlett uneasily. She glanced at the door to see that it stood ajar and that she was not locked in the room.

"Two copies? Yes, sir," she said nervously. "You said two?"

"One for the Golden Spiders—and—one for the Hospital Board," said Mr. Bartlett with sarcastic deliberation. "Anything else I must explain, Miss Murphy? If not, perhaps you will take this letter. Ready? Then take this——"

"Let me see!" he said thoughtfully. "I've written Spider to Hospitallers, and Hospitallers to Spider, and Hospital to Hospitallers, and Hospitallers to Hospital. Now I've got to write Spider to Hospital and Hospital to Spider. Take this:

"Mr. Augustus Bartlett, Secretary,
44 Tenth Street, Riverbank.
Dear Sir,
I understand you have been appointed a committee to claim the piano the Hospitallers stole from us. You'll never get it. It belongs to us.
Yours,
Augustus Bartlett, Secretary.

"And take this:

Mr. Augustus Bartlett, Secretary,
44 Tenth Street, Riverbank.
Sir:
I understand you claim our piano. You can't have it. It's ours.
Yours,
Augustus Bartlett, Secretary."

"Do you want carbon copies?" asked Miss Murphy tremulously.

"Of course I want carbon copies," shouted Mr. Bartlett, letting his anger get the best of him. "I always want carbon copies. Don't I always want carbon copies?"

"Yes, sir," said Miss Murphy meekly, and she turned to her typewriter and began writing the letters. Mr. Bartlett sat at his desk and drummed on his desk nervously. From time to time he arose and walked to a window and looked out and returned to his seat. He cast impatient glances at Miss Murphy. He could hardly wait until she had completed her task, and when she had placed the letters beside him in one neat pile and the carbon copies beside him in another neat pile, she turned back to her seat.

"Hold on! Hold on, now!" exclaimed Mr. Bartlett. "I'm not through with you." He picked up one of the letters and read it. As he read his face turned crimson. Never, since he had been a secretary had any one written him such an impudent letter. "Take this dictation!" he cried:

"A. Bartlett, Secretary.
Your impudent letter of even date at hand. You seem to think you can bulldose me, but you can't. As secretary of——"

Mr. Bartlett stopped short and looked at the letter he held in his hand. There was no way of knowing of what organization the "Augustus Bartlett, Secretary" that had signed it was secretary. Mr. Bartlett had no idea what organization he was now writing for. His one idea had been to be a faithful secretary, and it really did not matter much what he wrote so long as it was defiant. It did not matter to whom he wrote it so long as he kept a copy for his minutes. He began assorting the letters and the carbon copies. He was beginning to be inextricably confused, as you are, among the letters of Spider to Hospital, Hospital to Hospitaller, Hospitaller to Spider and Spider to Hospitaller.

"Now, I must write a Hospital to Spider," he muttered holding up one finger. "And I must write a Hospitaller to Spider. No, I did that. I must write a Spider to Hospital. Miss Murphy, take this dictation. No, hold on! Here's a Spider to Hospital. I must write Hospital to Spider. Yes! Or—no! Now, let's see. Spider to Spider you can't, because that's all one. Spider to Hospital I did. And Hospital to Hospital you can't. And Hospital to Spider I did: So I want to write Spider to Hospital and Hospital to Spider. No. I *did* write that. Now, Spider to Spider you can't. And Spider to Hospital I did. Here it is. Now I must write Hospital to Spider. Miss Murphy——"

But Miss Murphy was gone. She had not waited to pick up her hat, but with big eyes fixed on Mr. Bartlett she had backed away, backed through the doorway of the office and was backing toward the front door of Mr. Bartlett's business domain. Mr. Bartlett looked up in time to see her back gently but firmly into the approaching front of a lady. Miss Murphy uttered a little scream of fright.

"Oh, excuse me," she said, as she looked up and saw a majestic woman towering above her.

"Where is Mr. Bartlett?" asked the majestic one in a severe tone.

"In there. In this office," said Miss Murphy, not offering to lead the way, and the majestic one sailed into the office.

"Are you Mr. Bartlett?" she asked. "Mr. Augustus Bartlett, Secretary?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Mr. Bartlett.

"I want to see you about a piano," said the majestic lady.

Mr. Bartlett's brow clouded. He placed his hand on the assortment of secretarial letters, as if seeking protection from those evidences of his faithfulness to his trust.

"I was just writing a few letters on that subject," he said softly. "I think I would prefer to handle the entire matter by correspondence. As secretary——"

"Letters fiddlesticks!" said the visitor. "If you are Augustus Bartlett, Secretary, I can settle this business in ten words. They told me to see you."

"As secretary of the Golden Spiders, or as secretary of the Hospitallers, or as secretary of the Hospital?" asked Mr. Bartlett.

"It makes no difference to me," said Mr. Bartlett's visitor. "Did Mr. Dimmock—Mr. H. J. Dimmock—give you a piano?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Mr. Bartlett.

"Well, he didn't," said the visitor. "Because I'm Mrs. H. J. Dimmock, and that was not his piano to give. It was my piano. And I gave it to the Riverbank Country Club just a week ago to-day."

To the surprise of Mrs. Dimmock, Mr. Secretary Bartlett grasped her hand and shook it warmly.

"Thank you! Thank you!" he said. Perhaps this was the first time in history that the loss of a piano was greeted with thanks, but it was a great relief to Mr. Bartlett. He went home to dinner with a light heart.

"You feel much better, dearie," said his wife.

"Indeed I do," said Mr. Bartlett, taking a letter from the mantelpiece and ripping it open. "I was worried about that piano, but by good luck——"

His face paled and his hand trembled. Mrs. Bartlett seized the letter and read. It was addressed to Mr. Bartlett. It said:

"Dear Sir:
At the meeting of the Board of Governors of the Riverbank Country Club held last night you were Riverbank Country Club held last night you were elected Secretary, vice Mr. Biggers, resigned. As we understand that a piano donated to this club by Mrs. H. J. Dimmock is claimed by the Riverbank Hospitallers you were appointed a Committee of One to take up the matter with them and secure the delivery of the piano to us."

Mrs. Bartlett opened her mouth to speak, but Mr. Bartlett was gone. He was in his study, with a pen in his hand and a sheet of paper before him, writing the first of four letters of resignation.

Love Seasons

By

Gertrude Walton

The earth seemed tuned anew, that eve
In May, when first I met you, dear.
Too sacred was love's shrine to leave,
And blissful was life's warp to weave.
You wooed me then
And won me when
Fair June was smiling in the sky
And birds were cooing, mating near.
Just you and I——
Just you and I.

The after years were not all song—
The Summer of our love, my dear,
When little ones proved love more strong,
Home life was sweet—no day seemed long—
A somber day
Soon passed away.
And cloudless was again the sky
When Summer-time of love was here
For you and I——
Just you and I.

Our fledglings winged to man's estate,
The Autumn came to us, my dear,
The garnered sheaves from love's shrine wait
And grander minds with life debate.
You loved me then,
I loved you when
The mist of years had dimmed the eye,
The Autumn-time of love was here
For you and I——
Just you and I.

And now alone, just you and I!
'Tis Winter-time of love, my dear.
No wintry blasts make warm hearts sigh,
The storms may come—my king is nigh,
And violets stay
Of that May day,
When love first caused my heart to sigh,
While Winter-time of love is here
For you and I——
Just you and I.

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The Forgotten House

(*Continued from Page 16*)

where ye kape yer chiny?' and 'Ow, is them where ye kape yer preserves?'—and—'Ow, 'tis where ye find the linen, ain't it, becowse 't will come handy like av a day unbeknownst!' Ugh! the fairies fly away with the like of her!" cried the servant, her brogue and her indignation growing apace. "A-prowlint an' a-puttin' her nose into places, like she was an owit woman huntin' eggs av a morning in the cowbyre."

"Maggie!"—this indignantly, though Nancy found it difficult to stifle a smile.

"Ow!—well, an' what av that?" Maggie trussed her elbows to her sides, and leaned over with the olives outstretched feelingly in one hand, and the olive fork in the other. "Sure, an' wadn't she be askin' me about yerself, too an'——"

"Maggie!"

"Oh! ye can't stop me tellin' ye. A-askin' me, did I know yer young man, an' what his name wad be, an'——"

"Maggie! Stop this instant!"

"Oy! yes! said Maggie, raising her voice a little higher, "an' a-wantin' to know had ye run off the day from Mrs. Munger's to meet wit' him, an'——"

NANCY fled to the hall, crimson and infuriated. She was enraged at Maggie. Enraged at the Freedlark woman. Enraged at Mrs. Munger for bringing the creature into the house to spy on her.

"Sure—an'. wouldn't she—an' wasn't she—an' didn't she?" Maggie's voice went on crying after her. "She did, an'——"

Then the front door opened, disclosing Mrs. Munger. Her face was haggard and of a leaden, sickly hue, the corners of her mouth drawn back into the mirthless, painful semblance of a grin. Her eyes, always profound and gloomy, burned with a fiercer moodiness than usual, and unfurled up in a wad on her bonnet, they gleamed forth with a fixed and warning latency, as immobile and contemptuously menacing as a snake's.

There was a bandbox in her hand. As she lurched through the doorway it caught on the woodwork, and with a grunt and an ugly wrench she tore it free, her stick clattering against the woodwork in her vehemence.

What the bandbox contained Nancy was destined, later on, to learn. The moment, however, Mrs. Munger's eyes clapped themselves on Nancy, the bandbox became the object of Mrs. Munger's instant and pressing concern.

She whirled it round until its label was concealed, holding it behind her like a child with a stolen piece of candy. Then she tried awkwardly to sidle up to the door of her private room, as if to trim sheets of into that safe haven. But at that crucial moment, a piercing voice bugled gleefully from the drawing-room:

"Oh! here you are!"

Silence answered the greeting. Miss Freedlark gallantly charged closer to the line of danger.

"Oh! you've been shopping! It's a hat! You've been buying a hat!"

A groan and minatory dumbness settled on Mrs. Munger's face—a stillness akin to that hush before the bolt of lightning sluices earthward bearing destruction in its crash.

"Oh! let me see it!" cackled Miss Freedlark, swooping archly at Mrs. Munger's secret burden; "I'm just dying to see your new, pretty little hat. Do let me have a peep."

"*Mind your own business!*"

So fell the lightning bolt, the Jovian lance! The ripping, lash-like crack of the detonation burst upon the appalled moment, crashed *forte possibile*, and stalked down to the horizons with a rumbling thunder tread. "Ugh! Huh!" grunted Mrs. Munger.

That was all. Afterward the living world sat up and took stock of the casualties. The cloud from which this rivening stroke had fallen hid itself from view; for, leaning over the keyhole, Mrs. Munger fumbled a moment with the lock, the door gave in, and she disappeared.

Miss Freedlark, with a good deal of discomfort to herself, managed to wring her cadaverous features into an appeasing and benevolent smile. "My!" she exclaimed, looking at Nancy with an arch twinkle in her pale, fawning eyes, "wasn't it funny of her? Just on account of a little bandbox! Now, if we weren't such good friends——"

A deep and sincere pity for the woman sprang impulsively into Nancy's heart. She read behind the arch twinkle of the pale, fawning eyes; saw through the sprightly affectation of carelessness by which the victim tried miserably to screen her hurt; and suffering for the woman's poorly hidden shame, the girl generously forgot the past hour's vulgarity, the prying, the low-bred, inquisitive effort to delve into her affair.

"Oh! I am so sorry. Mrs. Munger really didn't mean it," she cried, though she was quite certain, of course, that Mrs. Munger did mean it. "She's just irritable because she's tired."

A wave of color swept up into the woman's face, and her eyes took on a contemptuous hardness. "You attend to your own affairs!" she exclaimed acidly, and was continuing in the same sneering tone, when the door behind her opened, and Mrs. Munger emerged.

She had discarded her hat and coat, and once more, as if regretful for her show of temper, she spoke to Miss Freedlark in a tone that, if not cheerful, was at least restrained and civil. "I'll be down in a moment. Step in the parlor till I dress for dinner."

"Yes, indeed! Don't bother about *me!*" answered Miss Freedlark, mollified and ready to fawn again.

At the stairs Mrs. Munger turned and glazed at Nancy, the glance sweeping her from head to foot. "I want a few words with you, girl," she rumbled.

Another scene, thought Nancy, as she followed silently in Mrs. Munger's wake, wondering what turn it was to take. But why should she care, no matter what Mrs. Munger said or did? Only a few hours more, and she would be free.

"Now," said Mrs. Munger, suddenly, after closing the door behind her, "I want to know what you're up to."

She planted her stick on the carpet, and gazed at Nancy, her face filled with solemnity. More than ever, she looked massive and masterful, and Nancy watched her curiously. Impressed by Mrs. Munger's majestic calm, she felt a sudden unexpected terror that she herself was the one to be judged, rather than the woman who now stood facing her with quiet dignity. "You do not answer me," murmured Mrs. Munger, in a subdued voice.

There was nothing for Nancy to answer. Swayed by the new view of her own conduct, a guilty interpretation now of her duplicity, her eyes dropped.

"A letter was brought to you at my door, to-day; you went out afterward," said Mrs. Munger, in an even, unaccusing voice; "will you tell me where it was from—where you went? While you are under my roof and in my charge, I have a right to know how you conduct yourself."

"I WOULD rather not tell you—I can't, Mrs. Munger," she answered gently, "it would betray a confidence. The letter was from a friend."

"A friend? Girl, what friends have you?" retorted Mrs. Munger, with no shade of mockery in the question.

"Almost none—one or two, perhaps Mrs. Munger."

"Friends!" repeated the majestic figure, solemnly, with an echo close to a grave pity behind the word. "*Friends*—and have you thought, perhaps, that the *friends* of yours may be making you a catspaw? Well," she said painfully, as if she mused, "it was to be expected. I've tried my best. I've done all I could, but you are bound to have your way. Go on, girl," she murmured, her head raised again to humble Nancy with its pride and injured dignity; "let nothing stand in your way till you have succeed. And then, when you have found out what you are seeking, perhaps I shall have room in my heart to pity you!"

"Oh, Mrs. Munger! Why do you say that?"

The majestic figure swung alertly toward her.

"Tell me, then!" cried Mrs. Munger, dominantly; "who is it that is egging you on?"

Nancy shrank back from her, once more hanging her head.

A grim silence followed. Mrs. Munger, with her jaws working together, hobbled toward her dressing-table, her back turned to Nancy.

"Go! I've had my say!" she growled. Thus dismissed, Nancy took herself from the room.

Twenty minutes later the muffled thump of Mrs. Munger's cane sounded on the stairs as she ponderously descended. She still wore her morning attire, heavy black brocade, and in her hand was clutched the vial of smelling-salts. "Come!" she grumbled, appearing at the drawing-room door; "dinner's on the table."

Nancy, fumbling over the music on the piano, jumped up from the stool. Across the room, Miss Freedlark, who

(*Continued on Page 69*)

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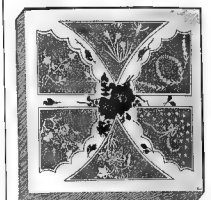

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The Forgotten House

(*Continued from Page 68*)

had been traveling about, industriously handling the ornaments and staring at all the pictures, turned with a set smile and followed.

"Can't I give you my arm, my dear?" she pleaded with Mrs. Munger; "you've had such a long day of it!"

"No!" rumbled Mrs. Munger, stumping onward alone. She reached the dining-room; and, without waiting for any one's aid, dragged out her chair. Her eyes, lowering, pored on the cloth before her; and when Maggie set down her plate of soup, Mrs. Munger stared at it dully, as if for once her devotion to the love of eating had become a secondary thought. Then, when she had picked up her spoon, Mrs. Munger stirred her soup listlessly awhile, gulped a mouthful, and aimlessly went on stirring.

But however the hostess showed her listlessness and preoccupation, Miss Freedlark more than made up for it. Her animation was distracting; her chatter endless. She praised the soup, sipping it daintily, her little finger stiffened into elegant rigidity. She praised the olives, the celery, and the radishes. Doubtless, she would have praised the salt, too, in turn, if the coming of the fish had not distracted her attention. Then she praised the fish and the crisp potato chips with it. She praised the tartar sauce that was passed to her by Maggie, and when a muttered "huh!" warned her she had dwelt too elaborately on the subject, she changed her praise to something else of Mrs. Munger's. Meanwhile the dreamer at the table's end played listlessly with her fork, never so much as looking up when her fish was whisked away untasted. Then at the salad, Miss Freedlark's *obligato* of unceasing chatter rounded up into the topic of society—not that society which embraces massed civilization, but the society which is ever dignified with a capital S in the minds of those who interminably chatter and write about it.

But through it all, the dark, stony visage at the table's head sat plunged in dark, self-absorbed rumination, the heavy eyes looking up, and the massive frame stirring only when the chatter pitched itself into sudden, ecstatic shrillness.

PRESENTLY the flow of words swept toward the upper realms of the chosen field of inspiration. Miss Freedlark mentioned other names, and they were the names of *bona fide* gods and goddesses of the worshipped Olympus, not imitators immured away in the side streets, where they ate out their hearts in envious apings of that other set. She mentioned the real thing. The Four Hundred! The Upper Ten! The Big Bugs! The Nobs! The Toffs! The Regular Swells! The kind that she would have more than eaten her heart out to know! The kind that Mrs. Munger, too, had tried desperately to reach and had never known how to do it. The heavy eyes raised themselves; the talker saw that moment's gleam of interest, and rose to it inspiredly, naming other gods and goddesses not only by their names, but by their nicknames, too. It was Maume-this and Saltie-that. It was Fannie and Tessie and Lou. Their brothers and lovers and husbands were Tom-this and Dick-that and Harry-whatnot. Poor soul! The woman seemed to live on it, rolling the names with an unctuous familiarity under her tongue, and prostrating herself in worship of her idols. Mrs. Munger stared at her, as if enthralled; then her shoulders quivered with an uncontrolled shrug of irritation. Once she moistened her lips, curling them into a sneer. A little later she grunted. Miss Freedlark kept on, absorbed now for her own sake, in the orgy of recreated visions. A change swept over Mrs. Munger's moodiness.

"Huh!" she drawled, her face convulsed into a shocking leer of contempt; "personal friends of yours, ain't they? Know 'em all intimately, I guess."

Miss Freedlark's mouth opened. She blushed furiously; then the color drifted out of her skin, and a startling pallor blanched it. The insult had found its mark; it had been chosen with a savage cruelty, nicely calculated to stab the victim to the quick. Miss Freedlark squelched, buried her eyes in her lap.

Smiling beneath her scowl, Mrs. Munger pushed back her chair, and arose, ignoring her withered guest as she turned to Nancy.

"Go see whether there's a hack at the door. Not my own carriage, but a hack."

The girl sped from the room, glad to get away from the barbarous scene. Mrs. Munger, relapsed into her ugly humor of silence, followed her into the hallway, and stood waiting with a hand on the stair rail. The faint smile still curled her lips mockingly under the scowl, and once she looked over her shoulder contemptuously, as if to stare at the dumbed victim of her rage—a wrath that seemed trembling to the brim in Mrs. Munger's soul.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" whispered Nancy to herself. "And she stood it! How could she?"

"Hurry you! you!" croaked Mrs. Munger, shaking her stick; "is the hack there?"

Nancy looked out through the glass of the vestibule. "Yes, Mrs. Munger. There's a carriage at the door."

But oh! oh! thought Nancy; how could the woman swallow an insult such as that, and not resent it?

"You coming up-stairs with me, Miss Freedlark?" grunted Mrs. Munger over her shoulder; "I've got some work for you."

Then Nancy knew; Miss Freedlark, too, was a paid servitor in that house, and had already felt the penalty.

But why had Miss Freedlark been engaged? What had become of Miss Maria, too? Where was Mrs. Munger going in a public carriage at that hour of the night? A rising wind rattled at the windows, and Nancy, in the drawing-room now, peered out at the sky. Shortly it would rain. Mrs. Munger was going to brave the coming storm—and why?

Ten minutes later, the two women came down the stairs. Mrs. Munger's hand, and half-concealed by her flowing wrap was a round package wrapped in heavy paper—the bandbox, as Nancy saw. "Hey! a quarter of eight?" she exclaimed in a startled tone, as she looked up at the clock; "I must hurry. Take those things down to the carriage, Miss Freedlark."

Mrs. Munger's new assistant was heavily laden. Under one arm were two or three small bundles; in the other was a large pasteboard box such as tailors use, the same size and kind of box with which Mrs. Munger had burdened herself the day before. More riddles! More puzzles! More mysteries!

At the door the commanding figure halted, turned, and leveled her stick at Nancy. "Now, no tricks while I'm away. Do you hear?"

Shaking her stick in impressive warning, she lumbered through the doorway and was gone; and on the heels of her departure rain burst pattering on the glass vestibule. In the hall the front door clicked on its latch as Miss Freedlark softly closed it behind her, and then the lady herself appeared.

She shuddered slightly as she entered the drawing-room, shivering as if chilled by the inclement night. It required only a glance to show that Mrs. Munger had kept her standing out in the rain until she was pretty thoroughly drenched.

"You are wet through, Miss Freedlark," said Nancy, going over to her; "can't I get you something dry to put on?"

"Me? Oh, I ain't sugar so I'll not melt." She looked at Nancy with a covert suspiciousness, and began feeling her wet shoulders with a concern that belied the careless answer. "What do you do with your evenings?" she asked with an affected uninterest. "Did you intend going out to-night?"

Notwithstanding her assumed unconcern and the idle tone of her question, Miss Freedlark was unable to hide the shrewd interest glittering in the corner of her eye.

"No," answered Nancy, with a growing knowledge of the truth, a guess at the reason for Miss Freedlark's presence in the house; "I had no idea of going out. Did Mrs. Munger say she thought I was?"

"Hey? — She? — Oh — why, no!" exclaimed Miss Freedlark, startled. She leaned over and tried ruefully to brush the dampness from her dress skirt. "Why, I'm wetter than I thought," she murmured. "Maybe you had better let me have something dry. I'm just sopping."

"Very well; I'll send one of the maids with the clothes. You're in Miss Maria's room, aren't you?"

NANCY got a wrapper and a pair of slippers out of the closet on the top floor. Then she rang for a maid, and Maggie appeared, growling at having to climb the stairs.

"Oh, an' did she get soaked?" grunted Maggie, with a frank smile. "Sure, for all av me, I'd let her be drownded in her own boots."

Nancy opened the door of her room. "And say to her I've gone to bed, Maggie. Please be sure not to forget."

Locking herself in, Nancy hastily un-

(*Continued on Page 70*)

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The Forgotten House

(*Continued from Page 69*)

dressed. There was no longer any doubt now; Miss Freedlark had been brought there to watch and to spy over her; she was certain of that. She was lowering her light, when she thought suddenly of the album. There might be no chance to get it in the morning, if her spy were still on guard; she must get it now. But while Nancy debated undecidedly the stair creaked. Out went the light, and into her bed popped the girl, and lay listening.

"It's me, my dear. Have you really and truly gone to bed?"

A muffled voice assured Miss Freedlark that such was the case.

"Oh, I'm so sorry! I came up to have a nice, little cozy chat with you."

The footfalls departed; the stairs creaked once again; a silence fell on the upper regions of Mrs. Munger's home.

Nancy felt too worn out to get up again and light the light. She shrugged down among the pillows, an arm above her head in an attitude of repose, and stared thoughtfully into the dark. But it was not of Mrs. Munger that she thought. Nor was the thought that came to Nancy a thought cloaked in the usual roseate panoply of love's young dream. There arose in her mind the visual image of that moment when she lay in his arms, her face upturned to his and his lips hovering so close to her own. She felt her heart leap, as it had leaped then. In memory, his softening eyes swam down to hers; in memory, the arm curled above; her head slowly curved and with her other arm, together stretched out into the dark toward him. There they paused an instant—wavered—then fell in despair to her side.

For the young dream had snatched itself away—gone—withered in the blighting knowledge again that it was nothing but a dream.

Not even a name was hers to bring him!

The hours passed. Midnight struck. The boom of the deep-toned chime below ceased, and stillness followed—a profound moment, as if night waited hushed, a finger on its lips. Nancy stirred restlessly. Her ear, with that strained intentness of one unable to sleep, engaged itself with faint little noises; the creaking of the floor, the ticking of her mantel clock, the whisper of the rain on her window-pane, or a sudden rattle of the glass itself as a gust struck against it. A train on the "L" road clattered past, its startling burst of sound drowning all other sounds as it drew by the street end. A moment later came a Columbus Avenue motor car, a flat wheel under its trucks pounding out a staccato, jeering refrain, disposed to murder even sounder sleep. Afterward followed a belated motor, its exhaust barking loudly. Then the motor, the car, and the train passed into the distance. Silence fell anew, more profound, more hushed and pervasive than before—silence all the more still and solemn because of its creeping undernote, the creak of the floors, the small, deliberate ticking of the clock, the whisper of the rain drops tinkling on the pane.

NANCY leaped upright, her eyes distended. Another sound! She heard it distinctly somewhere in the darkened halls below, the floor creaked—not once, but beneath a cautious tread. Throwing back the covers, the girl sat up, her knees beneath her, and caught at her breath while she listened.

Who walked below there in the darkened house? Nancy battled with the instant's panic; she must know. Cautiously, one foot trying the floor before her, she crept to the door. Her hand, feeling along the panels, found the key. With no betraying sound she gently drew the door open, and peered into the hushed gloom of the hallway.

Against the background of the stairwall, a faint, swaying glow diffused itself and then withdrew. Silence established itself throughout the house again, yet the girl listening at her door was aware of a living thing below, guardedly moving in the dark.

Again the light! Shutting the door a little closer, the girl peered breathlessly through the crack, her lips apart, and her nostrils quivering, every nerve strung in torturing expectancy. The shadows, capering wildly, fled away before the growing luminescence; the hulked darkness of the upper hall narrowed to visible wall and ceiling, and still the light advanced, its reflection swaying drunkenly on the plaster. Then a hand appeared, a massive claw holding aloft a candle; a head raised itself on the stairway, and turned to stare along the level of the floor.

The candle's flame, guttering and unsteady, threw but a fickle light on the face of the prowling intruder. In the pasty, staring whiteness of that mask two fixed eyes were set like holes burned in a paper scroll; the chin had fallen, and the mouth, abjectly loose and debile, hung open, working like the maw of a gasping fish. Then the eyes rolled upward to the whites, and through the night's stillness a stifled, choking whimper breathed, shrill in its utterance of misery.

It was Mrs. Munger, and she wept!

For through the night's rain, it appeared, an unsheltered, unprotected, Mrs. Munger had come to prowl at midnight. Her head had sunk upon her head in a ruin of dripping silk and velvet; and beneath, the wreck of her hair escaped, streaming in dank, corded wisps against her face. Step by step, she heaved herself upward to the stair end, and there halted, one gripping hand sprawling upon her mouth.

"Urh!" she whispered, the moan wrung from her with all the profound debility of a soul in torture. "Oh, my God!"

GREAT tears rolled down her cheeks, as she dropped her hand from her mouth. She turned, and with her streaming skirts flapping against her limbs, dragged herself along by the balustrade. In an instant, the girl quaking behind the door, thought the groping figure headed toward her. But reaching the door of the garret room, where all the discarded flotsam and jetsam of her household was stored, Mrs. Munger laid her hand on the knob, raised her candle overhead, and slowly disappeared.

"Oh!—*she knows!*" gasped Nancy; and pressing her own door to, she turned and thrust all her weight against it.

But that groping night-prowler, beyond, had no thought of molesting her. The rasp of a slyly opened drawer sounded once; after a pause, the drawer was as slyly closed; and the secret, wary feet came stealing back to the hall again, patiently slow in their wariness. Then, once more—again—once again the stifled, mouse-like whisper of Mrs. Munger's misery keened thinly in the silence; and daring all, the girl drew back the door and looked.

It was as she had guessed. Mrs. Munger, her candle held aloft, was dragging herself down the stairway, the album clasped in her arm.

(To be continued)

Rosalind

(*Continued from Page 45*)

MRS. P (*who is making gay swallow flights about the stage, eluding him mischievously when he would seize her*): I don't—I don't! My boys always come all the way. And, Charles, as we run to the station we'll stop at every telegraph post and carve something sweet on it! "From the east to western Ind."

CHARLES: "No jewel is like Rosalind!"

MRS. P: "Middle age is left behind——"

CHARLES: "For ever young is Rosalind!"

(*He has, become as gay as herself.*)

Oh, you dear! Motley's the only wear!

MRS. P: And all the way up in the train, Charles, you shall woo me exquisitely. Nothing will come of it, but you are twenty-three again, and you will have a delightful time!

CHARLES: I'll win you, I'll win you. I say, the train!

MRS. P: And eventually you will marry the buxom daughter of the wealthy tallow-chandler——

CHARLES: Never, I swear!

MRS. P: And bring your children to see me playing the Queen in "Hamlet." (*He suddenly kisses her with the effrontery of twenty-three. She escapes from him gaily. The whistle of the train is heard.*)

CHARLES: The whistle of the train!

MRS. P: Away! Away! 'Tis Touchstone calling! Fool, I come, I come! (*To bedroom door.*) Ta-ta, Mama! (*They dart away.*)

[CURTAIN]

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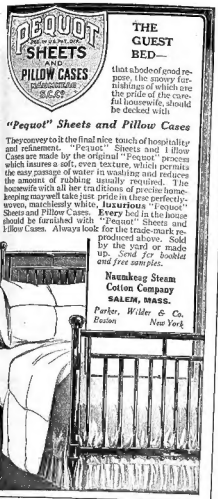

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The See-Saw

(*Continued from Page 5*)

tains I saw a picture of Nature as God wants it—just a rattle-shack house, and a garden, and a man cutting wood, and a woman nursing her baby. A man—in the open; untrapped, full-blooded, lusty, active, vigorous—oh, God!"

She turned white, stared at him, trembled, shaken. "I don't understand you," she said faintly, delicate brows contracted.

"You *do* understand, Gene! I tell you," violently, "we married people who are living together and not having children are lower than the brute beasts; who don't sin against Nature!"

"Oh,—hush! Hush!" She shivered, sank into a chair.

"IT'S God's truth," he said. "It doesn't sound pretty, does it? And, after all,"—he flung up bitter hands—"what's the use of firing it at you? You're not hit by it. You're like the rest of your kind, a deliberate coward, artificial, puny, too-wise, stopped-up. You like to avoid vital issues. You like to drown everything in ease and personal gratification. You sell your birthright for a mess of pottage. You feed and dress and parade before your neighbors, and rate your figure and your complexion of more importance than your husband. You shut your eyes to this and stop up your ears to that. You do anything to avoid pain, discomfort, responsibility. And you cheat yourself into believing that both of us can come out clean and whole and satisfied! Satisfied!" He laughed harshly; and stepping forward brought a vehement fist down on her dressing-table. His voice rose to loud, dissonant tones:

"I'll tell you what marriage is, Gene. It's a see-saw. One up and the other down. We're on the see-saw, you and I. Before we got into the game we thought—along with a million other men and women—that there was going to be an even balance, a level adjustment. And there might have been if we'd had children. I tell you, Gene, they are the ballast of marriage! They even up the game! But, bah!" His fist came down again, so fiercely that the toilet articles on the table jarred and jangled. "The last thing you want is an even balance. You want to keep your end of the see-saw up—and bump me!"

She made a gesture of repudiation; and then slipped lower in her chair, covering her face with her ringed hands.

"And bump me!" he repeated ruthlessly. "And beguile me! and fool me! and delude me and bedazzle me! and cheat me!" He emphasized his words with thumps of his fist. "We're on the see-saw, you and I. One up and the other down. Very well! Children are the ballast. If you won't bear me any, there's a way out—*divorce!*" And he went from the room, and out of the apartment.

Through the next morning and evening George and Virginia moved in a drama of silence. Dark, sultry weather and a brooding sky added to their depression. Sunday morning, the atmosphere still oppressively tense, they went to church together. In the afternoon they motored into the country and dined at a famous inn among the hills. They spoke in monosyllables, referred irritably to the logy weather, were as restlessly eager to return to town as they had been to get out of it. They sat with averted faces as their car sped homeward over long stretches of macadam road. The dark came ominously. Gradually dense blackness encompassed them. There were no stars, and the globes of light far apart on the road and the lights in the occasional houses were the only things that relieved the tension of the night.

THEY were still on the road when the storm that had been gathering burst furiously.

George wrapped the robe about Virginia and swung the car around a sharp bend. "There's a short cut just below," he said tersely. "We'll take it."

This road seemed to lead them to still inkier depths. A sudden jolt flung Virginia violently against the steering gear. George put his free arm about her. She clung to him with her face hidden. The ride became a boisterous vibration of sound and motion. It took a keen eye and an iron grip to avoid the ruts and manage the sudden turns. They forged through patches of wood, seemed to plunge deeper and deeper into wilderness, struck a dense wood; and came out on the edge of a wide, rushing creek, almost a river.

George stopped the machine. "I must have taken the wrong road," he said. "I'll get out and see where we are."

The light from the automobile lamps

(*Continued on Page 72*)

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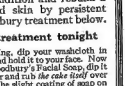

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The See-Saw—A Story of Modern Married Life

(Continued from Page 71)

shone far out over the creek. And from where Virginia sat huddled in her veils and wraps she got a vista through storm-bent trees of driving sheets of rain, tossing branches, torrents of wild, rushing water.

When George came back, he said, "I've found a way out; a bridge."

After crossing the bridge and a field they found themselves running up a narrow lane, and straight into somebody's back yard.

George steered the car around to the front of the house. "We'll take refuge here," he said. And he wrapped the robe closer about Virginia and carried her to the porch.

She shuddered as he set her down. "It's a wretched place, George," she said. He knocked on the door.

"George, I think I'd rather stay in the car," she demurred; "though I'm chilled to the bone."

He knocked again, pounded, got no answer; and turned the door-knob. The door opened into a narrow hall lighted by a common glass lamp burning on the floor at the foot of a steep flight of stairs.

From above a woman's voice was calling excitedly: "Who's there? Who's there?"

"Two people caught in the storm," George sent back, as the wind and rain swept them into the hall.

"Come up," the voice called urgently. "I need help."

Virginia seized George's arm. "I don't like this place," she exclaimed. "Let's get out of it, George."

"Nonsense." He moved away from her, and went rapidly up the stairs.

"George!" she called. "Don't leave me down here. Come back!" She started up the stairs after him. But half-way up the flight she stopped, clutched the banister, cast nervous, apprehensive looks about her.

A minute later George reappeared at the top of the stairs. There was a peculiar expression on his flushed face. As he came down to her, he spoke excitedly. "The woman's alone in the house, Gene. She says her husband won't be home till midnight. She's ill. She's about to be confined. She's—in labor, Gene."

"*What?*" cried Virginia, horrified. "She's alone in the house. She hasn't even a doctor." George was buttoning his automobile coat.

"Oh!" Virginia shrank. "How distressing!"

GEORGE nodded, rapidly passing her on the stairs. "She gave me directions how to find the doctor," he said over his shoulder. "You can stay with her, Gene, until I bring him."

"Oh, no," Virginia followed him. "I can't do that."

He turned at the bottom of the flight. "Why can't you?"

"George! Stay in this strange house? —under such circumstances!—with a strange woman? What a thing to expect of me!"

He seized her arm. "Gene," vehemently, "this woman is in distress. Go up to her."

"Impossible."

"Why?"

"What a question! I can't."

"You can, Gene."

"Then I won't!"

He shook her violently by the shoulders. "Are you utterly devoid of soul?"

She clung to him. "George," tremulously, "I'm afraid!"

"Self! Self!" He thrust her aside. "Why, in God's name, do I expect anything else? But," through his teeth, "stay you shall!" He pulled open the door.

A gale of wind almost blew out the light.

"George!" she gasped. "Good heavens! Don't be brutal! Don't leave me alone here!"

"Go up-stairs to that woman, little coward!" The storm banged the door after him. Then came the cranking up of the machine.

Virginia tore open the door, battling against the wind. "George!" Her voice rose to a shriek. "*George!*"

But the car was gone.

A gust of wind and sleet drove her back into the hall, forcing her to close the door. She did not know what to do, whether to scream, or faint, or rush out into the storm. But what could any of the three avail her? Hands pressed against her pounding heart, she stood undetermined, poised between the fanatic impulses of her fear.

The woman's voice from above: "Ain't anybody down there?"

Virginia shrank up against the wall. "Oh, my God!" she revolted. "I don't know that creature! I can't stay in this house! Oh, how brutal of him! I'm—afraid!"

The woman's voice again: "Ain't anybody down there? Are you—all gone?" And suddenly shrill, above the sound of the rain swishing against the house and the wind roaring about it, "Are you all gone? Ain't *anybody* down there?"

To hush the insistent calling, Virginia answered. "I am here," in an icy voice. "What do you want?"

"Oh, I'm glad I ain't all by myself!" The voice was grateful. "The kitchen fire ought to be kept up and a kettle of water on. You can take the lamp from the hall. Mind the steps from the setting-room."

Virginia laughed then. She thought she had better go up and show this monstrous woman whom she was asking to fix her kitchen fire! Skirt gathered gingerly about slim ankles, filmy veils floating, she ascended the stairs.

IT was a little room, sparsely furnished with a pine bureau and washstand, a couple of plain chairs, a white iron bed and a home-made rag carpet; a straw baby basket overflowing with tiny garments, snowy white but of coarse texture, and a wooden cradle, stood close to the bed—and close to the woman. She was a young woman, in an unbleached cotton nightgown buttoned to the neck, with hair braided down her back. Her deep brown eyes gazed across the room at Virginia. She explained excitedly:

"My man hed to go over the mountain. He wouldn't hev left me—if he'd knowed—he'd hev been back afore sun-down. I didn't fear to be took down so soon. Did you get the kettle on?" She put the question naturally, as one woman might speak to another at a time when such things as water and clothes slip unnoticed into the shadow of a great event.

And Virginia, to her own surprise, answered simply: "I didn't know the way to your kitchen."

"You can take the lamp from the hall," reminded the woman. "There's wood by the kitchen stove. The kettle's in the sink. If there ain't any fire left, the matches are next the lid lifter."

"Oh," said Virginia. And she went back through the hall, down the stairs, and picked up the glass lamp burning at the foot. She forged through the sitting-room, the atmosphere of which was piercing, with the lamp high above her head; she uncertainly reached her way down a flight of steps, across an icy little hall, reaching the kitchen with a tense breath of relief. The embers of a wood fire showed through the grate of an iron cook-stove. Virginia set the lamp on a shelf over the sink. A black iron kettle stood under the spout of a force pump. It took Virginia three turbid minutes to work the handle of the pump up and down with enough vigor to bring water from the spout. Getting the kettle to the stove was accomplished with difficulty, icy water splashed her rich wraps and the handle of the kettle left marks on her delicate hands. She next turned to the box of wood beside the stove and to the heavy lid lifter hanging near the case of matches. The fire was soon put out. She brought it back to life with splinters gathered from the bottom of the wood box and when the flames were well started managed to get the larger pieces of wood into the stove, to replace all but one lid and to put on the kettle.

Ringed hands locked over the stove, Virginia watched the wood burn. Outside, the storm gathered more force. Water rushed through the tin gutters along the eaves of the house, the branches of a tree beat furiously against the window-pane, and every now and then the building shook in the grip of the wind. As the kettle began to steam, the woman called. And Virginia went to her.

"I'm fearful of being alone," said the woman. "I'm fearful of—everything. My man's out in the storm. Your man's out in it, too. I reckon we'd better talk." And in sudden fright, eyes widening, brown hands clutching the bedclothes, "I wish my man 'ud come!"

Panic seized Virginia again. She gazed frantically about; pressed her hands to her temples; trailed up and down the room. "I can't stay here!" she revolted. "I'll go down-stairs again! What shall I do? I've never come into contact with anything like this before! Why doesn't George come? Brutal of him! What shall I do?"

"Turn the lamp higher," said the woman. "I want my man to see the light. I'm fearful for him in the storm. I'm fearful for—myself! But I'm thankful to God you happened by. I ain't alone. But—my man!"—with a gulping sob—"he's what I want. I—wish—my—man—'ud—come!"

Virginia brought her hands together; took a precipitate step toward the door; hesitated. In a wood close to the house a tree crashed over in the storm, and then there came a lull, the wind sank, the rain trickled instead of beat against the windows, the blackness seemed to lift. And of a sudden the woman cried out . . .

OUT in the heart of the storm beat the whir of the returning car. A gale of wind squalled into the halls with the opening of the front door. The doctor's urgent footsteps came up the stairs. And in the same second there bleated through the bedroom the piercingly mysterious cry of a new-born child! Penetrating, frightened with self-assurance, it vibrated through the whole house; insistently proclaimed the dramatic miracle of existence. And the woman who had borne the child gazed wide-eyed into space. Glory encompassed her. For the moment she was luminous, consecrated, immortal. For the moment she appeared to shine with a faint light like that of phosphorus. It shimmer with sacrificial radiance. Her clutching hands unclasped and lay tranquil.

As the doctor, busy beside the bed, took up the little child, he said, "A boy. Sound from top to toe."

Virginia stepped away and began to tie her veils with trembling fingers.

Outside the house George was turbulently pacing up and down beside the automobile. When Virginia came out, he uttered an exclamation of relief; put her into the car and vehemently cranked up the machine.

"The storm's over. We can get home now," he said, as he got in beside her. "Are you tired?"

She averted her face. "Yes."

"Did the doctor get there in time?" Wrapping the robe about her.

She shivered. "Almost."

He spoke in a lower voice, hand on the steering wheel. "Was it a boy or a girl?"

"A boy," almost inaudibly.

Through the storm-cleansed air the car went like a bird. For long inclines of road afforded place to level stretches of macadam; then to the smooth streets of Manhattan. Before their apartment-house George brought the car to a sharp halt. He came around as she helped her out. As they entered their own hall, he punched on the electric light, and said: "I'll get you a glass of wine. You must be exhausted." He crossed to the dining-room.

VIRGINIA went into her bedroom and turned on the light there. The bed of her wrongs slowly. Her mind was in strange, chaotic confusion, deranged by a medley of impressions: Passionate echoes from a violent scene—*just a rattle-shack house, and a garden, and a man cutting wood, and a woman nursing her baby . . . I'll tell you what marriage is, Gene. It's a see-saw. We're on the see-saw, you and I . . . Children are the ballast of marriage! They even up the game!* Also a vague repetition of a fatalistic chant—*as-it-was-in-the-beginning, is-now, and-ever-shall-be, world-without-end.* Also haunting curtains of anguish—the birth—the cry—the child: bone and flesh and blood bred by bone and flesh and blood; the merging of the eternal two into the diviner three. Pell-mell, these things surged through her consciousness; assailed, dizzied, swayed her—

When George came back with the glass of wine, Virginia was in the little room back of hers, in a heap on the floor, sobbing. Her arms were flung in a passion of shame over the silver crib.

From month to month we have been telling you about our Cover Contest, and when next month's magazine reaches you it will be time to act. The idea is simply this: your twelve favorite artists have made cover designs for PICTORIAL REVIEW *for 1914, and as soon as you receive the last of the series on the December number, we want you to tell us which cover of the twelve you like the best. To the artist who gets the most votes, we will pay a cash bonus of $500; the second choice will get $350; third, $250; and fourth, $150. This is not exactly a contest, but rather a reward of merit. Full particulars will be given in* PICTORIAL REVIEW *next month. Every one has a right to vote, so keep an eye out for your vote in by December 20th. In case of a tie vote for any one of the bonuses, that bonus will be duplicated to the tying contestants.*

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